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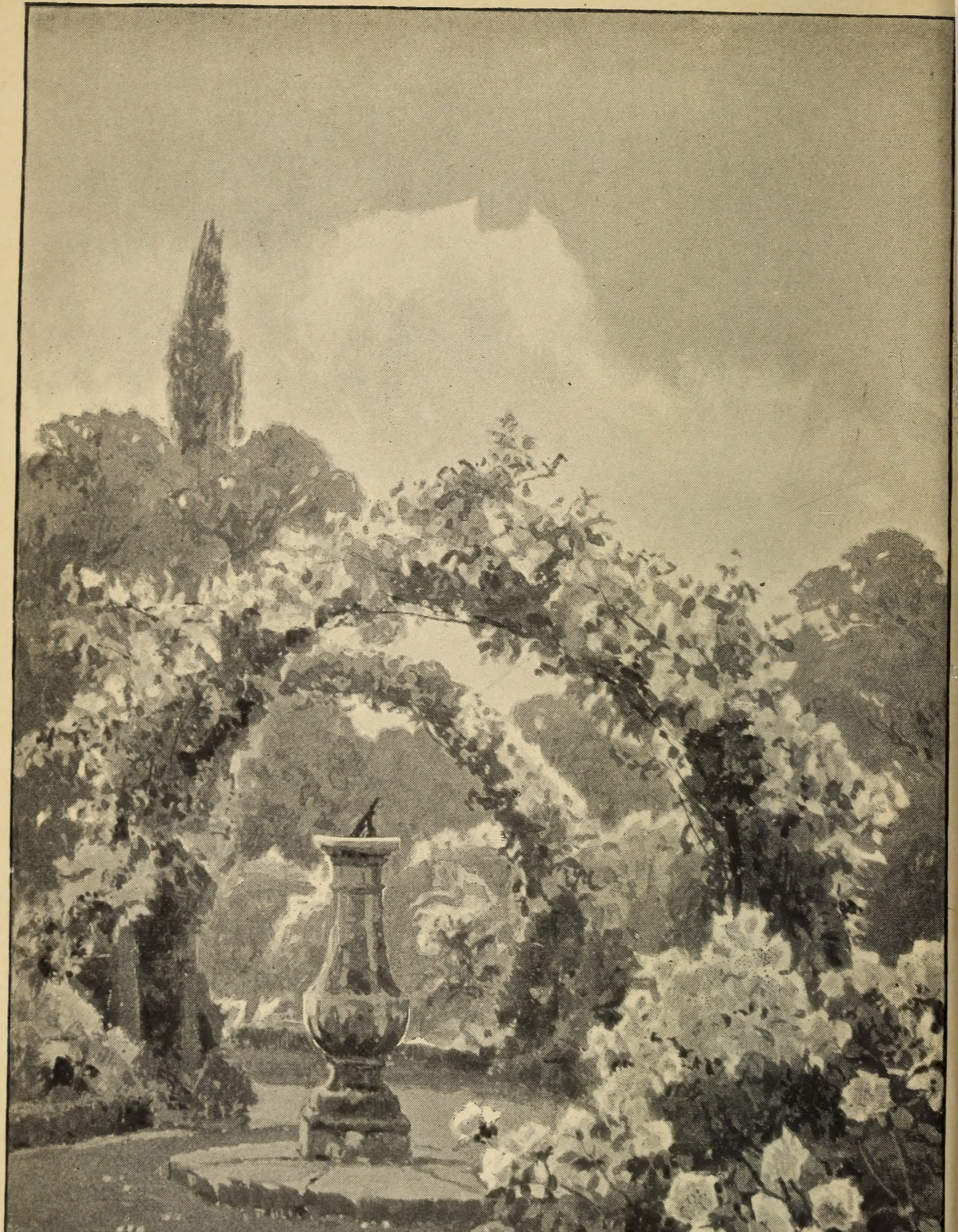
A BOOK ABOUT ROSES

WHAT IS FAIRER THAN A ROSE?
WHAT IS SWEETER?
George Herbert.


George S. Elgood

A Rose Arch.

A
BOOK ABOUT ROSES

HOW TO GROW AND SHOW THEM

BY

S. REYNOLDS HOLE

DEAN OF ROCHESTER, AUTHOR OF 'A BOOK ABOUT THE GARDEN,' ETC.

With Illustrations

FIFTEENTH EDITION: REVISED

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LONDON
37 BEDFORD STREET

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I DEDICATE MY BOOK TO

MY WIFE

BECAUSE

THERE'S A ROSE LOOKING IN AT THE WINDOW
  IN EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE—
IN DAYS OF CONTENT AND ENJOYMENT,
  IN HOURS WITH BITTERNESS RIFE.

WHERE'ER THERE'S THE SMILE OF A TRUE WIFE,
  AS BRIGHT AS A BEAM FROM ABOVE,
'TIS THE ROSE LOOKING IN AT THE WINDOW,
  AND FILLING THE DWELLING WITH LOVE.

From Poems by P. M. James.

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PREFACE

I AM thankful to know, in my old age, that I have been privileged to promote that love of a garden which never fails to make our lives more happy; and I have earnestly endeavoured to attest my gratitude by such amendments and additions to my little Book on the Rose as will, I hope, increase its persuasive and instructive influence.

The most important of these additions—being a help of transcendent value to the amateur—is A List of the best Exhibition and Garden Roses, compiled by the most accomplished Rosarians of our day, and included in this volume by the kind permission of the National Rose Society. The names of Roses, which have been proved to be worthy of insertion in this catalogue, since its publication in 1893, have been added by my friend Mr. Benjamin Cant, of Colchester, the most successful of our Exhibitors.

A charming pen-and-ink sketch sent to me by John Leech, in a letter written at the time of the First National Rose Show, will be admired by all.

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

The Deanery,
Rochester, 1896.

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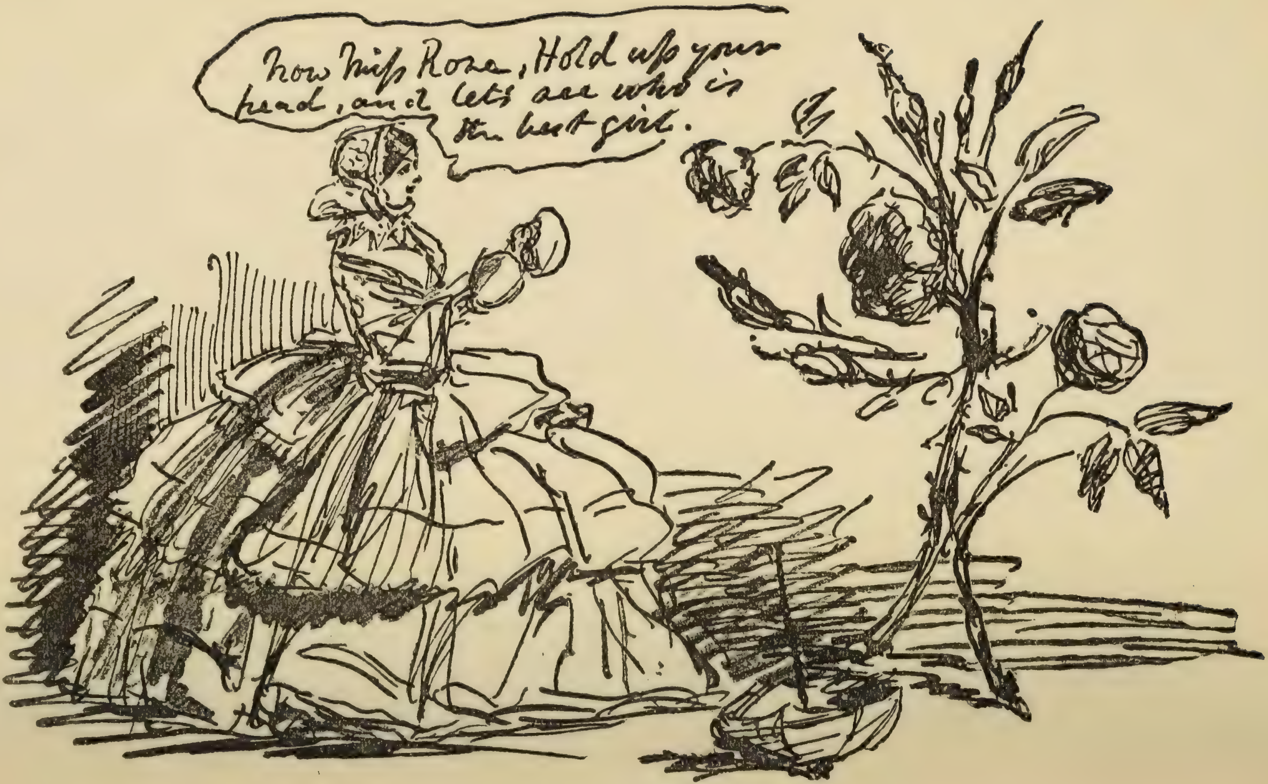
Now Miſs Rose, Hold up your head, and let's see who is the best girl.

THE CHALLENGE OF VENUS TO FLORA

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A BOOK ABOUT ROSES

CHAPTER I

CAUSES OF FAILURE

HE who would have beautiful Roses in his garden must have beautiful Roses *in his heart.* He must love them well and always. To win, he must woo, as Jacob wooed Laban's daughter, though drought and frost consume. He must have not only the glowing admiration, the enthusiasm, and the passion, but the tenderness, the thoughtfulness, the reverence, the watchfulness of love. With no ephemeral caprice, like the fair young knight's, who loves and who rides away when his sudden fire is gone from the cold white ashes, the cavalier of the Rose has *semper fidelis* upon his crest and shield. He is loyal and devoted ever, in storm-fraught or in sunny days; not only the first upon a summer's morning to gaze admiringly on glowing charms, but the first, when leaves fall and winds are chill, to protect against cruel frost. As with smitten bachelor or steadfast mate the lady of his love is lovely ever, so to the true Rose-grower must the Rose-tree be always a thing of beauty. To others, when its flowers have faded, it may be worthless as a hedgerow thorn: to him, in every phase, it is precious. I am no more the Rose, it says, but cherish me, for we have dwelt together; and the glory which has been, and the glory which shall be, never fade from *his heart.*

Is it rare or frequent, this fond and complete affection? Go to one of our great exhibitions, and you must surely bring the conviction home, that true love, seen seldom in the outer world, may be always found 'among the Roses.' From all grades and epochs of life, what vows of constancy, what fervid words! 'Sir Thomas and I are positively going to ruin ourselves with a new Rosarium.' 'As soon as I get home,' says a country rector, 'I shall plant an acre of my glebe with Roses.' There you may see a Royal Duchess so surprised out of her normal calmness, that she raises two pale pink gloves in an ecstasy of surprise, and murmurs, 'Oh, how lovely!' over Maréchal Niel. There a Cabinet Minister stands tiptoe to catch a glimpse of his brother senator, *Vaisse,* and wishes he had a neck as long as Cicero's. Obstructing his view with her ample form and bountiful bonnet, our old friend Mrs. Brown, who has just had 'one drop of the least as is,' informs the public that she 'knows for facts that Mr. Turner of Slough has a dead horse under every Rose-tree, and Pauls & Sons has hundreds of young men with gig-umbrellas standing over their Roses when it rains heavy.' Mrs. Brown is delighted, like all around, and 'means to tell Brown, as soon as ever she sets down in her own parlour, that Marshal Need all over the house, and Catherine Mermaid and Merry Bowman[1] round the back door, grow she must and will. But goodness me!' she suddenly exclaims, 'what a mess o' them reporters!' No, my dear madam, they are not reporters — only spectators, putting down in their note-books the names of Roses, with an expression of eager interest which says, I must have that flower or die.

Every year this enthusiasm increases. It is not easy to collect reliable statistics: some who might furnish them, if they would, shut their mouths closely; some open them so widely as to justify the amusing sarcasm of a reverend and roseate brother, 'When they count their trees, they include the aphis.' Suffice it to say, that where Roses were grown twenty years ago by the dozen they are grown by the thousand, and where by the thousand now by the acre.

But now comes a most important question,—Have we beautiful Roses in proportion to this great multiplication of Rose-trees? The printer will oblige me by selecting a brace of his biggest and blackest capitals, with which I may reply emphatically, NO! It is indeed, at first sight, a marvel and perplexity, that while the love of Roses is professed so generally—while the demand for Rose-trees has increased so extensively, and the flower itself has every year disclosed some new and progressive charm—Roses should be so rarely seen in their full and perfect beauty. Queen Rosa, in common with other potentates, has greatly enlarged her armies, but her most illustrious heroes are, with few exceptions, veterans, or the sons of veterans, and names, which were famous when, in 1858, we commenced the second series of the 'Wars of the Roses,' such as Rivers and Paul, Cant, Turner, Prince, and Veitch, are still familiar in our mouths as household words. Though some of her greatest generals have left us, as full of years as honours, including my Past-Master,[1] Mr. Rivers of Sawbridgeworth, who did more than any other man to evoke and to educate a love of the Rose, Mr. Charles Turner of Slough, and Mr. Prince of Oxford, in all these cases there has been an entail and inheritance of talent and success. And though the same cannot be said of those amateur exhibitors, of those victorious knights, who tilt no more in our tournaments, such as Hedge and Pochin, Baker and Hall, that they are succeeded by their heirs and assigns, some of those who were coeval with them still compete, and it is long since the conquerors in this brigade of the Royal Army first won their spurs. Nevertheless there has been no declension, but rather an annual development, owing to the introduction of new varieties, in the beauty of our exhibitions; and we must pass from the public Rose-show to the private Rose-garden to see in its saddest phase the difference between what is and what ought to be—the feeble harvest of good Roses from the broad acres of good Rose-trees. These collections remind us of Martial's description of his works, 'Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.' We can hardly say of them, as an Edinburgh Reviewer (was it Sydney Smith?) of a volume of sermons, criticised in the first number of that work, 'Their characteristic is decent debility.' As a rule, the amateur Rosarian has made about as much progress as George III. with his fiddle. After two years' tuition, the King asked his tutor, Viotti, what he thought of his pupil: 'Sire,' replied the professor,

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[1] Catherine Mermet and Marie Baumann.

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[1] I have a copy of the last edition of his 'Rose Amateurs' Guide,' in which he wrote, 'Once your master, now your pupil;' but he had forgotten more than I ever knew.

'there are three classes of violinists; those who cannot play at all, those who play badly, and those who play well. Your Majesty is now *commencing to enter* upon the second of these classes.' There is not a garden nowadays of any pretension, which has not its collection of Roses, and yet there is not one garden in twenty where the flower is realised in its beauty. I have scarcely known at times whether to laugh or weep, when I have been conducted with a triumphal air by the proprietor to one of those dismal slaughter-houses which he calls his Rosary. The collection is surrounded by a few miserable climbers, justly gibbeted on poles or hung in rusty chains, and consists of lanky standards, all legs and no head, after the manner of giants, or of stunted 'dwarfs,' admirably named, and ugly as Quilp; the only sign of health and vigour being the abundant growth of the Manetti stock, which has smothered years ago the small baby committed to its care, but is still supposed to be the child itself, and is carefully pruned year after year in expectation of a glow of beauty. There is no beauty, and there never will be, for the florist; but to the entomologist what a happy, peaceful home! There can be no museum in all the world so exquisitely complete in caterpillars, or so rich with all manner of flies. What cosy chambers they make for themselves, what spacious nurseries for their delightful offspring, in the cracks and the cankers, the broken bark, the moss, and the lichen, of those ancient standard trees! For me there is no solace in these charms. I stand sorrowful and silent, like Marius among the ruins, until my companion wishes to know whether I can tell him why that wretched Charles Lefebvre behaves so disgracefully in his garden? On reflection, perhaps I can. Charles Lefebvre is placed, like Tityrus, 'sub tegmine fagi,' under the drip and shadow of a noble beech-tree, whose boughs above and roots beneath effectually keep all nourishment from him. And do I know why Charles Lawson, Blairii 2, and Persian Yellow never have a flower upon them? Simply because they are pruned always, as no man with seeing eyes could prune them twice, so closely that they make nothing but wood. The single standards, again, are grassed up to the very Brier, except where a circular space is left for 'just a few bedding-out things'—leeches draining the life-blood of the Rose. It is Mrs. Hemans, I think, who sings,—

> 'Around the red Rose the convolvulus climbing;'

and it sounds sweetly pretty, and would be the loveliest arrangement possible, only that, unfortunately, it is death to the Rose—death to that queen who brooks no rival near, much less upon, her throne. Look, too, at those vagabond suckers clustering like Jewish money-lenders or Christian bookmakers round a young nobleman, and stealing the sap away. Well may that miserable specimen be called a 'Souvenir de Comte Cavour,' for it is dying from depletion, like its illustrious namesake. The earth is set and sodden; no spade nor hoe has been there. As for manure, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over us, as over Mr. Richard Swiveller when he discovered that the Marchioness had passed her youthful days in ignorance of the taste of beer. We know that they have never seen it, and yet they are expected to bloom profusely; and when they are covered, not with Roses, but grubs, the nurseryman, or the gardener, or the soil is blamed. Then there is dole in Astolat, and a wailing cry over dead Adonis. 'Is it not sad that we cannot grow Roses? We have spared no trouble, no expense, and we do *so* dote on them!'

The last time I heard a howl of this kind I felt myself insulted as a lover of the Rose and of truth; and instead of yelping in concert, as I was expected to do, I snarled surlily, 'You have taken no trouble which deserves the name; and as to expense, permit me to observe that your fifty Rose-trees did not cost you a fifth of the sum which you paid for your sealskin jacket. You don't deserve beautiful Roses, and you won't have any until you love them more.' If I am accused of discourtesy to the fair sex (she was not very fair, my reader), I can only plead that I have been far more explicit with the male specimen of pseudo-Rosist. 'I say, old fellow,' remarked to me a friend as we rode together in the Row, and with a tone which, though it pretended a cheery indifference, was fraught with rebuke and anger, 'those Rose-trees, which you recommended me to get, turned out a regular *do*. Cost a hatful of money —precious near a *tenner*, if not all out—and, by Jove, sir! our curate at the county flower-show came and licked them all into fits!' 'Robert,' I responded (I was too indignant to address him with Bob, as usual), 'I never in my life recommended a person of your profound ignorance to have anything to do with Roses. You asked me to give you a list of the best, and I did so reluctantly, knowing that you had neither the taste nor the energy to do them justice. As to the outlay, the animal on which you have recklessly placed yourself, and whose hocks are a disgrace to this park, cost you, I know, more than eighty guineas; and for a tithe of that sum, without further supervision or effort, you expect a beautiful Rose-garden. I rejoice to hear that the curate beat you, just as that Eton boy on his nimble pony is out-trotting at this moment your expensive but tardy steed.'

Not a *soupçon* of sympathy can I ever feel for the discomfiture of those Rose-growers who trust in riches. They see lovely blooms at the Rose shows—selected, probably, from fifty thousand trees, and the results of excellent culture, untiring vigilance, and care—and they say, We will have these Roses for our own forthwith, and in abundance. They have only to put down the names, give an order, and sign a cheque, to buy as they buy chairs and tables. They go home and tell their gardener that they have ordered a most splendid collection of Rose-trees, and that they quite expect him next summer to have the best display in the county. From my heart I pity that gardener. They might as well have brought him Bob's hack, and told him that if he could not win the Derby and the St. Leger with him, they really must find somebody who could. He is not even allowed to choose a situation. The tall ones are to be planted on each side of the broad walk, and the little ones opposite the boudoir window. The broad walk may be as bleak as a common, or, under the shade of melancholy boughs, as dank as a mausoleum; and the dear little bed opposite the boudoir never sees the sun until mid-day, when it is grilled for three mortal hours, and then given back to gloom. So there the poor Rose-trees stand—through the winter, *ludibrium ventis*, or without any air at all, and in the spring *a rialto, rendezvous*, common-room, and tap for all the riff-raff of the insect world—an infirmary for all the diseases which the neglected Rose is heir to. Some few, perhaps, may brave all and bloom ; but they no more resemble the glorious flowers which my lady saw at the Crystal Palace than my little boy's toy railway train resembles the Scotch express.

In my next chapter I will tell what may be done in a very small garden, by a very poor man who *really* loves the Rose.

CHAPTER II

CAUSES OF SUCCESS

FROM the lukewarm to the earnest, from sloth to zeal, from failure to success. Some years ago, one cold, slate-coloured morning towards the end of March ('hunch-weather,' as I have heard it termed in Lincolnshire, because, I suppose, a sense of starvation has a tendency to set one's back up), I received a note from a Nottingham mechanic, inviting me to assist in a judicial capacity at an exhibition of Roses, which was to be given by working-men, and held on Easter Monday. Not having at the time a Rose in my possession, although, to my shame be it spoken, I had ample room and appliances, and knowing, moreover, that all the conservatories of the neighbourhood were in a like destitute and disgraceful condition, it never occurred to me that the tiny glass houses, which I had seen so often on the hills near Nottingham, could be more honourably utilised or worthily occupied, and I threw down the letter on my first impulse as a hoax, and a very poor one.

Hoaxes, I have observed, are not what they used to be when I took an active part in them; and, moreover, the proximity of the 1st of April made me more than ordinarily suspicious. Nevertheless, upon a second inspection, I was so impressed by a look and tone of genuine reality that I wrote ultimately to the address indicated, asking somewhat sarcastically and incredulously, as being a shrewd, superior person not to be sold at any figure, what sorts of Roses were so kind as to bloom during the month of April at Nottingham, and nowhere else. By return of post I was informed, with much more courtesy than I had any claim to, that the Roses in question were grown under glass—*where* and *how*, the growers would be delighted to show me, if I would oblige them by my company.

On Easter Monday, in due course, upon a raw and gusty day, when spring and winter, sleet and sunshine, were fighting round after round, like Spring and Langan,[1] for victory,—winter now retreating, sobbing and puffing, to his corner, and now coming on in force, black with rage, resistless, hitting out hard and straight, until the sun's eye had a sickly glare, and the cold world trembled in his cruel hug and grip,—I went to Nottingham. Again, as the hail beat upon the window of the rail conveyance, and I sat *dithering* in the eastern wind, which whistled its contempt of my rug and foot-warmer, a horrible dread of imposition vexed my unquiet soul. Nor were my silly suspicions expelled until my hansom from the station stopped before the General Cathcart Inn, and the landlord met me, with a smile on his face and with a Senateur Vaisse in his coat, which glowed amid the gloom like the red light on a midnight train, and (in my eyes, at any rate) made summer of that dark, ungenial day. Within his portals I found a crowd of other exhibitors, some with Roses in their coats like himself, and some without, for the valid reason that they were there in their shirt-sleeves, with no coats at all, just as you would see them at their daily work, and some of them only spared from it to cut and stage their flowers. These welcomed me with outstretched hands, and seemed amused when, on their apologising for their soiled appearance, I assured them of my vivid affection for all kinds of floricultural dirt, and that I counted no man worthy of the name of gardener whose skin was always white and clean. No: a rich, glowing, gipsy brown is that one touch from Nature's paint-brush which makes the whole world of florists kin, which is seen beneath the battered billycock and the hat of shining silk, and which, whether the wearer gets his garments from Poole or pawnbroker, whether he be clad in double-milled or fustian, whether he own a castle or rent an attic, unites all of us, heart and hand.

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[1] I witnessed their great fight for the championship, in a show of mechanical figures at Newark, at that early period of childhood when such things seem to us realities; and I was astounded at the courage and condition of Langan, who was knocked into the air about four feet from the ground at the end of every round, and invariably came down on his head!

'Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him from his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the humblest thoughts and feelings—
What can satin vest do more?'

'The Roses were ready: would I go up-stairs?' And up-stairs accordingly, with my co-censor, a nurseryman and skilled Rosarian of the neighbourhood, I mounted, and entered one of those long, narrow rooms in which market-ordinaries are wont to be held, wherein the Oddfellows, the Foresters, and the Druids meet in mysterious conclave, and where, during the race week and the pleasure-fair, there is a sound of the viol and the mazy dance. What a contrast now! The chamber, whose normal purpose was clamour and chorus from crowded men, we found empty, hushed, and still; the air, on other public occasions hot with cooked meats and steaming tumblers, heavy with the smoke and smell of tobacco, was cool and perfumed; and the table—you could not see its homely surface of plain deal, stained with spilt drinks, scorched by the expiring cigar, dinted by knife-handles and by nut-crackers, when oration or ballad ceased; for it was covered from end to end with beautiful and fragrant Roses! There was nothing to remind of coarser pleasures or of the tavern here, except, by the way, the bottles, which, once filled with the creamy stout and with the fizzing beer of ginger, now, like converted drunkards, were teetotally devoted to pure water, and in that water stood the *Rose*.

A prettier sight, a more complete surprise of beauty, could not have presented itself on that cold and cloudy morning; and in no royal palace, no museum of rarities, no mart of gems, was there that day in all the world a table so fairly dight. As if to heighten our enjoyment of the scene, and just as we came upon it, the day darkened without, and the sleet beat against the windows as though enraged by this sudden invasion of Flora, and determined to fire a volley on her ranks; but her soldiers only smiled more brightly at the idle, harmless cannonade, just as the brave general on his sign outside cared no more for the rattling hail than, in the flesh, a few years before, he had cared for Crimean snow.

Nor was our first enjoyment diminished, when, from a general survey of this charming contrast, we proceeded in our judicial office to a minute and careful scrutiny. I have never seen better specimens of cut Roses, grown under glass, than those which were exhibited by these working-men. Their Tea-Roses — Adam, Devoniensis, Madame Willermorz, and Souvenir d'un Ami especially—were shown in their most exquisite beauty; and I do not hesitate to say that the best Maréchal Niel which I have ever seen was shown in a jug at Nottingham! Many of the Hybrid Perpetual varieties appeared in their integrity — a difficult achievement when days are short and dull. Of course, in an exhibition of this kind, with difficulties to oppose which few dare to encounter and very few overcome, these poor florists must include among their masterpieces many specimens of medium merit, and some failures. Among the latter I cannot forget a small and sickly exposition of Paul Ricaut, who, by some happy coincidence, which warmed my whole body with laughter, was appropriately placed in a large medicine-bottle, with a label requesting that the wretched invalid might be well rubbed every night and morning. Poor Paul! a gentle touch would have sent him to *pot-pourri!*

When the prizes were awarded we left the show-room, grave and important as two examiners coming out of the schools at Oxford; and when the undergraduates — I mean the stockingers—had rushed to see who had taken honours and who were *plucked*, I went with some of them to inspect their gardens. These are tiny allotments on sunny slopes, just out of the town of Nottingham,[1] separated by hedges or boards, in size about three to the rood—such an extent as a country squire in Lilliput might be expected to devote to horticulture. And yet it was delightful to see how much might be, and was, done in one of these pleasant plots. There was something for every season:—

> 'The daughters of the year,
> One after one, through that still garden pass,
> Each garlanded with her peculiar flower.'

There, to cheer the ungenial days of winter, were the Christmas Rose, the Aconite, the Laurestinus, the Golden Holly, the *Cheimonanthus fragrans* on its snug bit of southern wall, with the large yellow Jasmine near, and the winter Violets beneath. There, to follow in the spring, the Mezereon, the Erica, the Berberis, the Snowdrop, Hepatica, Polyanthus, Crocus, and Tulip; after these the Lilac, Syringa, Laburnum, Ribes, Wistaria, and then the Royal

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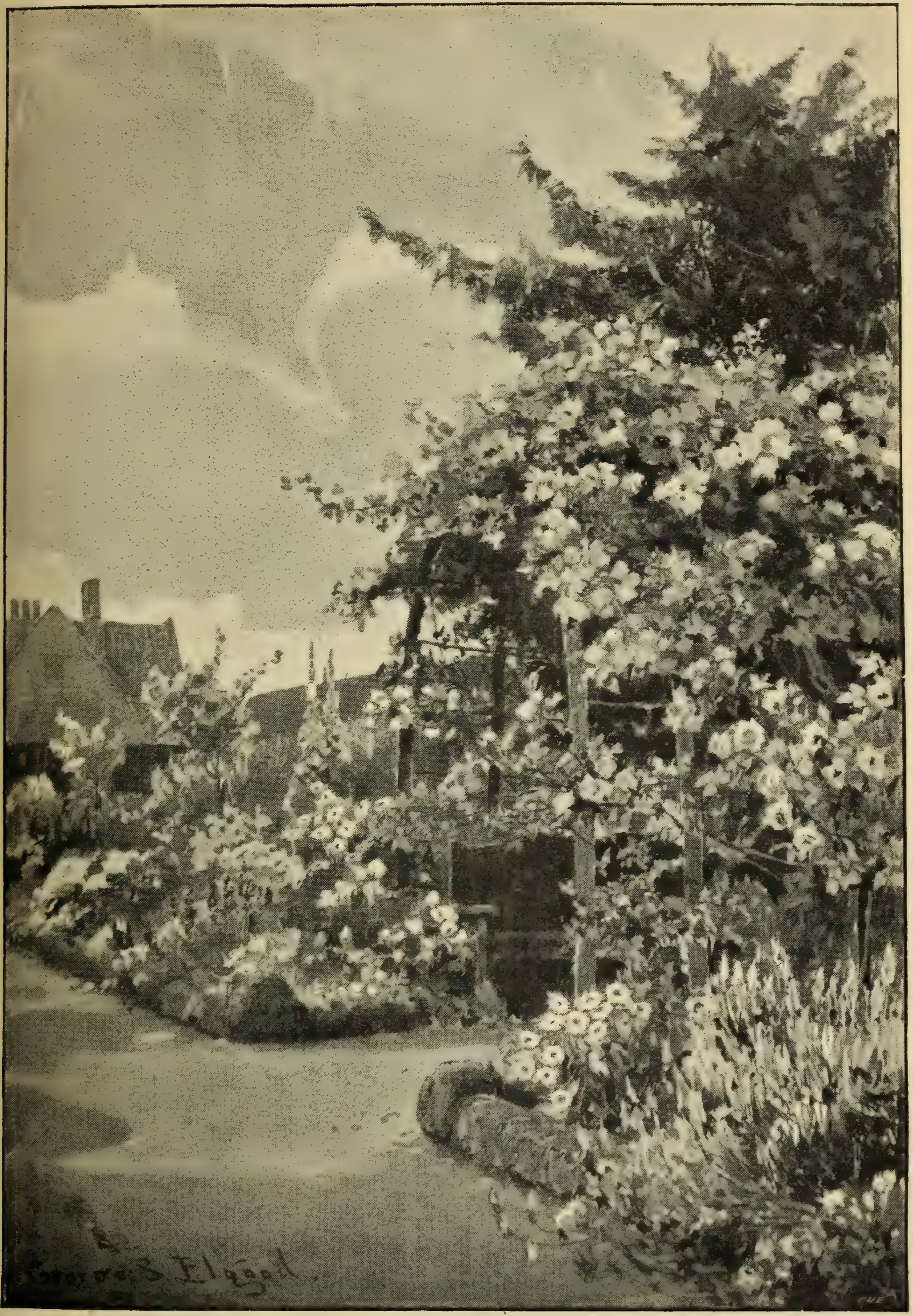
[1] No town in England displays the gardening spirit more manifestly than 'old Nottingham.' Independently of gardens attached to residences, there are, it is said, nearly 10,000 allotments within a short distance of the town; and as many of these are divided, and in some cases subdivided, it is not too much to affirm that from 20,000 to 30,000 of the inhabitants, or nearly one-half, take an active interest in the garden. And where will you see such Roses as are produced upon the Hunger Hills by these amateurs—such cabbage and lettuce, rhubarb and celery?


George S. Elgood.

A Bower of Roses.

Rose. The straight standards, cleanly and closely pruned, firmly staked and liberally mulched (blessed be the boy with donkey and cart, who goes to a cheap market, and sells accordingly!); the Manetti Dwarfs, full of vigorous wood—not the stock, but the scion this time; the climbers tastefully trained over 'the bower of Roses by,' dare I say, 'Bendigo's stream,' seeing that the ex-champion was oft an angler in the waters of the Trent, hard by?—all these acknowledge the royal supremacy and the loyal love of our second Queen. And think what a refreshment for these working-men on a summer's eve, when their hot work is done, or on silent Sabbaths, when there is no work to do, 'to sit 'mong the Roses and hear the birds sing'—songs of praise, and comfort, and hope!

Meanwhile they have a foretaste of this gladness in the glass-houses which I went to see. *Houses!* why, a full-sized giant would have taken them up like a hand-glass; and even I, but a small office-boy in connection with that great business,[1] was unable in most of them to stand upright, and into some to enter at all. That 'bit o' glass' had been, nevertheless, as much a dream, and hope, and happiness to its owner as the Crystal Palace to Paxton. How often the very thought and expectation of it had soothed and relieved his weariness as he worked at his stocking-frame! How the reality had refreshed, refined him, in his brief, bright holiday hours! There is a timber-yard on the left as you leave Nottingham, travelling upon the Derby road, and therein the framework of a neat miniature greenhouse, thus described upon a board affixed to it:—

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[1] One of the first of many delicious stories which it was my privilege to hear Mr Thackeray tell, was, that once upon a time he and Mr. Higgins ('Jacob Omnium') went to see a Giant, and that the man at the door inquired whether they were in the business, because, if so, no charge would be made for admission. Mr. Thackeray was 6 feet 4 inches, and Mr. Higgins not less than 6 feet 6 inches in height. As the Eton boy, describing Windsor fair, remarked in his Latin verse—

'Gigantesque duo, super honore meo.'

B. WHEELER'S
FIVE-GUINEA GREENHOUSE,
GLAZED, PAINTED, AND FIXED,
COMPLETE.

I grieve, when I pass, to think how many a true but poor florist has stopped to read, and sigh. I rejoice, when I pass, to believe that many a poor but brave florist has stopped to read, and has gone home to save—has come, and seen, and conquered.

A few of the structures, which I was invited to inspect, were of fair dimensions; here a carpenter, and here a bricklayer, and there a glazier, had made his handicraft subserve his amusement; but the accommodation, as a rule, was meagre, and I could hardly believe that the grand Roses which we had just left could have come, like some village beauty out of her cottage dwelling, from such mean and lowly homes. But there were the plants, and there were the proprietors, showing me proudly the stems from which such and such favourites were cut, and pointing to various healthy and handsome rose-buds, which, though belonging to junior branches of the family, gave promise of equal beauty.

How was it done? *De l'abondance du cœur*—from a true love of the Rose. 'It's more nor a mile from my house to my garden,' said one of these enthusiasts to me, 'but I've been here for weeks, in the winter months, every morning before I went to my work, and every evening when I came from it, and not seldom at noon as well, here and back, and my dinner to get, between twelve and one o'clock.' 'How do you afford,' I inquired from another, 'to buy these new and expensive varieties?' and I would that every employer, that every one who cares for the labouring poor, would remember the answer, reflect, and act on it. 'I'll tell you,' he said, 'how I managed to buy 'em—*by keeping away from the beershops!*'

From a lady who lives near Nottingham, and goes much among the poorer classes, I heard a far more striking instance of this floral devotion than from the florists themselves. While conversing with the wife of a mechanic during the coldest period of a recent winter, she observed that the parental bed appeared to be scantily and insufficiently clothed, and she inquired if there were no more blankets in the house. 'Yes, ma'am, we've another,' replied the housewife; 'but——' and here she paused.

'But what?' said the lady.

'It is not at home, ma'am.'

'Surely, surely it's not in pawn?'

'Oh dear no, ma'am; Tom has only just took it—just took it——'

'Well, Bessie, took it where?'

'Please, ma'am, he took it—took it—took it to keep the frost out of the greenhouse; and please, ma'am, we don't want it, and we're quite hot in bed.'

They ought to be presented with a golden warming-pan, set with brilliants, and filled with fifty-pound Bank of England notes.

I took my leave of the brotherhood at last, delighted with their gardens and delighted with them, but not much delighted with myself. I seemed to have been presiding as Lord Chief-Justice in a court, wherein, had merit regulated the appointments, I should most probably have discharged the duties of usher. I had been enthroned as Grand Master of a Rosicrucian Lodge, when I ought to have been standing at the door as tyler; and as I carried away a glorious bouquet of Roses, with their 'best respects to the Missus,' I felt ashamed to think how little I had done, and how much more such men would do, with my larger leisure and more abundant means. But when I reached the station and entered my carriage, I was roused from my reverie by a loud and prolonged 'OH!' which greeted me from five of my acquaintances, as though I had been an asteroid rocket which had just burst, and the Roses were my coruscant stars: and I was beginning to regain my self-complacency, and to find solace in the remark of one of my neighbours, who, I knew, had glass by the acre, and gardeners in troops, that 'they were the first Roses he had seen this year,' when I was again discomfited by the insolent behaviour of the company—on this wise. To an inquiry from what garden the Roses came, I responded, in all truthfulness, 'Chiefly from a bricklayer's.' Whereupon an expressive sneer of unbelief disfigured each stolid countenance; and a solemn silence ensued, which said, nevertheless, as plainly as though it were shouted, 'We don't see any wit in lies.' I collapsed at once into my corner, sulking behind my big bouquet, and looking, I fear, very like the Beast when he first showed himself among the Roses to Beauty; nor did I quite regain my equanimity until, reaching home, I had written and posted an order for an assortment of *Roses in pots.*

These Nottingham florists are equally successful in the outdoor culture of the Rose. On several occasions I have attended, as one of the judges, the annual exhibition of 'The St. Ann's Amateur Floral and Horticultural Society,' at Nottingham. The Society consists of artisans, occupying garden allotments in the suburbs of Nottingham, and justly prides itself on having developed a taste for gardening among the working-classes. Nearly eighty prizes for Roses alone, varying in value from two guineas to two shillings, are offered, and closely fought for. The Roses are excellent, the interest and excitement of the exhibitors intense. The winners (so I was told by their president, Mr. Knight, well chosen to preside over working-men, for he is ever untiring and ubiquitous) are twist-hands, shoemakers, tailors, mechanics, etc. He told me, *con amore*, of their devotion to their gardens and their glass: how they carry their bags of coal through the deep snow, and how, early in the morning and late at eventide, they rob themselves of rest for the Rose.

I rejoice to see and hear. I have always believed that the happiness of mankind may be increased by encouraging that love of a garden, that love of the beautiful, which is innate in us all. Get a man out of the dram and beer shops into the fresh pure air, interest him in the marvellous works of his God, instead of in the deformities of vice, give him an occupation which will add to his health and the comforts of his family, instead of destroying both, then build Revealed upon Natural Religion, and hope to see him a Christian.

In one of the most genial and gratifying notices with which this book has been favoured, the Saturday Reviewer gladdened my heart, confirmed my belief, and stimulated my endeavours, by endorsing these my views on the subject. From this love of flowers, he writes, 'may be learned the road, difficult to find in these days, to the inner heart of the lower classes — the key to tastes, dearer to them than beer-swilling — the secret, which, if rightly applied by those who bear spiritual rule over the working-man, may do much directly to civilise, and indirectly to Christianise him.'

There are difficulties, of course, in this as in all good works. There are difficulties with regard to cottage-gardening, even in those villages where priest and squire co-operate heartily, and these difficulties are multiplied where men are thick upon the ground, and where at present little interest is taken in the matter, either by the clergy or the rich. These difficulties come from the temptations incidental to the annual show; and the annual show is, according to my experience, a necessity. Emulation is the stimulus, with which we cannot dispense. My lord won't ride his best hunter over a nasty brook, when nobody is there to see; and Bill Smith won't dig and delve after work-hours, if no one is to admire his big potatoes. Large and lovely is the rhubarb of Jones, but never so large, never so lovely, as when it rests beside the rhubarb of Robinson, having won the premier prize. Alas! to win premier prizes men are tempted to be dishonest, and they fall. 'If you please, sir, Bob Filch went a-cadging miles and miles for them cut flowers as won last show.' 'Lor' bless your reverence, I knows for a fact that Jim A gave Jack B one-and-nine for that Senateur Vaisse in his six.' And his reverence, moreover, knows for fact, that Roses have not only been begged and bought, but stolen, just before a show. His reverence could name some of his Nottingham friends who have slept in their greenhouses, fearing a raid, for nights before the contest came. This very Society of St. Ann has a sub-committee to inspect the gardens of exhibitors, and to prevent imposture. Discouraging facts! But so it is discouraging to note certain infirmities of slothfulness, selfishness, and ignorance in our daily life; and when we have made ourselves just such Christian gentlemen as we ought to be, let us be severe with our fellow-men. In the interim, suppose we try the experiment of winning them by kindness and love. Suppose we try to convince them that a public-house is not the only place for a flower-show, that tents and schoolrooms are available for the purpose, and that it is possible to spend a happy day without degradation at night, and sickness to follow in the morning.

It is high time, however, to leave this digression, and to repeat, that whatever may be the infirmities of these poor florists, they are eminently successful in the culture of flowers; and indeed it would be easy to multiply proofs that in Rose-growing, as in everything else, earnestness and industry, born of love,

> 'Di tutte le arti maestro è amore,'

must achieve success. At a flower-show which took place annually at Oundle, and at which I frequently acted as one of the judges,[1] a chief hero of former days was a Northamptonshire butcher, Thorneycroft of Floore. He told me that by rising early, sometimes at 3 A.M., and by working late, he not only carried on an extensive trade, but found time to put up three glass-houses of his own handiwork; and that, in addition to his plants, fruits, and vegetables, he had in cultivation several thousand Rose-trees, most of which he had budded, and all of which he had pruned and cared for likewise with his own hands. From his houses he showed beautiful seedling Gloxinias, which won first prizes and special commendations; obtained prizes for specimen plants of recent introduction, as well as for those of a more ordinary kind; while from his Rose-garden he brought collections which often took first and second honours, and were always meritorious.

Ascending some rungs of the social *scala*, passing from the bluecoat school of Rosists to the black, we floral ecclesiastics may congratulate ourselves, thankfully and happily, upon our status in the world of Roses. And here again, how often will the poor curate, with something more than a good gardener's wages, and something less than a good gardener's house, show what earnest love can do! Whenever I see at an exhibition a white tie behind a box of Roses, I know (although I may in days of youthful exuberance have irreverently exclaimed to my clerical friends, 'Hollo, Butler! are you bringing breakfast?')—I know that, almost as a rule, bright gems shine within that case. And who but he can tell the refreshment, the rest, the peace, which he finds in his little garden, coming home from the sick and the sorrowful, and here reminded that for them and him there is an Eden, more beautiful than the first, a garden where summer shall never cease!

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[1] On one of these occasions some very pretty collections were shown, not only of wild-flowers, but of wild ferns and grasses. In three of the latter, exhibited by children of one family, I observed asparagus; and upon my saying to the exhibitors that this was not contemplated by the schedule, my ignorance was at once enlightened,—'Please, sir, it says ferns and grasses, and this is sparrow grass.'

Here I would ask permission to digress briefly, that I may confirm a very interesting statement which was made after a florist dinner at Leicester[1] by the editor of *The Gardener*, and received with hearty acclamations. He had been told, he said, by a Scotch clergyman, that in his visitations from house to house he had never met with an ungenial reception where he had seen a plant in the window. It was a promise of welcome; it was a sign that there dwelt within a love and yearning for the beautiful; it was an invitation for the sower to sow. What tender memories, solaces, and hopes may be brought into darkened homes by the brightness and the sweetness of flowers!

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[1] During the Provincial Show of the Royal Horticultural Society.

'The weary woman stays her task,
That perfume to inhale;
The pale-faced children pause to ask
What breath is on the gale.

'And none that breathe that sweetened air,
But have a gentle thought;
A gleam of something good and fair
Across the spirit brought.'

Would that these inmates of alley and court, would that these weary men and women, with their pale-faced children, might breathe that sweetened air, and see that gleam more oft![1]

All honour to the owners of park and pleasaunce who admit them therein, and to employers who give them holidays to go! Well does our great poet plead,—

'Why should not these great Sirs
Give up their parks a dozen times a year,
To let the people breathe?'

Why should there not be great public gardens, and great public flower-shows, in or near all our towns? When the Council of the Manchester Botanical Society, advised by their clever, energetic curator,

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[1] A friend of mine, a lady, who is much among the poor in the east of London, took a bunch of primroses to a miserable attic, and placed it on the table. The woman, who occupied the room, gazed for a moment at the flowers, and then, overpowered by the memory of happier, purer days, she burst into tears!

Mr. Bruce Findlay, offered £1000 in prizes at their June Show, men shook empty heads, and murmured 'Madness.' What was the result? The receipts one Whitsuntide exceeded sixteen hundred pounds; *and of this, Eleven Hundred was paid by the working-classes in shillings!*

And all honour to such men as George Peabody, the American merchant, who 'with more than princely munificence' (as the Queen of England wrote), 'bestowed more than a million and a half of money to promote education and to relieve poverty, including, for the latter purpose, eighteen groups of commodious and healthful homes for the working-classes in various parts of the city of London. I was present at an exhibition of window plants, held in Dean's Yard, Westminster, and I noticed that a large proportion of the prizes were won by the tenants of 'Peabody's Buildings.' Life, vegetable or human, dwindles and collapses in polluted air; and as the plant is defiled by dirt and devoured by vermin, so is the man enfeebled by disease and degraded by vice. How can you expect (asked Lord Derby, known as 'the Rupert of Debate') those who live in an atmosphere which would kill an oak, to abstain from stimulants. And therefore there can be no truer philanthropists, no wiser statesmen, than those who would recover and maintain for the poor those precious gifts of pure air, pure light, and pure water, which God designs for us all.

It is gratifying to notice an increase of practical effort in this benevolent endeavour, in the building of better homes, in the increase of allotments near to our cities and towns, and in the encouragement of cottage-gardening.

I may mention here, that for some years I tried satisfactorily to promote among the children of my parish that love of flowers which we find in them all, not only by giving prizes for their collections of wild-flowers at our annual show, but by taking them walks on Sunday evenings, and helping them to collect and arrange their posies, teaching them names, habits, and uses, and showing them the coloured likenesses and the histories, which are provided in a cheap form by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and in other illustrated manuals.

A happy result of these wanderings by the brookside, in the valleys, and the woods, gladdened my heart and my eyes, when waiting for a train at one of our great Northern Stations, I met among those employed therein one of my old village pupils, and he invited me to visit his home. We came to the end of a long street, in which every dwelling was of an uniform size and shape. ‘Now, sir,’ asked my companion, ‘can you tell which is my house?’ ‘Oh, yes, Joe,’ I replied, ‘that with the creeper, at the other end of the row.’ ‘All right,’ he said, ‘I have always been fond of flowers since you took us boys among the primroses, and violets, and cowslips, the honeysuckles, and the roses, in Caunton lanes and fields.’

CHAPTER III

OUR QUEEN OF BEAUTY

HAVING proved, as I hope, that there is no royal road, no golden key, to an excellent Rose-garden, but that a poor man, on the contrary, who *loves* the flower, may walk about in March with a Rose in his coat—while Dives, who only *likes,* may be Roseless under all his vitreous domes,—I will proceed now to instruct those who, having this love, desire instruction, in the lessons which a long and happy experience has taught to me.

And yet, before I commence my lecture, I would fain enlarge the number of disciples: I would multiply the competitors by exhibiting the prizes, and would so extol the charms of our Queen of Beauty, that all brave knights, gallantly armed, should leap upon their steeds for the lists. In more homely and modern metaphor, I would exhibit to him whom I propose to make a fisherman, his fish. I would take him, as it were, to the broad rivers, from which silvery salmon leap, or peep with him stealthily through brookside bushes at the dark, still, 3-lb. trout. Then, when his eyes glisten and his fingers itch for a rod, I would teach him how to throw and spin; and would say to him, as old Izaak said, 'I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see that with advice and practice you will make an angler in a short time. *Have but a love of it, and I'll warrant you.*'

I will essay, therefore, while I enumerate and extol the special charms of the Rose, to convince all florists *why,* before I proceed to demonstrate *how,* they should admire and honour pre-eminently the Queen of Flowers.

First of all, because she is Queen. There is no Fenian, no Nihilist, in her realm, but her monarchy is the most absolute, and her throne the most ancient and the most secure of all, because founded in her people's heart. Her supremacy has been acknowledged, like Truth itself, *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*—always, everywhere, by all.

1. *Semper.*—When, in sacred history, a chief prophet of the Older Covenant foretold the grace and glory which were to be revealed by the New—when Isaiah would select, and was inspired to select, the most beautiful image by which to tell mankind of their exodus from the Law to the Gospel, slavery to freedom, fear to love—these were

the words which came to him from heaven, 'The wilderness shall blossom as a Rose.' In the Song of Songs the Church compares herself unto 'the Rose of Sharon'; and in the apocryphal scriptures the son of Sirach likens wisdom to a Rose-plant in Jericho, and holiness to a Rose growing by the brook of the field. And the Rose still blooms on that sacred soil, even in that garden of Gethsemane, where HE, who gives joy and life to all, was sorrowful unto death.[1] In our own, as in the older time, it is associated with religion, with acts and thoughts of holiness which should be fair and pure and fragrant as itself; and at the Orphanage of Beyrout, the authoress of 'Cradle Lands' saw two hundred and fifty maidens receive their first communion with wreaths of white Roses on their heads.[2]

Passing from sacred to secular records, shall I take down my Greek Lexicons, my Scott and Liddell, Donnegan the fat and Hederic the slim, my Dictionaries, Indices, and Gradus ad Parnassum? Shall I look out ροδον and *rosa*, collect a few quotations, dress up a few incidents, and then try to convince my readers that I know every word which classic authors have written anent the Rose? Shall

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[1] 'The old man, a Franciscan monk, gave me a Rose as a memorial of the garden.'—Bartlett's 'Jerusalem Revisited,' p. 129.

[2] Syria, according to some writers, took its name from Suri, a species of Rose indigenous to it.

I, having just discovered some sentence bearing on my theme, and having hardly translated it (lame and broken-winded is the Pegasus now, which once cantered in Oxford riding-schools and jumped with a mighty effort, and a wily tutor whipping behind, the statutory bars)—shall I proudly display my electro-plate, and commence magniloquent passages with—'the educated reader will of course remember,' and 'every schoolboy knows'?—No; I promised to write *sans étude*, and much more *sans* humbug also; and it will suffice to say, without dictionaries or high-falutenation, that the classical writers, from Homer to Horace, extol above all other flowers the Rose. To the fairest of their goddesses, to Venus, they dedicated this the fairest of their flowers; and the highest praise which they could offer to beauty, was to assert its resemblance to the Rose. Aurora had rosy fingers; I always thought of her at school, and envied her as of one who had been among the strawberries: and beautiful Helen, with whom the world was in love (there must generally have been between forty and fifty distinguished princes, with Ulysses, who ought to have known better, at their head, loafing about the mansion of Papa Tyndarus)—Helen, fair and frail, *rosa mundi non rosa munda*, had, we are told, cheeks like a Rose, though not perhaps a blush one. Other belles of the past had—so Anacreon, Theocritus, and the poets generally inform us—rosy arms, rosy necks, rosy feet, and—delicacy forbids me to translate ροδοκολπος and ροδοπυγος. ‘Burning Sappho’—it would have been more gentlemanly, I think, if Byron had called her gushing—crowned the Rose, Queen of Flowers, being herself, according to Meleager, the Rose of Poesy; and her readers crowned themselves with the Rose (one can't help wondering whether the nimble earwig ever ran down their Grecian noses), and vied with each other, at their banquets, ἐκπληττειν τους βρουνους, to astonish the Browns, with Roses. There was a flower-market at Athens, as in Covent Garden now, where the young swells bought for the Honourable Miss Rhodanthe and for the Lady Rhodopis bouquets of the blushing Rose; and then, as now, he who would not or could not speak boldly to the maid of Athens,

Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ,

declared his love by these—

‘Token flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well.

Rome, succeeding Greece in greatness, copying its customs, and lighting her Roman candles from Greek fire, showed an equal fondness for the Rose. Romans of wealth and Romans of taste were as anxious as Horace,

'Neu desint epulis rosæ;'[1]

and when the Rose-trees of Pæstum had finished their autumnal bloom, they were succeeded by flowers artificially produced by means of hot water. Cleopatra, according to Athenæus, had the floor covered with them a foot and a half in thickness; and Nero is said to have expended at one feast nearly £30,000 in Roses—a nice little order for his nurseryman. In their joys and in their sorrows the Rose was their favourite flower, and the *Corona convivialis*, the *Corona nuptialis*, and the *Corona funebris*, were wreathed alike from the Rose. They made wine from Roses, conserves from Roses, perfumes,[2] oil, and medicine from Roses. The *Rosa canina* took its name, it is said, like the Κυνοροδον of the Greeks, from its supposed power to cure hydrophobia; and they used it, finally, in the embalming of their dead, and in adorning the tombs of their heroes, then, as now, associated with human sorrow and joy.

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[1] Sir Walter Scott, in one of his notes to 'Guy Mannering,' states that the metaphysical and philosophical Scotch judge, Lord Monboddo, in his enthusiasm for classical habits, used to give entertainments in St John's Street, Canongate, at which there was a circulation of excellent Bourdeaux in flasks, garlanded with roses, which were also strewed on the table after the manner of Horace.

[2] The historians of perfumery tell us that the Rose was the first flower from which perfume was made, and that Avicenna, an illustrious Arabian doctor, who discovered the art of extracting the perfume of flowers by distillation, made his first experiment upon *Rosa centifolia*, and so invented Rose-water

> ‘How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
> Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
> The bridal day, the festival, the tomb,
> Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!’

Such are my slender memories of classical allusion to the Rose; but I do not lament this scantiness, because ‘I have no opinion,’ as Mr Lillyvick remarked concerning the French language, of Greek or Roman floriculture. It was the only art in which these nations did not excel. We know nothing of Greek gardening, and that which we know of Roman is a disappointment. The arrangement was formal and monotonous. They had ‘come to build stately, but not to garden finely’: and upon terraces and under colonnades, around bathrooms and statue groups, they placed horrible mutilations of evergreen shrubs, hacked by a diabolical process, which they called the *Ars Topiaria,* into figures of fishes and beasts and fowls, such as our own forefathers once rejoiced in, under the system of gardening surnamed the Dutch. The Roman gardener was actually called *Topiarius;* and this terrible tree-barber went proudly round his arboric menagerie with the trenchant shears, pointing snouts, docking tails, and gaily disfiguring the face of nature, with the pleased demeanour of some cheerful savage cleverly tattooing his dearest friend. And history, repeating itself, tells us, through Mr Pope in *The Guardian*, how an eminent cook beautified his country-seat with a coronation dinner done in evergreens, the Champion flourishing in hornbeam at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual yew at the other. 'But I, for my part,' writes Lord Bacon, 'do not like to see images cut out in junipers and other garden stuff: they be for children.'[1]

It is, however, enough to have shown that although the floral light of these Greeks and Romans was dim and feeble, it revealed to them the supreme beauty of the Rose; and we shall find, as we pass down the highways of history from their times to our own, that against this Royal supremacy no voice has been ever raised. It has been reverently acknowledged always; but its great champions and laureates have been found, of course, among the poets—among those who love beauty most, and in whose hearts a love of the beautiful rings the 'manifold soft chimes' of song. In all lands and languages they have sung the Rose, and in none with sweeter service than our own.

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[1] The Japanese are experts in the training of Pines, and we have in Mr James Herbert Veitch's charming book, "A Traveller's Notes,' the photograph of a marvellous specimen of their art—a tree representing a sailing junk, of which the hull is 35 feet in length!

From Spenser to Tennyson there is no great English chorister who has not loved and lauded her. I have pages of extracts in my commonplace-book, but they are, I doubt not, familiar to most of my readers, and the assertion which I have made asks no further proof.

The excellent beauty of the Rose has not only been appreciated in all times (*semper*), but in all climes.

2. *Ubique.*[1]—Born in the East, it has been diffused, like the sunlight, over all the world. A flower, writes Pliny, known to all nations equally with wine, myrtle, and oil. It is found in every quarter of the globe—on glaciers, in deserts, on mountains, in marshes, in forests, in valleys, on plains, and on the sands of the sea. The Esquimaux, as Boitard tells us in his interesting 'Monographie de la Rose,' adorn their hair and their raiment of deer and seal skin with the beautiful blossoms of the *Rosa nitida*, which grows

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[1] I cannot write this word without recording an anecdote, which has not, I believe, been published, but which well deserves to be. It was told to me by an artillery officer, that a gentleman, dining at the mess, Woolwich, mistook the Latin trisyllable Ubique on the regimental plate for a French dissyllable, and delighted the company by exclaiming, 'Ubique! Where's Ubique?—never heard of that battle!' A very similar question was put to myself, showing to a young friend, among some old curiosities, a medal which had been given to my grandfather at school, and on which were engraved his initials, the date, and the word '*Merenti*'—'Merenti!' he exclaimed, 'how one forgets history!' (he might have said grammar also), '*when was that?*'

abundantly under their stunted shrubs. The creoles of Georgia twine the white flowers of *Rosa lævigata* among their sable locks, plucking them from the lower branches of climbing plants, which attach themselves to the garden trees of the forest, and bloom profusely on their boles and boughs. The parched shores of the Gulf of Bengal are covered during the spring with a beautiful white Rose, found also in China and Nepaul; while in vast thickets of the beautiful *Rosa sempervirens* (a native also of China) the tigers of Bengal and the crocodiles of the Ganges are known to lie in wait for their prey. The north-west of Asia, which has been called the fatherland of the Rose, introduces to our notice the *Rosa centifolia,* the most esteemed and renowned of all, with which the fair Georgians and Circassians enhance their fairness. And yet in the coldest regions—for nature is ever bountiful as beautiful, and that merciful power which makes the wheat to grow everywhere for our food, sends also for our delectation things pleasant to the eye—in Iceland (I wish to confess honourably that I am still filching from Boitard), so sterile in vegetation that in some parts the natives are compelled to feed their horses, sheep, and oxen on dried fish, we find the *Rosa rubiginosa,* with its pale, solitary, cup-shaped flowers; and in Lapland, blooming almost under the snows of that severe climate, the natives, seeking mosses and lichens for their reindeer, find the *Rosa majalis* and *R. rubella*, the former of which, brilliant in colour and of a sweet perfume, enlivens the dreariness of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden.

And I come home now, eagerly as a carrier-pigeon to his native dovecot, to our own Rose-gardens—eagerly, because here, and here only, can our Queen be found in the full splendour of her royal beauty. The Roses of all lands are here, but so changed, so strengthened by climate, diet, and care, so refined by intermarriage with other noble families, that they would no more be recognised by their kinsfolk at home than Cinderella at the ball by her sisters. The fairy, Cultivation, has touched them with her wand, and the pale puny kitchen-girl steps out of her dingy gingham a princess, in velvet and precious *point*, like some glowing butterfly from his drab cocoon; or as when, at the Circus, 'Paddy from Cork' drops suddenly his broken hat, his slit coat, coarse breeks and brogues, and lo! he is 'Winged Mercury.' They came, as ambassadors to the Queen's court, savages, 'with nothing on but their nudity,' their luggage a peacock's plume, and now they move with a majestic dignity in gorgeous yet graceful robes.

Will you accompany me, my reader, to one of Queen Rosa's levees? They differ in some points from Queen Victoria's—as, for example, in these: that the best time to attend them is at sunrise; that you may go to them with dressing-gown and slippers, or with shooting-coat and short pipe; that the whole court will smile upon you according to your loyalty, not according to your looks or your income; and that all the beauty which you see will be real—no false foliage, no somebody-else's ringlets, no rouge, no pastes, no powders, no perfumes but their own.

Enter, then, the Rose-garden when the first sunshine sparkles in the dew, and enjoy with thankful happiness one of the loveliest scenes of earth. What a diversity, and yet what a harmony, of colour! There are White Roses, Striped Roses, Blush Roses, Pink Roses, Rose Roses, Carmine Roses, Crimson Roses, Scarlet Roses, Vermilion Roses, Maroon Roses, Purple Roses, Roses almost Black, and Roses of a glowing Gold. What a diversity, and yet what a harmony, of outline! Dwarf Roses and climbing Roses, Roses closely carpeting the ground, Roses that droop in snowy foam like fountains, and Roses that stretch out their branches upwards as though they would kiss the sun; Roses 'in shape no bigger than an agatestone on the fore-finger of an alderman,' and Roses five inches across; Roses in clusters, and Roses blooming singly; Roses in bud, in their glory, decline, and fall. And yet all these glowing tints not only combine, but educe and enhance each the other's beauty. All these variations of individual form and general outline blend with a mutual grace. And over all this perfect unity what a freshness, fragrance, purity, splendour! They blush, they gleam amid their glossy leaves, and

> 'Never sure, since high in Paradise,
> By the four rivers, the first Roses blew,'

hath eye seen fairer sight. Linnæus wept when he came suddenly upon a wide expanse of golden furze; and he is no true florist who has never felt the springs of his heart troubled, surging, overflowing, as he looked on such a scene of beauty as that which I so feebly describe. Such visions seem at first too bright, too dazzling, for our weakly sight: we are awed, and we shrink to feel ourselves in a Divine presence; the spirit is oppressed by a happiness which it is unworthy, unable to apprehend, and it finds relief in tears. It is such a feeling as one has, hearing for the first time the Hallelujah Chorus sung by a thousand voices, or seeing from 'clear placid Leman' the sunlight on Mont Blanc. 'It is too wonderful and excellent for me,' we say; 'it is more like heaven than earth.' Or, with Milton, we ask in reverent wonder,—

> 'What if earth
> Be but the shadow of heaven, and things herein
> Each to each other like, more than on earth is thought?'

and our prayers go up, as the incense from the Rose, for purer eyes and hearts.

We have nothing in the whole range of floriculture so completely charming as a Rosary in 'the time of Roses.' A grower of most flowers, and a lover of all, I know of none which can compete with the Rose for colour, form, and fragrance, jointly, whether *en masse* or in single blooms. 'Orchids,' do I hear? Well, I have stood before *Lœlia purpurata* and *Cattleya Mendeli* in an ecstasy of admiration, until, the flower-show being crowded, the police have requested me to move on. Not long ago I lost half my dinner because my eyes would wander from my plate to a Dendrobe (I forget its title) some distance up the table; and I appreciate generally with a fond delight the delicacy, the refinement, the brilliancy of this lovely class. It is the aristocracy, but *not the queen* of the flowers. Regarding the two collectively, there is never to be found in the orchid-house the simultaneous splendour of the Rosary in July—the abundant glistening foliage, the sweet perfume; and comparing the individual flowers, which would a lover take to his beloved—which would his darling, herself

> 'A Rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
> And sweet as English air can make her,'

osculate and pet the most?

And the stove, truly, is a gladness and refreshment—gay, when all without is bleak and dismal, with the golden Allamanda, the rosy Dipladenia, so truthfully termed *amabilis*, the bridal Stephanotis, the brilliant Anthurium, the gorgeous Amaryllis, the Bougainvillea, Eucharis, Franciscea, Gardenia, Gloxinia, and many more; but what will you find there like the Rose? Place Maréchal Niel by the Allamanda, La France by the Dipladenia, a truss of Madame Bravy by the Stephanotis, Charles Lefebvre by the Amaryllis, and, like fair maids of honour and beautiful ladies in waiting, these inmates of the hothouse must bow before their Queen.

It is the same in the conservatory. The Camellia is of faultless form, but it has not the grace, the ease, the *expression* of the Rose. It is like a face whereof every feature is perfect, but which lacks the changing charms of feeling and intellect. It is as the figure cast in a mould compared with that which has been chiselled by the sculptor. Neither has it the colours nor the scent. So with all other greenhouse favourites; they are lovely—Azaleas, Begonias, Pelargoniums, Ericas—but not so lovely as the Rose.

It is the same out of doors as under glass. The gardens of Bagshot, where nightingales sing, and Rhododendrons, Azaleas, and Kalmias bloom, are sights to make an old man young; but they show not to our eyes the brightness, the diversity of the Rose's hues, and for our noses they have comparatively nothing—though I do not forget the fragrance of some of the more tender Rhododendrons, nor the delicious spicy fragrance of the sweet little *Daphne cneorum*.

Glorious, too, are the Dahlias of Slough, of every hue, and in symmetry almost too severely perfect; and yet, though the Dahlia may be 'Queen of Autumn,' the Rose is the Queen of Flowers.

The tall, proud, stately, handsome Hollyhocks must bow their high heads to the Rose; and the Lilies, the lovely Lilies, from Japan and elsewhere, which have come as beautiful strangers into our gardens, to beautify them henceforth for ever—for most of them are hardy, having due attention—and to see them, amid our evergreens, holding up their golden and jewelled cups to catch the soft showers of June, is an ecstasy,—these may stand near, but may not mount, the throne. No, not even in combination and alliance can all the flowers of the garden compete with the Garden of Roses—not the flowers of spring on Belvoir's sunny slopes (though there is no vision of beauty so beautiful in all England at the time of their efflorescence), not the summer splendours of Drumlanrig or beautiful Hardwicke. Let the artistic 'bedder-out' select his colours from all the tribes and families of plants; his blacks and bronzes and dark deep reds from the Coleus, the Oxalis, Amaranthus, Iresine, and Beet; his yellows from the Calceolaria, Marigold, and Viola; his scarlets from the Pelargonium; his purples, blues, and greys from the Verbena, the Lobelia, and Ageratum; his whites from the Cerastium, Centaurea, Santolina, Alyssum; let him have all that flower and foliage, arranged by consummate taste, can do, he can never produce a scene so fair, because he can never produce a scene so natural, as he may have in a garden of Roses. It may be more brilliant, more imposing, but there will not be that perfect, graceful unity, of which the eye wearies never. It is like a triumphant march of organs, trumpets, and shawms, but the ear cannot listen to it so long, so happily, as to some plaintive horn in the calm eventide, some mellow ouzel fluting in the elm, or some sweet simple song. The gorgeous dame of fashion, the loud undaunted woman of the world, prismatic, brilliant, flaunting, glowing with a colour which, though decidedly 'fast,' will no more endure soft water than certain of our brightest 'bedders' will endure a drenching rain—she, I say, may bewilder the dazzled eye, and captivate the weaker brain; but to the fresh, pure, gentle girl, whose blushes cannot be bought in Bond Street—to her be given St. Medard's wreath, for she only wins the wise man's heart.

And the Rose, as it is admired, so may it be grown by all.

3. *Ab omnibus.*—Loved by all grades and ages, from the little village child who wreathes it from the hedgerow in his sister's hair, to the princess who holds it in her gemmed *bouquetier*, so it may be alike enjoyed in the labourer's garden or in the conservatory of the peer. Wherever it is loved, there will it display its beauty; and the best Cloth-of-Gold I ever saw was on a cottager's wall. It is adapted for every position, and for every pocket too. The poorest may get his own Briers, and beg a few buds from the rich; and men of moderate means may make or maintain a Rosary at a very

moderate expense. There is nothing in floriculture to be purchased and perpetuated so cheaply as a garden of Roses. You may lay the foundation for a £5 note; and then, by budding and by striking cuttings from your own trees, and by an annual selection of a few additional and valuable varieties, may in two or three seasons possess a beautiful Rosarium.

I will now endeavour to tell, practically and minutely, how this may be done.

CHAPTER IV

POSITION

WHERE, is now our question, shall the Rosary be? In what part of our garden shall we find the best situation, the most worthy site for a royal throne? Some, indeed, have treated our Queen more as a menial than as a monarch; they have sent Her Majesty by lobbies and back-stairs into dismal chambers which look down on bottle-racks, and to attics where, through clattering casement, the wintry winds blow chill. And this when they should have uncovered their drawing-room damask and thoroughly aired their best bed.

Some, having heard that a free circulation of air and abundance of sunshine are essential elements of success, select a spot which would be excellent for a windmill, observatory, beacon, or Martello tower; and there the poor Rose-trees stand, or, more accurately speaking, wobble, with their leaves, like King Lear's silver locks, rudely blown and drenched by the 'to-and-fro contending wind and rain. I have seen a garden of Roses—I mean a collection of Roseless trees—in front of a 'noble mansion proudly placed upon a commanding eminence,' where, if you called upon a gusty day, the wind blew the powder from the footman's hair as soon as he had opened the front door, and other doors within volleyed and thundered a *feu de joie* in honour of the coming guest.

Others, who had been told that the Rose loves shelter, peace, repose, have found 'such a dear snug little spot,' not only surrounded by dense evergreen shrubs, but overshadowed by giant trees. Repose is there, assuredly—rest for the Rose when its harassed life is past, when it has nothing more for disease to prey upon, no buds for the caterpillar, no foliage for the aphis—the rest of a mausoleum! You might as well expect a canary to sing in a hat-box as a Rose to blossom in this dreary dell. I was taken not long ago to a cemetery of this description, which had been recently laid out; and there was such a confident expectation of praise in the pretty face of the lady who took me, that I was sorely puzzled how to express my feelings. I wished to be kind, I wished to be truthful; and the result was some such a dubious compliment as the Sultan paid to the French pianist. The Frenchman, you may remember, was a muscular *artist* more remarkable for power than pathos; and he went at the instrument, and shook and worried it as a terrier goes in at rats. His exertions were sudorific; and when he finished the struggle, with beads on his brow, the Sultan told him, 'that although he had heard the most renowned performers of the age, he had never met one who—perspired so freely!' Nor could I, with my heart as full of charity's milk as a Cheshire dairy of the cow's, think of any higher praise of the plot before me than that it was an admirable place for ferns; and therefore, when my commentary was received with an expressive smile of genteel disgust, as though I had suggested that the allotment in question was *the* site of all others for a jail, or had said, as Carlyle said of the Royal Garden at Potsdam, that 'it was one of the finest Fog-preserves in Europe,' then, without further prevarications, I told the truth. And the truth is, that this boundless contiguity of shade is fatal, and every overhanging tree is fatal as an upas-tree to the Rose. As Ireland has been said to be too near a great country ever to achieve greatness for itself (I do not myself attribute its humidity or its indolence, its famines or its Fenianism, to the vicinity of England), so the Rose, in close proximity to a forest-tree, can never hope to thrive. In a twofold sense it takes umbrage; robbed above and robbed below, robbed by branches of its sunshine, and by roots of its soil, it sickens, droops, and dies. A Rose under trees can no more flourish than a deer can get a good 'head' who never leaves the forest for the moor.

These regicides were none the less correctly told —both those who kill by suffocation, and those who starve our Queen to death—that the Rose must have a free circulation of air, and likewise repose and rest. The directions may seem to be incongruous, but they can be, and must be, followed. The Rosarium must be both exposed and sheltered; a place both of sunshine and of shade. The centre must be clear and open, around it the protecting screen. It must be a fold wherein the sun shines warmly on the sheep, and the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; a haven in which the soft breeze flutters the sail, but over which the tempest roars, and against whose piers the billow hurls itself, in vain.

And this may, I think, be taken consequently as a golden rule in the formation of a Rose-garden: so arrange it that a large proportion of your trees may have the sunshine on them from its rise to the meridian, and after that time be in shadow and in repose. To effect this, the garden must extend in longitude from north to south rather than from east to west—the form being oblong or semicircular.

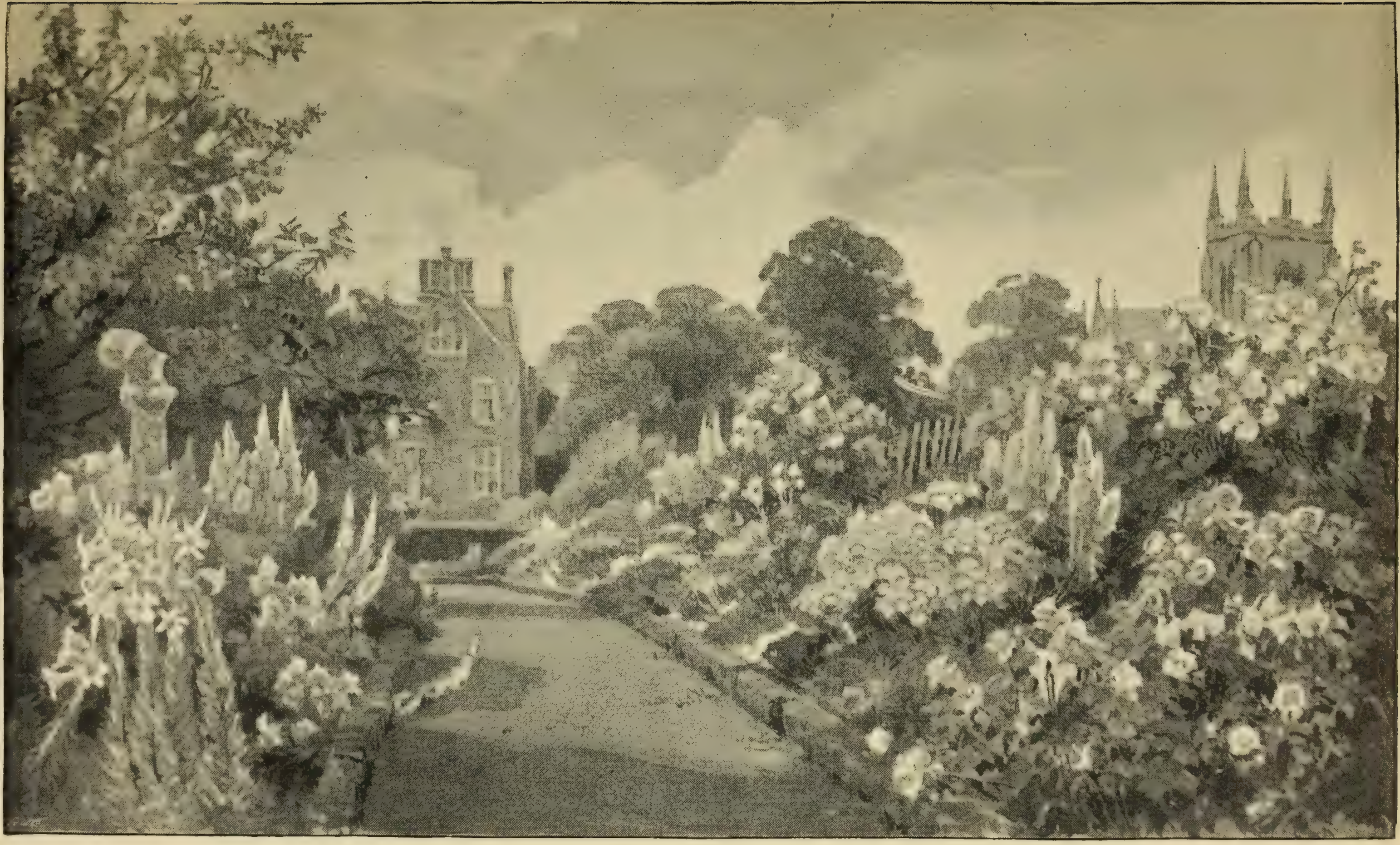
The western wall or fence should be high, from 8 to 10 feet; the northern tall and dense, but not necessarily so high as the western; the eastern such as will keep out cold, cutting winds, but not one ray of sunshine—say 5 feet. To the south the Rosary may be open; but even here, so hurtful is a rough wind which occasionally blows from this quarter, that I prefer some slight protective screen, such as a low bank or bed.

Of what material should we make the higher boundary fences? This is a question of time and of outlay. Walls are built at once, and are soon beautifully covered with climbing Roses, such as Gloire de Dijon and her daughters Madame Berard, Rêve d'Or, Reine Marie Henriette, and with William Allen Richardson, L'Idéal, Blairii 2, Charles Lawson, Ulrich Brunner, Duke of Edinburgh, Fortune's Yellow, the Banksian (the latter two on a west or south aspect), and the Sempervirens and Ayrshire Rose; but evergreen hedges of Yew, Holly, American Arborvitæ, Berberis, Privet, and Hornbeam, are an admirable contrast to the glowing colours of the Rose, and introduce the air, like respirators, subdued and softened, into the Rosarium. But why not hedges of the Rose itself, such as we see in France? Might we not have hedges of the common Brier, and bud them with our choicest varieties? Might we not make hedges of the Ayrshire, Sempervirens, Boursault, Japanese, and Sweetbrier Rose? 'I have had a hedge of *Rosa villosa* these twenty years,' writes Mr. Robertson, a nurseryman at Kilkenny, in 1834, 'about 8 or 10 feet high, which is a sheet of bloom every May, and throughout the rest of the season flowers with the Boursault, Noisette, Hybrid China, and other Roses which are budded on it.' 'At the Isle of Bourbon,' writes Mr. Rivers, quoting Monsieur Breon, in the 'Rose Amateurs' Guide,' 'the inhabitants generally enclose their land with hedges made of two rows of Roses—one row of the Common China Rose, the other of the Red Four Seasons.' And in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* of June 19, 1869, we have the description of a hedge of Roses, grown at Digswell, Hertfordshire, 280 feet in length.

Catullus, in one beautiful line, describes the benign and gracious influences which we should seek to obtain for the Rose. He writes of a flower,

> 'Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber,'

to which the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself, bringing the complexion of beauty, but not visiting the cheek too roughly, which the sun strengthens but does not scorch, which the shower refreshes but the tempest spares. Such a genial



Rose Hedge in the Deanery Garden, Rochester.

home we must find, or make, for our Roses, wherein we may see them in a serene and placid loveliness, what time their unprotected sisters are withering beneath burning suns, and may admire their ample and glossy foliage when, in exposed and unfenced ground, the furious wind seems almost to blow out the very sap from the shimmering, shivering leaves. Transitory, almost ephemeral, is 'a Rose's brief life of joy,'

τό ῥοδον ἀκμάζει βαιόν χρόνον,—

and there comes a broiling day towards the end of June, when the Rose, unshaded, is burnt to tinder, and the petals of that magnificent Charles Lefebvre, which was intended for next day's show, crumble as we touch, and are as the parsley which accompanies the hot *rissole.* Or there comes a gusty day, and lo! that lovely bloom which was perfect just now in tint and symmetry, is chafed, discoloured, deformed, for want of a guardian screen. I know that in the one case something may be done by the use of those florumbras and metallic hats of which I shall have more to say when I speak of Roses for exhibition —and that in the other, strong stakes, secure tying, and low stature will do much to save; but in both instances a natural shelter and a natural shade are far more reliable aids—far more conducive to the beauty and endurance of the Rose.

'Cease firing,' I hear it said; 'you are shooting over your target, and wasting powder and ball. You are talking of walls and hedges and banks—of crescents and parallelograms, as though all your readers had the wealth and the acres of Lord Carabbas. You are sermonising above your congregation—at all events, enjoining precepts which they are unable to perform. You are writing for the few, and not, as you promised, for the many.' But this, I must plead, is as unjust an accusation of exclusiveness as was brought against a clerical neighbour and friend of mine, a good and gentle pastor, by one of his flock, on this wise. He had been preaching, he told me, a simple discourse on the duties and privileges of a Churchman, and he was leaving the porch after his people, when an old man, not aware of his proximity, turned to another veteran, as they hobbled out of the church together, and said, 'Well, Tommy, my lad, thou sees there's no salvation for nobbody but him and a few partickler friends!' He had preached, nevertheless, as I would fain write, without respecting persons, the truth for all. If I have any special sympathy, it is certainly with the poorer portion of our brotherhood; and as I have passed through all the grades of Rose-growing, commencing with a dozen only (nay, I well remember *the* Rose which first won my allegiance, D'Aguesseau Gallica, as a man remembers the first love-smile of his heart's queen), and gradually increased to my maximum of 5000 (maximum, do I say? *trop n'est pas assez;* and if I had Nottinghamshire full of Roses, I should desire Derbyshire for a budding ground), I can identify myself with Rose-growers of all denominations, and with Rose-gardens of every shape and size.

And the directions which I have offered apply equally to the small as to the larger Rosary—expose to the morning's sunshine, protect from cutting wind. Give the best place in your garden to the flower which deserves it most. In the smallest plot, you may make, if you do not find, such a site as I have described. You *will* make it, if you are in earnest. I have seen old boards, old staves (reminding one of the time when the Bordeaux casks made fences commonly in English gardens), old sacking, torn old tarpaulins—yes, once an old black serge petticoat—set up by the poor to protect the Rose; and there I have ever seen her smiling upon Love, however mean its offering, and rewarding its untiring service.

For the flirt, for the faint-hearted, for the coxcomb, who thinks that upon his first sentimental sigh she will rush into his arms and weep, she has nothing but sublime disdain.

Of this, and before I speak upon *Soil*, let me submit an illustration.

Not many summers since, three individuals, of whom I was one, were conversing in a country home. One of my companions was about to succeed the other as tenant of the house in which we were met, and was making anxious inquiry about the garden in general, and concerning Roses in particular. 'Oh!' said our host, 'the place is much too exposed for Roses. No man in the world is fonder of them than I am, and I have tried all means, and spared no expense; but it is simply hopeless.' '*Must have Roses*,' was the quiet commentary of the newcomer; and two years afterwards I met him at the local flower-show, the winner of a first prize for twelve. 'My predecessor,' he said, 'was no more the enthusiast which he professed to be about Roses, than that Quaker was an enthusiastic almsgiver who had felt so much for his afflicted friend but had not felt in his pocket. The pleasure-grounds, it is true, are too bleak for prize blooms, but in the large, half-cultivated kitchen-garden, I found the most delightful corner, with an eastern aspect; put in one hundred Briers; budded them last summer; manured them abundantly this; and am now, between ourselves, and *sub rosâ*, in such a bumptious condition, that you'd think I'd made the Roses myself.'

There is, alas! one locality, beneath that dark canopy of smoke which hangs over and around our large cities and manufacturing towns, wherein it is not possible to grow the Rose in its glory; and many a time as I have stood in the pure air and sunshine among my own beautiful flowers, I have felt a most true and sorrowful sympathy for those who, loving the Rose as fondly as I do, are unable to realise its perfect beauty. Well, no man can have his earthly happiness just in the way he wills; but every man, as a rule, has his equal share, and these men, I doubt not, have other successes as solace and compensation. Nay, are not their Roses, which we, more favoured, should regard as disappointments, successes to them, great and gratifying? If Mr. Shirley Hibberd, once the champion and teacher of urban and oppidan amateurs, could grow good Roses within four miles of the General Post-Office —and I have seen the proofs of his skill and perseverance at one of the great London Rose-shows, to my high surprise and delectation—it is quite certain that he would have been *nulli secundus* with the full advantage of situation and soil. Nor do I hesitate to say that the collection to which I refer, necessarily less perfect than those around it in colour and in size, seemed to me the most honourable of all.

What can I offer besides the hand of friendship and the praise of an old Rosarian to these brave brethren of the Rose? The most robust varieties must be planted in the best place, and in the best soil available, avoiding drip and roots. They must be manured in the winter and mulched in the spring. In the summer months let them be well watered below and *well syringed above two or three times a week.* Let grubs and aphides be removed, and sulphur, or soot, or soap-and-water, applied as soon as mildew shows itself. I am now resident close by the main street of the city of Rochester, in proximity to countless chimneys, long and short, polluting the atmosphere, discolouring the flowers, and accompanied from time to time by an offensive odour of cement. The soil of my garden is a light loam, distant from one to three feet from a stratum of chalk. Nevertheless, by a selection of the fittest, such as Mrs John Laing, Ulrich, Brunner, and Gloire de Dijon, by watchful observation, careful pruning, protection from frost, and a generous supply of manure, I succeed in producing an abundance of beautiful Roses though, I need hardly say, 'not for exhibition.'

CHAPTER V

SOILS

'WHAT a constitution must that air and soil of Herefordshire give the Rose!' So wrote Dr. Lindley, praising the beautiful blooms which Mr. Cranston brought from the King's Acre, by Hereford city, to the first grand National Rose Show. And we aliens read with envy. Rivers, and the Pauls, and Lane, and Francis, gazed sorrowfully a while on the *t* in Hertfordshire; from Sussex, so it seemed to Messrs. Wood and Mitchell, all success had fled; 'So much for Buckingham,' sighed Mr. Turner, from the slough of his deep despair; in Wiltshire, even Keynes, the stout-hearted, looked ruefully for a moment on his fair garden as though it had been Salisbury Plain; in Essex, Mr. Cant of Colchester was mute as one of its oysters; and as these great leaders of Queen Rosa's armies were seized with a brief despair, we privates and non-commissioned officers were not what we should have been with regard to knees, and felt a sudden conviction that the time had come when we ought to retire from the service. That gust, which caused the light to flicker in our grand chandeliers and lamps, all but blew out for ever our rush-lights and farthing dips.

It was but a gust and a surprise. 'It was a moment's fantasy, and as such it has passed.' Those generals, whose eyes blinked for a second as they read of the superior powers of Hereford, have since won glorious victories, each for his shire.

There are no duties upon sunshine, there are no monopolies in air; and there are thousands of acres, both sides the Border, as genial for the Rose as the King's by Hereford—nurseries and gardens in every part of Victoria's realm, from which Mr. Cranston, or any other man, with his fondness for the flower and persevering skill in its culture, may grow it in all its glory.

But idleness and ignorance will not believe it. Dwelling in a land of Roses, in a land where the woods and lanes and hedges are clothed at summer-tide with Roses, they prefer the stolid conviction that the stars in their courses fight against them, that meteorology and geology are their bitter foes. Look over your garden wall with a beautiful Rose in your coat, and your neighbour, loitering with his hands in his pockets, knee-deep in groundsel, amid his beds undrained, undug, will sigh from the depths of his divine despair, 'What a soil yours is for the Rose!' Some of my own friends talk to me regularly as the summer comes, not as though I had any special fondness or took any special pains, but as if my garden *would* grow excellent Roses, whether I liked it or no. At first, and as a neophyte, I used to feel a little irritation when all the glory was given to the ground; and I remember upon one occasion that I could not refrain from informing a gentleman (who bored me with the old unchanging commentary) that wild Rose-trees, transplanted from the hedgerow to my garden in the autumn, grew flowers large enough for exhibition the next summer but one. It was the simple fact concerning budded Briers, but he took away the inference, which I blush to own was meant for him, that the transformation was effected by the soil solely; and he was very angry, I heard afterwards, when his views on the subject were not universally accepted by a large dinner-party in his own house.

How often has it been said to me, 'Oh, what a garden is yours for Roses! We have a few nice flowers, but of course we can't compete with you. Old Mr. Drone, our gardener, tells us that he never saw such a good soil as yours, nor so bad a soil as ours, for Roses.' And herein is a fact in horticulture —Mr. Drone always has a bad soil. An inferior gardener, whether his inferiority is caused by want of knowledge or want of industry (the latter as a rule), is always snarling at his soil. Whatever fails—flowers, fruits, or vegetables, shrubs or trees—the fault rests ever with the soil. Hearing some of these malcontents declaim, you would almost conclude that a tree, planted over-night, would be discovered next morning prostrate upon its back, ejected by the soil in disgust. Only by superhuman efforts, they will assure you, combined with extraordinary talent, can anything be induced to grow but weeds. The place might be, like Hood's Haunted House,

> 'Under some prodigious ban
> Of excommunication'—

a place from which Jupiter had warned Phœbus and Zephyrus and Pomona and Flora, on pain of hot thunderbolts. They come there, of course, from a spirit of disobedience, but only on the sly, and seldom. The old, old story—the muff, coming from his wicket with his second cipher, and blaming the uneven ground, the ball which 'broke in' with a wild defiance of every natural law, and baffled all that science knew; the bad shot, whose 'beast of a gun' is always on half-cock when the rare woodcock comes, and on whose eyes the sun sheds ever his extra-dazzling rays; the bad rider, who 'never gets a start' (nor wants one), and whose fractious horse 'wouldn't go near the brook' at the very crisis of the run.

The good gardener, on the contrary, the man whose heart is in his work, makes the most of his means, instead of wasting his time in useless lamentations. He knows that this world is no longer Eden, and that only by sweat of brow and brain can he bring flower or fruit to perfection. 'Let me dig about it and dung it,' he says of the sterile tree, knowing as it was known when the words were spoken, more than eighteen hundred years ago, that to prune, and to feed the roots, is to reclaim and to restore, wherever there is hope of restoration.[1]

No long time ago, and while the judges at a flower-show were making their awards, I strolled with two other exhibitors, gardeners, into a small nursery-ground not far distant. My companions were strangers to me, but still more strange to each other, for they seemed to differ in all points, as much as two men having the same vocation could. The one was of a cheerful countenance and conversation, ruddy with health, lithe and elastic as a hunter in condition; the other ponderous, morose, flabby—complexion, gamboge and green. Not knowing their real appellations, I named them in my own mind Doleful and Gaylad, after two foxhounds of my acquaintance. Doleful soon found the fox he wanted—something to decry and depreciate; and he gave tongue with a deep melancholy howl, which might have been the last sad wail of poor Gelert. Gaylad simultaneously, but in an opposite direction, went away with *his* fox—something to admire and praise; but his tone was full of mirth and music, and he seemed thoroughly to enjoy the sport. Doleful had just growled to me in confidence that he 'wouldn't have the place as a gift,' when Gaylad pronounced it 'a jolly little spot,' and told the occupier, who was hard at work, that this nursery did him credit. I found out, as we returned, that these two men were competitors in the same class; and I found, as I anticipated, on entering the show that Gaylad was first, and Doleful nowhere. Subsequently, at the dinner, and as I again expected, Mr. Doleful informed us that his defeat was to be attributed entirely to the wretched nature of his soil; a remark which was received with a graceful silence by the company in general, and by Mr. Gaylad in particular with a festive wink.

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[1] The occasional lifting and tap-root pruning of Standard Rose-trees is beneficial, as a rule; but exceptions should be made, when the growth of stock, scion, and flower is vigorous, upon the excellent principle of letting well alone.

Some soils, we all know, are naturally more beneficent than others, but gardening is an art; its primary business

> 'To study culture, and with artful toil
> To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil;'

and its success certain, wherever this *cura colendi* is undertaken by working heads and hands. I know of only one soil in which the attempt to grow grand Roses would he hopeless—a case of 'Patience sitting by the Pool of Despondency and angling for impossibilities,' with never a nibble—and that is the light barren sand called 'drift' and 'blowaway,' of which the clay farmer said derisively that it might be ploughed with a Dorking cock and a carving-knife! Mud, we are told in Mortimer's 'Husbandry,' makes an extraordinary manure for land that is sandy, but this gritty rubbish demoralises whatever comes. You may expel Nature with a muck-fork on Monday, but on Tuesday morning she will be back, and grinning.

This exception, however, only proves the rule, that difficulties must yield to cultivation, and to free-trade in soil. This is, no doubt, a matter of Radical Reform (*Radix*, genitive *radicis*, a root), but the Conservatories have taken a decided lead in it. The growers of stove and greenhouse plants collect their material from all quarters: from India, the fibres of the cocoa-nut; their sand from Reigate; their peat from Bagshot; their leaf-mould, their Sphagnum, and other mosses, from forest and bog; their top-spits from the rich old pasture; their manures, natural and artificial, from Peru to the farmyard. They stand in their potting-sheds surrounded by these varied articles of home and foreign produce, even as the men of Gunter among the rich ingredients of the matrimonial cake. Regard, too, the perfect drainage provided for these plants; no chronic saturation, dangerous to life, as all dropsies are; no perpetual conflict between air and water, but each exercising its function in peace. And yet many a man who knows all this and practises it *within* doors stands helpless and hopeless on the soil *without.* I have walked out of houses where Orchids and stove-plants, and even those hard-wooded inmates of the greenhouse which so thoroughly test the plantsman's skill—those Ericas, for example, which come indeed from the Cape of Good Hope, but too often bring dark despair—were all in admirable condition, and have been told, as I stood upon soil the facsimile of my own, and better, 'We can't grow Roses.' There is only one reply,—'You won't.'

Because I know that Roses may be grown to perfection in the ordinary garden soil, if they have such a position as I have described in the preceding chapter, and if that soil is *cultivated*—I don't mean occasionally scratched with a rake and tickled with a hoe, or sprinkled with manure from a pepper-box, but thoroughly drained, and dug, and dunged. I am not theorising, nor playing the game of speculation with my readers—not writing from a fertile soil, regardless of the difficulties of others, like the Irish absentee who, dating from his cosy club in London, thus addressed his agent in a dangerous, disaffected district:—‘ Don’t let them think that, by shooting you, they will at all intimidate me;’ but I have proved that which I preach in practice. Upon two soils as different from each other as soils can be, though only separated by a narrow stream, I have grown Roses which have won the premier prizes at our chief ‘All England’ shows. On one side of the brook the ground is naturally a strong, red, tenacious clay; on the other, a very light, weak, porous loam, with a soft, marly subsoil.

The first thing to do with a cold adhesive clay is to drain it, and to drain it well. When water stagnates around the roots of a plant, they cannot receive the air or the warmth which are alike essential to their health—nay, life. Cut your drains with a good fall, straight, and four feet deep; and do not forget, when you have made them, to look from time to time, in seasons of wet, whether or no they are doing their duty. Use tile, not fagots, which soon, in most cases, become non-conductors.

Having provided channels of escape for the superabundant moisture, make it as easy as may be, in the next place, for the moisture to reach them. Trench your ground, and by exposing it to atmospheric influence, make it as porous and friable as you can. Then consider what additions you may introduce to its improvement. 'Anything,' writes Morton in his work upon the 'Nature and Property of Soils,' 'which will produce permanent friability in clay soils —such as sand, cinders, lime, soot, burnt clay, loose light vegetable matter, or long unfermented manure —will alter its texture and improve its quality.' Of these, having tried them fairly, I have found that which is happily the closest to our hand (like a thousand other privileges and blessings, had we but eyes to see them) to be the most advantageous—I mean burnt clay. Some of our modern writers and lecturers speak of it as of a recent discovery; but the Romans knew it, and used incinerated soils two thousand years before Sir Humphry Davy wrote— 'The process of burning renders the soil less compact, less tenacious and retentive of moisture; and properly applied, may convert matter that was stiff, damp, and in consequence cold, into one powdery, dry, and warm, and much more proper as a bed for vegetable life.' Let those Rosarians, therefore, who have heavy tenacious soils, having first tapped their dropsical patients by drain and trench, promote their convalescence by a combination of ancient and modern, external and internal, pharmacy; let them unite the old custom of cautery, as they burn their clay, with the new precepts of homœopathy, *similia similibus curantur.* And with this object let them save everything, as we are wont to do in our school-days when the festival of Fawkes drew nigh for a bonfire. Keep the prunings of your Rosary, that new Roses, like the Phœnix, may spring from the funeral-pyre; preserve all other prunings, decayed vegetables, haulm, roots, refuse, rubbish, weeds—

> 'Since nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
> But to the earth some special good doth give.'

and when you have a goodly *omnium gatherum*, make ready your furnace. Arrange your thorns and more inflammable material as a base, then an admixture of more solid fuel from your stores, likening and condensing alternately, and in the centre disposing some large *pièces de résistance*, such as old tree stumps, useless pieces of rotting timber, and the like, which, once fairly on fire, will go smouldering on for a fortnight. On this heap, well kindled, and around it, place your clay, renewing it continually as the fire breaks through. The pile must be watched so that the flames may be thus constantly suppressed, the clay burnt gradually, and not charred to brickdust. 'The ashes of burnt soil are said to be best,' writes Morton, 'when they are blackest; black ashes are produced by slow combustion, and red ashes by a strong fire.' Blend these ashes with the parent soil, intermixing lime, rammel, or sand (if you can get them), and then there remains, so far as the soil is concerned, but one addition to be made, and of this we will treat presently.

First crossing, if you please, the little bridge which divides my Rose-gardens, and passing over the narrow streamlet, from a cold clay soil, fertilised by cultivation, to a light, porous, feeble loam, best described by a labourer digging it when he said, 'It had no more natur' in it than work'us soup.' Nor was it ever my intention to try Roses in this meagre material, until a friend happened one day to say of it, 'No man in England could grow Roses *there*.' Then, fired by a noble ambition, or pig-headed perverseness, whichever you please, I resolved to make the experiment. I took a spade as soon as he was gone, for a happy thought had struck me that this soil might resemble that boy-beloved confection Trifle, which, thin, frothy, and tasteless in the upper stratum, has below a delicious subsoil of tipsy-cake and jam. So I found out in my garden, not far from the surface, a dark, fat, greasy marl rich as the nuptial almond-paste, and looking as though the rain had washed into it all the goodness of the upper ground. The lean and the fat, the froth and the preserves, were soon mixed for me by the spade aforesaid; and in this soil, trenched and exposed to the air for a few weeks afterwards, I planted my Briers. Then followed the manure, of which I have yet to speak, and in due course the Roses. These in their first summer, 1865 (I do not chronicle my success from egotism, but as facts for the encouragement of others), won the two first prizes at Birmingham, and two seconds at the Crystal Palace, with very little assistance from their allies over the water; and in 1868, from 'maiden' stocks —*i.e.*, from Briers budded in 1867—I won fourteen first prizes out of sixteen collections shown, including that which was then considered the champion prize of all, the first awarded to amateurs at the Grand National Show of the Royal Horticultural Society.

In this case, as with the heavy clay, the remedy lay close to the disease; and in very many similar cases it will be found that, by intermixing the stronger and more tenacious subsoil with the surface, fertility may be secured. If not in actual proximity, the element required for a defective soil—clay, for example, when sand predominates—may be procured generally at no great distance, and may be fetched in a waggon or a wheelbarrow,[1] in accordance with ways and means. Let Horticulture in this matter learn a lesson from her younger sister; and let the gardener who is whimpering over his rood of unkindly soil remember what the farmer has done and is doing, the wide world over, amid the forest and the fen. And such pusillanimity is specially comic in the case of a Scotsman or Englishman who is surrounded by a thousand proofs of triumphant cultural skill; who may walk, from dawn to dusk, among golden corn, where once the antlered monarch spent his life, unscared by hound or arrow; among flocks and herds, knee-deep in herbage, where fifty years ago the blackcock crowed amid the purple heather, where

> 'The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
> Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;
> And where, by whispering sedge, the heron, fond
> Of solitude, alighted.'

'Richard'—thus I spoke to the indolent and obese proprietor of a small freehold in my neighbourhood, who was complaining to me that his garden, about as highly cultivated as Mariana's at the Moated Grange, was viciously and desperately incapable of producing anything but 'docks'—'Richard, your forefathers have helped to reclaim the greater part of Sherwood Forest, while their neighbours were draining the Lincoln fens; and I should almost have hoped, taking into account the discoveries of modern science, that you might, in a favourable season, have educed a few potatoes even from the depraved material before us.' But he didn't seem to see it.

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[1] A gardener remarked to a friend of mine, who had won a first prize for Roses at Newark, 'I believe, sir, that you have got the only garden in all Lincolnshire which could grow such blooms.' 'And I brought it there,' my friend responded, '*in a wheelbarrow.*'

Wherefore I would ask to narrate, in antithesis, and to take away, as it were, a nauseous flavour—like the fig which followed the castor-oil of our youth—another small incident. The 'navvy' is not commonly a man of floral proclivities, but I met with a grand exception a few years ago in the leader of a gang then working upon one of our midland lines. When the work was done, and the band dispersed, he applied for and obtained a gatehouse on the rail, and to that tenement was attached the meanest apology for a garden which I ever saw in my life. Knowing his love of flowers, I condoled with him at the beginning of his tenancy; but he only responded with a significant grunt, and a look at the garden, as though it were a football and he was going to kick it over the railway. It seemed to me a gravel-bed, and nothing more. Twelve months after I came near the place again—was it a *mirage* which I saw on the sandy desert? There were vegetables, fruit-bushes, and fruit-trees, all in vigorous health; there were flowers, and the flower-queen in her beauty. 'Why, Will,' I exclaimed, 'what have you done to the gravel-bed?' 'Lor' bless yer,' he replied, grinning, 'I hadn't been here a fortnight afore I *swopped it for a pond!*' He had, as a further explanation informed me, and after an agreement with a neighbouring farmer, removed with pick and barrow his sandy stratum to the depth of three feet, wheeled it to the banks of an old pond, or rather to the margin of a cavity where a pond once was, but which had been gradually filled up with leaves and silt; and this rich productive mould he had brought home a distance of 200 yards, replacing it with the gravel, and levelling as per contract. Some other neighbour had given him a cart-load of clay, and the children had 'scratted together a nicst bit o' muck, and he meant stirring up them cottagers at next show with Roses, and "kidneys" too.'

It occurred to me, as I rode home reflecting, that there was a striking similarity in this case, as in many others, between the gardener and his ground; for Will had been at one time a drinking, poaching, quarrelsome 'shack,' and was now a good husband, a good father, and, I believe, a good Christian;—

the gravel had been converted into loam. And is there not much resemblance between ourselves and our soils—the soil without, and that soil within, which the Psalmist calls 'the ground of the heart'? No two characters, and no two gardens, exactly alike, but all with the same natural propensity to send up wild oats and weeds; all requiring continuous culture, training, and watchful care; all dependent, when man has done his best, upon the sunshine and rains of heaven. 'Soils,' writes Loudon, 'not kept friable by cultivation, soon become hardened;' *and so do hearts.* But from ourselves, as from our soils, we may eject the evil, introducing the good in its place; we may grow Roses instead of weeds, if we will. 'Upon the same man,' writes Richter, who was a florist as well as a philosopher, and seldom appeared in the streets of Bayreuth without a flower in his coat, 'as upon a vine-planted mount, there grow more kinds of wine than one: on the south side something little worse than nectar, on the north side something little better than vinegar.' But we may level the hill by humbling our pride, and so lay open the whole vineyard before the summer sun.

I pass now to the consideration of a subject which is one of the most important of all to those who desire to grow Roses in perfection.

CHAPTER VI

MANURES

I OPENED noiselessly the other morning, that I might enjoy a father's gladness, the door of a room in which my little boy, 'six off,' was at his play. Under the table, walled round by every available chair, with a fire-screen for the front door, and a music-stool, inverted atop to represent the main stack of chimneys, he was evidently entertaining a beloved and honoured guest. The banquet had just commenced, and the courteous host was recommending to his distinguished visitor (a very large and handsome black retriever, by name 'Colonel') the viands before him. These viands, upon a cursory glance through the chair-legs, did not strike me as of an appetising or digestible character—the two *pièces de résistance* consisting of a leg-rest and a small coal-scuttle, and the side dishes being specimens of the first Atlantic Telegraph Cable, presented to me by Sir Charles Bright, with a selection of exploded cartridges, sea-shells, ninepins, buttons, marbles, and keys. In the vivid imagination of childhood, notwithstanding, they represented all the luxuries dearest to the palate of youth ; and if the Colonel, who, by the bye, was in full uniform, made from the supplement of the *Times* newspaper, and was *décoré* with the Order of the String and Penwiper, had partaken of a tithe of the delicacies pressed on him, and according to the order in which they were served, there must have been inevitably speedy promotion in his regiment. The *menu*, orally announced by the host, opened with cheese, and passed on to hasty-pudding, which were followed in rapid succession by peaches, beef, roley-poley, hare, more hasty-pudding, honey, apricots, and boiled rabbits, the liquids being cowslip-wine and beer. 'And now, Colonel, dear,' were the last words I heard, 'you shall have some pigeon-pie and custard, and then we'll smoke a cigar.'[1]

In like manner does the wee, golden-haired lassie delight to do homage to the queen of her little world, her doll, watching her tenderly, and singing a lullaby which, regarding the condition of those two immense blue eyes, appears to be quite hopeless; then decking her with every bit of finery which she can beg from mammy or nurse, and waiting upon her with a fond, untiring service.

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[1] I cannot resist an impulse to record another small incident which occurred to 'Colonel' soon after the publication of this book. Late one winter's night, Joe, my footman, heard him growling angrily outside the stable-yard, and found him standing over the prostrate form of a man, or rather beast, so drunk that he was muttering responses to the dog, evidently under the impression that he was being severely reprimanded by some indignant person in authority. '*Well, sir*' (Joe heard him plead), '*if I did say so, I'm sure I didn't mean it!*'

And even so did I, in the childhood of that life, which is always young—do not our hearts foreknow, my brothers, the happy truth, which old men certify, that the love of flowers is of those few earthly pleasures which age cannot wither?—even so did I, in

> 'My sallet days,
> When I was green in judgment,'

essay, with an enthusiastic, though ofttimes mistaken, zeal, to propitiate and to serve the Rose. And specially, as with my little boy and his large idol, in the matter of food, I tried to please her with a great diversity of diet. I made anxious experiment of a multiplicity of manures — organic and inorganic, animal and vegetable, cheap and costly, home and foreign. I laboured to discover her favourite dish as earnestly as the alchemist to realise the Philosopher's Stone; but I differed from the alchemist, the Rosarian from the Rosicrucian, in one essential point —*I found it!*

Where? Not down among the bones. I tried bones of all denominations—bones in their integrity, bones crushed, bones powdered, bones dissolved with sulphuric and muriatic acid, as Liebig bade; and I have a very high admiration of the bone as a most sure and fertilising manure. For agricultural purposes, for turnips, for grass recently laid down, or for a starved, exhausted pasture, whereupon you may write your name with it; and in horticulture, for the lighter soils, for the vine-border, for plants (the Pelargonium especially), it is excellent; but in the Rosary, although a *magnum* (I feel in writing the pun like the little boy who chalked 'No Popery' on Dr Wiseman's door, half ashamed of the deed, and desirous to run), it is not the *summum bonum* of manures.

Nor up the chimney—though, for Roses on the Manetti stock, and for Tea-Roses, soot is good manure, and useful as a surface-dressing for hot dry soils. Nor among the autumn leaves, although these also, decayed to mould and mixed with the soil, are very advantageous; and sure and great is the reviving power, which gives back to the ground, according to the gracious law of Providence, the strength which was borrowed from it; when

> 'The world of matter, in its various forms,
> All dies into new life—life out of death.'

Nor, crossing the seas, among those bird-islands of Peru, Bolivia, Patagonia, in which—barren, rainless, and, as they seem to man, useless—the fish-fed fowls of the ocean were accumulating for centuries a treasure-heap more precious than gold — millions upon millions of tons of rich manure, which has multiplied the food of nations throughout the civilised world, and still remains in immense abundance for us and generations after us. Guano, nevertheless, is not *the* manure for Roses. Its influence is quickly and prominently acknowledged by additional size and brightness of foliage,[1] but the efflorescence, so far as my experiments have shown, derives no advantage as to vigour or beauty; and even on the leaf the effect is transitory.

Nor in the guano of *animal implume*—not in the soil called ‘night.’ The Romans reverenced Cloacina, the goddess of the sewers, and the statue which they found of her in the great drains of Tarquinius was beautiful as Venus’ self; but they honoured her, doubtless, only as a wise sanatory commissioner who removed their impurities, and, so doing, brought health to their heroes and loveliness to their maidens. They only knew half her merits; but in Olympus, we may readily believe, there was fuller justice done. Although weaker goddesses may have been unkind

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[1] The Rev. W. F. Radclyffe strongly recommends saltpetre and nitrophosphate (blood) manure, as imparting a deeper, richer green to foliage.

—may have averted their divine noses when Cloacina passed, and made ostentatious use of scent-bottle and pocket-handkerchief—Flora, and Pomona, and Ceres would ever admire her virtues, and beseech her benign influence upon the garden, the orchard, and the farm. But the terrestrials never thought that *fæx urbis* might be *lux orbis*, and they polluted their rivers, as we ours, with that which should have fertilised their lands. And we blame the Romans very much indeed; and we blame everybody else very much indeed; and we *do hope* the time will soon be here when such a sinful waste will no longer disgrace an enlightened age; but beyond the contribution of this occasional homily, it is, of course, no affair of ours. Each man assures his neighbour that the process of dessication is quite easy, and the art of deodorising almost nice; but nobody 'goes in.' The reader, I have no doubt, has with me had large experience of this perversity in neighbours, and ofttimes has been perplexed and pained by their dogged, strange reluctance to follow the very best advice. There was at Cambridge, some thirty years ago, an insolent, foul-mouthed, pugnacious sweep, who escaped for two terms the sublime licking which he 'annexed' finally, because no one liked to tackle the soot. There were scores of undergraduates, to whom pugilism was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, who had the power and the desire to punish his impudence, but they thought of the close wrestle,—they reflected on the 'hug,' and left him. To drop metaphor, there is no more valuable manure; but it is, from circumstances which require no explanation, more suitable for the farm than the garden, especially as we have a substitute, quite as efficacious, and far more convenient and agreeable in use.

No, not 'burnt earth.' I spoke as earnestly as I could of the value of that application in my last chapter, because it is impossible in many cases to exaggerate its worth; but I alluded at the same time to another indispensable addition which must be made to the soil of a Rose-garden, and now I will tell you what it is: I will tell you where I found the Philosopher's Stone in the words of that fable by Æsop, which is, I think, the first of the series, and which was first taught to me in the French language, —'*Un coq, grattant sur un fumier, trouvait par hazard une pierre précieuse;*' or, as it is written in our English version, 'a brisk young cock, in company with two or three pullets, his mistresses, raking upon a dunghill for something to entertain them with, happened to scratch up a jewel.' The little allegory is complete: I was the brisk young cock, my favourite pullet was the Rose, and in a heap of farmyard manure I found the treasure.

Yes, here is the mine of gold and silver, gold medals and silver cups for the grower of prize Roses ; and to all who love them, the best diet for their health and beauty, the most strengthening tonic for their weakness, and the surest medicine for disease. ‘Dear me!’ exclaims some fastidious reader, ‘what a nasty brute the man is! He seems quite to revel in refuse, and to dance on his dunghill with delight!’ The man owns to the soft impeachment. If the man had been a Roman emperor he would have erected the most magnificent temple in honour of Sterculus, the son of Faunus, that Rome ever saw. Because Sterculus, the son of Faunus—so Pliny tells—discovered the art and advantage of spreading dung upon the land ; and he should have appeared in the edifice dedicated to him, graven larger than life in pure gold, riding proudly in his family chariot, the *currus Stercorosus* (*Anglice,* muck-cart), with the agricultural trident in his hand. As it is, I always think of him with honour when I meet the vehicle in which he loved to drive—have ever a smile of extra sweetness for the wide-mouthed waddling charioteer, and am pained at heart to find the precious commodity fallen, or, as they say in Lancashire, ‘slattered,’ on the road. Ah! but once that fastidious reader will be pleased to hear, the man brought himself to sore shame and confusion by this wild, passionate affection. Returning on a summer's afternoon from a parochial walk, I inferred from wheel-tracks on my carriage-drive that callers had been and gone. I expected to find cards in the hall, and I saw that the horses had kindly left theirs on the gravel. At that moment one of those

> 'Grim spirits in the air,
> Who grin to see us mortals grieve,
> And dance at our despair,'

fiendishly suggested to my mind an economical desire to utilise the souvenir before me. I looked around and listened; no sight, no sound of humanity. I fetched the largest fire-shovel I could find, and was carrying it bountifully laden through an archway cut in a high hedge of yews, and towards a favourite tree of 'Charles Lefebvre,' when I suddenly confronted three ladies, 'who had sent round the carriage, hearing that I should soon be at home, and were admiring my beautiful Roses.' It may be said, with the strictest regard to veracity, that they saw nothing that day which they admired, in the primary meaning of the word, so much as myself and fire-shovel; and I am equally sure that no Rose in my garden had a redder complexion than my own.

And now, to be practical, what do I mean by farmyard manure—when and how should it be used?

By farmyard manure I mean all the manures of the straw-yard, solid and fluid, horse, cow, pig, poultry, in conjunction. Let a heap be made near the Rosarium, not suppressing the fumes of a natural fermentation by an external covering, but forming underneath a central drain, having lateral feeders, and at the lower end an external tank, after the fashion of those huge dinner-dishes whose channels carry to the 'well' the dark gravies of the baron and the haunch (here that fastidious reader collapses, and is removed in a state of syncope), so that the rich extract, full of carbonate of ammonia, and precious as attar, may not be wasted, but may be used either as a liquid manure in the Rosary,[1] or pumped back again to *baste the beef.*

How long should it remain in the heap before it is fit for application to the soil? The degree of decomposition to which farmyard dung should arrive before it can be deemed a profitable manure, must depend on the texture of the soil, the nature of the plants, and the time of its application.[1] In general, clayey soils, more tenacious of moisture, and more benefited by being rendered incohesive and porous, may receive manure less decomposed than more pulverised soils required. Again, the season when manure is applied is also a material circumstance.

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[1] The happy Rosarian who has a farmyard of his own, will, of course, have a large covered tank therein, for the reception and preservation of liquid manure. At all times, of drought especially, this will be more precious as a restorative and tonic to his Roses than the waters of Kissingen, Vichy, or Harrogate, to his invalid fellow-men. Only let him remember this rule of application—weak and oft, rather than strong and seldom. I bought my own experience by destroying with too potent potations, forgetting that infants don't drink brandy *neat*, the delicate, fibrous rootlets of some beautiful Rose-trees on the Manetti stock,

I have made many experiments, but I have come back to the plan which I adopted first of all, and I believe it to be the best—namely, to give the Rose-trees a liberal stratum of farmyard manure in November, leaving it as a protection as well as a fertiliser through the winter months, and digging it in in March. For some years I manured the plants heavily in the spring, after hoeing or digging, and let the manure remain through the summer. This system succeeds in a very hot, dry season, but makes the ground sodden when the weather is wet, and at all times is an obstruction to the sunlight and the air. I therefore prefer the course which I have named, to be supplemented by liquid manure, or some slight surface-dressing of guano (that which comes from the dove-cot is still almost as precious as it was in the siege of Samaria) or bonedust, when the buds are swelling into bloom; so that, as the lanky schoolboy is placed upon a regimen of boiled eggs and roast-beef, Allsopp, Guinness, and Bass — so the Rose-trees (those nursing-mothers of such beautiful babes) may have good 'support' when they want it most. 'It is believed,' writes Morton, 'by observers of nature, that plants do no injury to the soil while they are producing their stems and leaves, and that it is only when the blossom and the seed require nourishment that they begin to exhaust it.'

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[1] See the article on Agriculture, 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' ii. 300.

A very effective surface-dressing was communicated to me many years ago by Mr. Rivers, who afterwards published it, as follows:—'The most forcing stimulant that can be given to Roses is a compost formed of horse-droppings from the roads or stable' (he says nothing about a fire-shovel), 'and malt or kiln dust, to be obtained from any malt-kiln, equal quantities. This, well mixed, should then be spread out in a bed one foot thick, and thoroughly saturated with strong liquid manure, pouring it over the compost gently for, say, two days—so that it is gradually absorbed. The compost is then fit for a summer surface-dressing, either for Roses in pots, in beds, or standard Roses. It should be applied, say, in April, and again in

May and June, about an inch thick, in a circle round the tree, from 12 to 18 inches in diameter. This compost is not adapted for mixing with the soil that is placed among the roots, but is for a summer surface-dressing only; and *care must be taken that it is not placed in a heap or ridge after it has been mixed, for then fermentation is so violent that the smell becomes intolerable.*'

So powerful is this confection, that I have found one application quite sufficient; and this I apply, when the Rosebuds are formed and swelling, towards the end of May, or, in a late season, the beginning of June. I wait for the indications of rain, that the fertilising matter may be at once washed down to the roots; and it never fails to act as quinine to the weakly, and as generous wine to the strong. During the extraordinary drought of the summer in 1868, I watched day after day—nay, week after week—with a patience worthy of that deaf old gentleman who listened for three months to catch the ticking of a sun-dial, or of him who undertook the tedious task of teaching a weather-cock to crow; and at last, feeling sure of my shower, wheeled barrow after barrow with my own hands, not seeming to have time to call for help, over the little bridge, and spread it over the parched soil. Soon the big rain came dancing to the earth, and when it had passed, and I smoked my evening weed among the Rose-trees, I fancied that already the tonic had told. At all events, it is written in the chronicles of the Rose-shows how those Roses sped.

Again, Mr. Rivers, whom I have just quoted, and to whom we must still give precedence, remembering what he has done in the Rosarium, writes: 'I have found night-soil, mixed with the drainings of the dunghill, or even with common ditch or pond water, so as to make a thick liquid, the best possible manure for Roses, poured on the surface of the soil twice in winter, from 1 to 2 gallons to each tree: December and January are the best months: the soil need not be stirred till spring, and then merely loosened 2 or 3 inches deep with the prongs of a fork. For poor soils, and on lawns, previously removing the turf, this will be found more efficacious. Brewers' grains also form an excellent surface-dressing: they should be laid in a heap for two or three weeks to ferment, and one or two large shovelfuls placed round each plant, with some peat-charcoal to deodorise them, as the smell is not agreeable.'

I will quote in alphabetical sequence the other distinguished public Rosarians who have expressed their opinions, or proved their skill at all events, in the matter. These are Mr. Cant of Colchester; Mr. Cranston of Hereford; Mr. Francis of Hertford; Mr. Keynes of Salisbury; Mr. Lane of Berkhampstead; Mr. Mitchell of Piltsdown; Mr. George Paul, the representative of Messrs. Paul & Son, Cheshunt; Mr. William Paul, Waltham Cross; Mr. Prince of Oxford; Mr. Turner of Slough, and Messrs. Wood of Maresfield. There is, of course, a very large number of other nurserymen, who grow Roses most extensively and in their fullest perfection—such as Bunyard at Maidstone, Dicksons at Chester, Dickson at Newtownards, Harkness at Bedale, Mack at Catterick, Merryweather at Southwell, Mount at Canterbury, Smith at Worcester, Walters at Exeter, but I may not extend my quotations.

Mr. Benjamin Cant, who, from his rich soil at Colchester, has produced a larger number of preeminent Roses than any other exhibitor, recommends that in planting Roses, a hole should be made about 18 inches deep, and large enough to contain half a wheelbarrowful of compost; two-thirds of this should be strong turfy loam, and one-third well-decomposed animal manure. These should be thoroughly mixed together.

Mr. Cranston writes in his 'Cultural Directions for the Rose,' which may be followed by amateurs with a sure confidence: 'I have found, after repeated trials for some years, that pig-dung is the best of all manures for Roses; next night-soil, cow-dung, and horse-dung. These should stand in a heap from one to three months, but not sufficiently long to become exhausted of their ammonia and salts. Pig-dung should be put on the ground during winter or early spring, and forked in at once. In using night-soil, mix with burnt earth, sand, charcoal-dust, or other dry substance. Apply a small portion of the mixture to each plant or bed during winter, and let it be forked in at once. Soot is a good manure, especially for the Tea-scented and other Roses on their own roots; so are wood-ashes and charcoal. Bone-dust or half-inch bones forms an excellent and most lasting manure. Guano and superphosphate of lime are both good manure for Roses, but require to be used cautiously.'

Mr. Keynes of Salisbury recommended 'a good wheelbarrowful of compost—two-thirds good turfy loam, and one-third well-decomposed animal manure.' He adds—and the words of one whose Roses, in a favourable season, could not be surpassed in size or colour, should be remembered practically—'It is difficult to give the Rose too good a soil.'

Mr. Lane of Berkhampstead writes thus: 'The best method of manuring beds is to dig in a good dressing of stable or other similar manure, this being the most safe from injuring vegetation in any soil, and it never does more good to Roses than when it is used as a surface-dressing. When placed, about two inches deep, over the surface in March, the ground seldom suffers from drought; but this is, perhaps, by some considered unsightly.'

Mr. George Paul, 'the hero of a hundred fights,' advises that 'in planting the ground should be deeply trenched, and well-rotted manure be plentifully added. If the soil be old garden-soil, add good loam, rich and yellow; choose a dry day for the operation, and leave the surface loose. Stake all standards, and mulch with litter, to protect the roots from frost.'

Mr. William Paul, in his interesting work, 'The Rose-Garden,' gives, in the Introduction, the results of his experiments with manure. 'In the summer of 1842,' he writes, 'six beds of Tea-scented Roses were manured with the following substances: (1) bone-dust, (2) burnt earth, (3) nitrate of soda, (4) guano; (5) pigeon-dung, (6) stable manure, thoroughly decomposed. The soil in which they grew was an alluvial loam. The guano produced the earliest visible effects, causing a vigorous growth, which continued till late in the season; the foliage was large and of the darkest green, but the flowers on this bed were not very abundant. The shoots did not ripen well, and were consequently much injured by frost during the succeeding winter. The bed manured with burnt earth next forced itself into notice; the plants kept up a steadier rate of growth, producing an abundance of clear, well-formed blossoms; the wood ripened well, and sustained little or no injury from the winter's frost. The results attendant on the use of the other manures were not remarkable: they had acted as gentle stimulants, the nitrate of soda and bones least visibly so, although they were applied in the quantities usually recommended by the vendors. . . . I think burnt and charred earth the best manure that can be applied to wet or adhesive soils.'

Mr. Prince says: 'My plants on the cultivated Seedling Brier do not require so much manuring as other forms of stocks. I do not recommend any manure at time of planting, unless the ground has been greatly impoverished by trees and shrubs or Roses, in which case a portion of the soil should be removed, and a fresh supply given, which should consist of the top-spit from a meadow of heavy loam, well decayed; but it should not be forgotten that after the Roses have been planted for two years, and are well established, they will require a liberal supply of manure. I have found that the worst attack of mildew first made its appearance on young plants in land which had been manured at the time of planting.'

Mr. Turner of Slough does not show his cards, but when he comes to play them on the green cloth or baize of the exhibition-table, no man deals more fairly, knows the game more thoroughly, holds more trumps, or scores the honours more frequently.

Messrs. Wood of Maresfield, at one time the largest growers of the Rose in the world, commend a mixture of well-seasoned animal manure, with the top-spit of an old pasture, deep trenching, thorough draining, and a free use of the pruning-knife the first year after planting.

Concluding this long chapter, I would earnestly assure the novice in Rose-growing that there is only one exception (and that in Egypt) to the rule, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* If he really means to make the Rose his hobby, and to enjoy the ride, he must feed him liberally and regularly with old oats and beans. The Rose cannot be grown in its glory without frequent and rich manure; and again, I recommend that the best farmyard dung be applied towards the end of November, when the ground is dry and dug in in March, and that the surface-dressing prescribed by Mr. Rivers, or some other stimulant, be administered at the beginning of June. And if neighbours, who are not true lovers of the Rose, expostulate, and condemn the waste, quote for their edification those true words of Victor Hugo, in 'Les Misérables,' '*the beautiful is as useful as the useful, perhaps more so.*'

Nevertheless, I must warn the young Rosarian that he may be too lavish in his application of manures. The enthusiastic tyro has been known to plant his Rose-trees in a composition, made up half and half, of raw reeking manure and soil. The results have been disastrous; and when an explanation of the debility outside has been sought within the soil, it has been sadly seen that the little tender rootlets have been sore let and hindered by their rank unsavoury surroundings, and have made but a feeble growth.

Nor must the amateur keep the sunshine and the rain from the soil by covering it continuously with solid manures. One liberal application from the farmyard, laid on late in November or early in December (when the first frost makes a hard road for the wheelbarrow), and dug in about the middle of March, is ample, with the addition of some fertilising liquid, when the buds expand for efflorescence, and some slight thin mulching in times of excessive drought.

The novice must not expect that his Roses will always maintain their integrity even in the kindliest of soils, and with a most anxious and clever cultivation. Sooner or later they will deteriorate, and must be replaced by a younger and stronger growth from the nurseries or the budding-ground.

Nay, the time must come, when the soil itself will give manifest intimations that in horticulture as in agriculture it is expedient to change our crops; and he who would maintain his supremacy as a Rosarian must seek 'fields fresh and pastures new.'

I exhausted three Rose-gardens of considerable extent, and should have joyfully continued the process of exhaustion, had I not reached my boundaries, satisfied my ambition as an exhibitor, and become more and more inclined to distribute my admirations among the manifold beauties of the garden, rather than to concentrate all my devotions upon the Rose. Of course, she was to remain for ever my Sovereign Lady, the Queen.

We have found our situation, we have prepared our soil; we will speak now of the arrangement of the Rosarium, and then of the Rose itself.

CHAPTER VII

ARRANGEMENT

EVERY gardener must be an infidel—I am, and I glory in the fact—on the subject of infidelity. The proofs and the precepts of natural and revealed religion are brought so frequently and impressively before him, that he cannot believe in unbelief. He takes a seed, a bulb, a cutting (who made them?); he places them in the soil which is most congenial (who made it?); the seed germinates, the bulb spindles, the cutting strikes (whence the motive power?); he tends and waters (but who sends the former and the latter rain?); and the flower comes forth in glory. Does he say, with the proud Assyrian, 'By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom'? Does he not stand the rather, with a reverent wonder, to consider the Lilies (the Auratum, it may be, the glowing Amaryllid, the Pancratium, the Arum, or the lovely Eucharis, in robes pure and white as a martyr's), until the very soul within him rises heavenward, and *Manus Tuæ fecerunt* is his psalm of praise?

And the truths of Revelation, the histories and the prophecies of the Older Testament, the miracles and parables of the New, are taught as constantly and as clearly to the gardener in his daily life. In our gardens always

> 'There is a book, who runs may read,
> Which heavenly truth imparts'—

ever reminding us of that Eden wherein were all things pleasant to the eye and good for food; of Gethsemane, and of that garden where our crucified Lord was laid. What is our love of flowers, our calm happiness in our gardens, but a dim recollection of our first home in paradise, and a yearning for the Land of Promise! Here in the wilderness we love to reclaim these green spots from the brier and thorn; to fence and to cleanse; to plant and sow; to sit at eventide, when work is done, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, with thankfulness and hope.

With hope, because these our gardens—scenes though they be of brightest beauty to our eyes, and sources of our purest joys—do not satisfy, are not meant to satisfy, our heart's desire. Perishable as we ourselves, for the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, they are, moreover, like all our handiwork, deformed by fault and flaw. Did you ever meet a gardener who, however fair his ground, was absolutely content and pleased? Did you never hear 'O si angulus ille!' from the lord of many fields? Is there not always a tree to be felled or a bed to be turfed? Does not somebody's chimney, or somebody's ploughed field, persist in obtruding its ugliness? Is there not ever some grand mistake to be remedied next summer? Alas! the florist never is, but always to be blessed with a perfect garden: and to him, as to all mankind, perfect happiness is that 'gay to-morrow of the mind, which never comes.'

These imperfections and mistakes, of course, arise in our gardens mainly from our own ignorance or indolence; and as sterility, feebleness, and premature decay are caused not by tree, plant, weather, soil, but by wrong treatment, position, neglect; so all unsightly combinations—poverty or excess of objects brought together, rigidity, monotony, ungracefulness—originate not from the materials at our disposal, but from the manner in which we dispose them. And in this matter of *arrangement* we are at the present day conspicuously weak. Never was the gardener so rich in resources. Our collectors, hazarding their lives, and losing them, in their work of love, have gained us treasures from every clime.

Sadly, like some cemetery tree, does the beautiful Douglas Pine remind us of him whose name it bears, who sent it to adorn our homes, and who, searching for fresh prizes, perished miserably, falling into a pit dug by the Sandwich Islanders for the capture of wild bulls, and gored to death by one of them. The lovely Lycaste speaks to us sorrowfully of George Ure Skinner; and the most striking of the Marantas (*Veitchii*), the velvety *Begonia Pearcei*, with its golden flowers, the exquisite Gymnostachium, and splendid Sanchezia, of Richard Pearce—both of whom died in their harness. These and others have amplified our shining stores; while our florists at home, by selection, culture, cross-breeding, and hybridising, have made admirable improvements and large additions in every department of their art. The gardener, nevertheless, with all this wealth and skill, fails signally, in my eyes, as to the laying out of his garden. He fails, because he has to a great extent abandoned the English or natural system for the Italian and Geometrical, because he must have a sensational garden in spring, summer, and winter. His ancestors—poor floral fogies!—looked upon their gardens as quiet resting-places, fair scenes of refreshment and of health; and, wandering amid these 'haunts of ancient peace,' they loved the cool grot for contemplation made, or the sunny walk through the glossy evergreens in which the throstle sang. They welcomed their flowers as He sent them who 'hath made everything beautiful in His time': they did not upbraid Nature, nor essay to wake her when she slept her winter sleep; they forgave her deciduous trees. They followed her in all things as their teacher. They copied her lines, which were rarely straight, rarely angular; and her surfaces, which were rarely flat. Said to me a house-painter, whom I watched and praised as he was cleverly graining one of my doors in imitation of oak, 'Well, sir, I must say I *do* think myself, that I'm following up Natur' close,' and he ran his thumb-nail up a panel swiftly, as though he would catch her by the heel. So did they reproduce her graceful features. 'It is the peculiar happiness of the age' (this was written in 1755) 'to see just and noble ideas brought into practice, peculiarities banished, prospects opened, the country called in, Nature rescued and improved, and Art decently concealing itself under her own productions.' 'I am now,' wrote the Czarina to Voltaire in the year 1772, 'wildly in love with the English system of gardening, its waving lines and gentle declivities;' and so was all the gardening world. Sixty years later, in my own childhood, there were in the garden, before me as I write,—and now little more than one subdivided flower-bed,—

those bowers and meandering walks, many a pleasant nook, where the aged might rest, young men and maidens sigh their love, and happy children play. Ah, what delicious facilities for 'I spy' and for 'hide-and-seek,' where now there is but scant concealment for the furtive hungry cat! What lookings into eyes, what approximations of lips, where now it would be 'bragian' boldness to squeeze a body's hand! I look through the window, and I see the place where, under drooping branches, we children were enthroned as kings and queens; where we entertained ambassadors with surreptitious food; where in my ninth year I was crowned with laurel (the only bit of reality) as the great poet of my day; and where, for brilliant service, I was knighted scores of times, on my return from India, with the handle of our garden-rake! I see the place—it was hidden behind the yew-trees then—where we were so often shipwrecked upon 'Desert Island,' and where my youngest sister would never be induced to have her face adequately grimed for the performance of man Friday! I look—but I can see no more! 'A flood of thoughts comes o'er me, and fills mine eyes with tears.' The playmates of my youth—where are they? O doleful memories! O blissful hopes! O dreadful earthly darkness! O dazzling heavenly light! The morning cometh, as also the night.

But what do I see, as the mist clears? A garden which, like a thousand others, has obeyed the command of imperious Fashion,—Away with your borders, your mounds, and your clumps! Away with walks and with grottoes, nooks, corners, and light and shade! Down with your timber! To the rubbish-heap with your lilacs and almonds, your laburnums and blossoming trees! Stub, lay bare, level and turf; then cover the whole by line and measure with a geometrical design.[1] Do you require examples? Copy your carpet, or the ornaments on your pork-pie. Then purchase or provide—for the spring, Bulbs by the sack; for the summer, Pelargoniums by the million; for the winter, baby Evergreens and infant Conifers—brought prematurely from *the nursery* into public life, like too many of our precocious children—by the waggon-load; introducing among the latter, narrow little walks of pounded cockle-shells, broken glass, gypsum, brick-dust, sheep's trotters, etc., etc.

I am well aware that the geometrical system, especially when it is combined with terraces, staircases, balustrades, and edgings of stones, is very effective and appropriate around our palaces, castles, and other stately homes. For these it forms a beautiful floor and fringe. It prevents too sudden a transition from architecture to horticulture.[1] With the pleasure-grounds around opening upon the park, and with the general landscape in the distance beyond, the amalgamation of art and nature is excellent. Nor do I deny for a moment that in all gardens, if introduced in modest and due proportion, it is the most becoming framework for our summer flowers; but my complaint is, that this giant Geometry has taken possession of our small gardens not as an ally, but as an autocrat—ejecting old tenants and dismissing old servants like some heartless conceited heir, extruding them disdainfully, as the usurping cuckoo thrusts the eggs from a sparrow's nest. Just as that sensational system of gardening which goes by the name of 'Bedding-Out,' has expelled in so many instances our beautiful herbaceous plants and our lovely flowering shrubs, so the geometrical style has destroyed too frequently a more natural grace, wearying the eye instead of refreshing it. Some may like to see the hair pulled back from a winsome face, or twisted in fantastic forms: give me ripples of light in the wavelike braid, and reliefs of shade in the glossy clustering curls.

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[1] With wise instructions from the best (in my opinion) of our landscape gardeners, Mr. Marnock, and with very kindly help from my friends Mr. William Robinson and Mr. Ingram of Belvoir, I restored and reclothed the plot of ground about my home, which was, and is once more again—a garden.

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[1] 'His' (Sir C. Barry's) 'idea was, that the definite artificial lines of a building should not be contrasted, but harmonised, with the free and careless grace of natural beauty. This could only be effected by a scheme of architectural gardens, graduated, as it were, from regular formality in the immediate neighbourhood of the building itself, through shrubberies and plantations, less and less artificial, till they seemed to melt away in the unstudied simplicity of the park or wood without.'—'Memoir of Sir C. Barry,' by his Son, p. 113.

True art hides itself, and every man in laying out a garden should remember the precept, *Ars est celare artem.* He should, moreover, cause to be painted on his case of mathematical instruments, and printed largely on the cover of his sketch-book, those two lines, written by a true gardener and poet (must not every true gardener be a poet, though it may be of songs without words?)—

> 'He wins all points, who pleasingly confounds,
> Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.'[1]

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the Rosary? And I answer, Everything; because nowhere is the formal, monotonous, artificial system of arrangement more conspicuously rampant. It almost seems, in some cases, as though the owners had copied the methodical Frenchman, who, having received an assortment of Rose-trees of various heights from the nursery—standards, half-standards, and dwarfs—planted them all at the same distance above the ground, that he might preserve the unities of an even surface. Does not a dead level, bearing the old pattern of stars and garters, generally encircle the Rose-temple, over which the disgusted right-minded Rose-trees always object to grow? It looks like a dismal aviary from which the birds have flown; but with a little bright paint and gilding externally, and a loud barrel-organ within, it might form a brilliant lucrative centre-piece for a merry-go-round at a fair.

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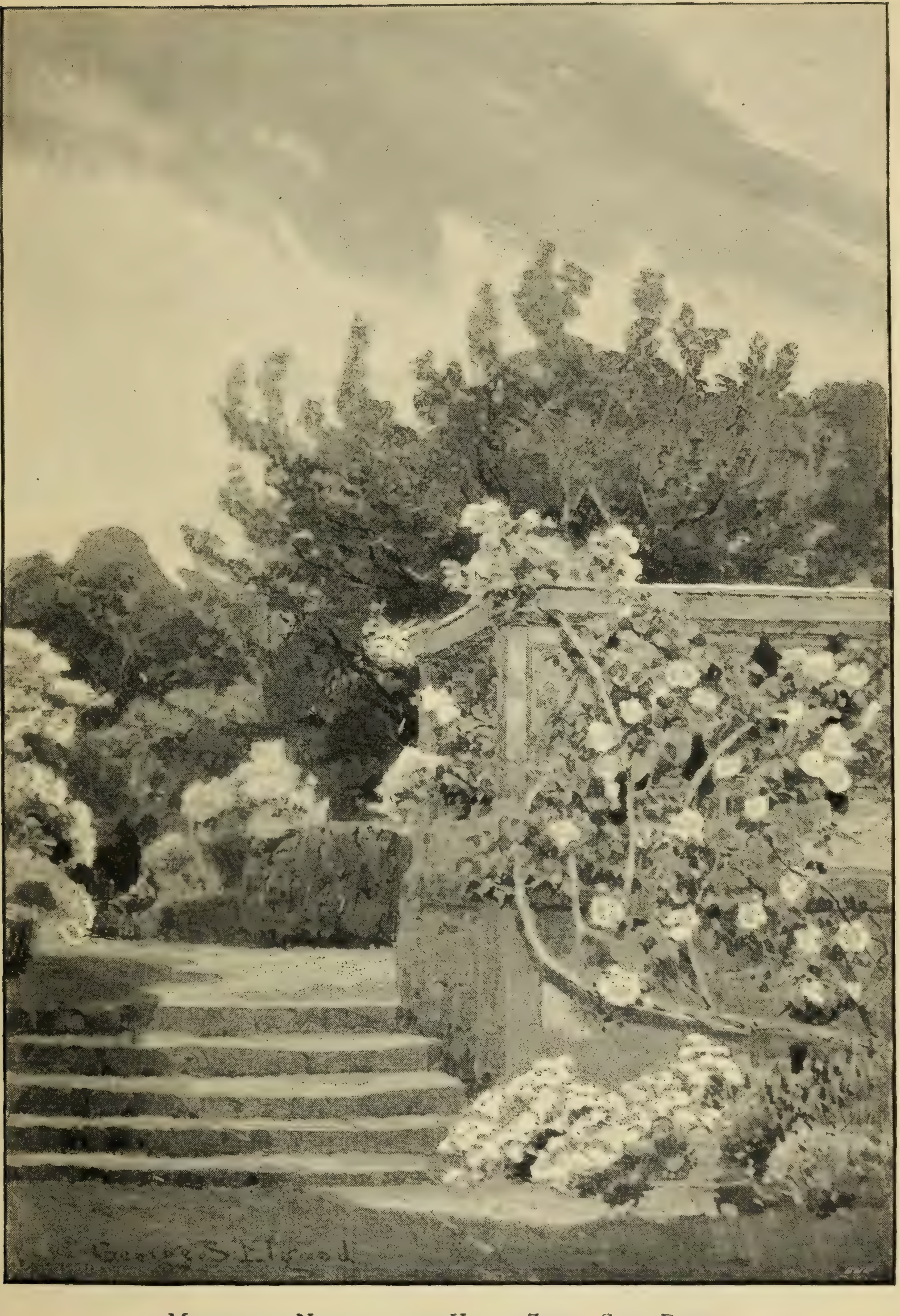
[1] I recommend to those of my readers who are interested in this subject, 'The English Flower-Garden: its Style, Position, and Arrangement.' By W. Robinson, and others. London: J. Murray.

When the Rose is grown for exhibition exclusively, the geometrical system in its simplest form, and minus the temple, is desirable, as being most convenient to him who purposely sacrifices beauty of arrangement as regards the general appearance, the *tout ensemble*, of his Rose-garden, that he may attain perfection as to size and colour in the individual flowers. He cannot afford space for numerous varieties, which, lovely, distinct, and indispensable in the general collection, are not suitable for the exhibition stage. He admires them earnestly, but has only room for them in his heart or with his herbaceous plants in 'the borders.' He must have all his trees so disposed that they may be readily surveyed, approached, and handled. Specimens of the same variety must be planted together, that he may quickly compare and select. Time is most


George S. Elgood

Marechal Niel at the Villa Zirio, San Remo.

precious on the morning of a show; and returning to the boxes with a bloom in each hand and a couple between one's teeth, it is a sore hindrance to remember another tree at the farthest point of the Rosary, which possibly carries the best bloom of all. Taste in arrangement consists with the exhibitor in the harmonious grouping of his cut Roses, not in the gracefulness of his ground or of his trees. He appeals not to the general public, but to the connoisseur; not to the court,[1] but to the judge.

In a Rose-garden not subject to any such restraint —not the drill-ground of our Queen's Body-guard, but the holiday assemblage of Her people—no formalism, no flatness, no monotonous repetition should prevail. There should the Rose be seen in all her multiform phases of beauty. There should be beds of Roses, banks of Roses, bowers of Roses, hedges of Roses, edgings of Roses, pillars of Roses, arches of Roses, fountains of Roses, baskets of Roses, vistas and alleys of the Rose. Now overhead and now at our feet, there they should creep and climb. New tints, new forms, new perfumes, should meet us at every turn. Here we come upon a bed of seedlings so full of interest and of hope. Here is the sunny spot where we gather, like Virgil's shepherd, the first Rose of spring, or

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[1] A Lancashire witness hearing words ascribed to him by a conceited young barrister (with a new wig and a turned-up nose) which he had not spoken, jumped up and wrathfully protested, 'Why, yer powder-yedded monkey, I never said note o' th' sort—I appeal to th' company!'

> 'Rosa quo locorum
> Sera moretur,'

the last of autumn. Art is here as the meek admiring handmaid of Nature, gently smoothing her beautiful hair, checking only such growth as would weaken her flowing ringlets, but never daring to disfigure with shams and chignons—with pagodas, I mean, and such like tea-garden trumpery. Art is here to obey, but not to dictate—to work as one who counts such service its own reward and honour. If before the Fall, before the earth brought forth brier or thorn, man was put into a garden to dress it and to keep it, with his will and with his might must he labour now in that plot of ground where he fain would realise his fond idea of Eden. He must work hard, but only as one who copies some great masterpiece—not as one who designs, but restores. He must keep order, but only as replacing an arrangement which he has himself disturbed. Thus and thus only he may hope to make himself a garden

> 'Where order in variety we see,
> And where, though all things differ, all agree.'

Were it my privilege to lay out an extensive Rose-garden, I should desire a piece of broken natural ground, surrounded on all sides but the south with sloping banks, 'green and of mild declivity,' on which evergreen shrubs should screen and beautify by contrast the Roses blooming beneath; and in the centre I should have, at irregular intervals, Rose-clad mounds high enough to obstruct the view even of Arba, great among the Anakims, which would enable me to surprise, to vary, and to conceal, according to the golden rule which I have before quoted. On the level from which these mounds arose would be the beds and single specimens; at the corners my bowers and nooks. All the interior space not occupied by Roses should be turf—'nothing,' writes Lord Bacon, 'is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn'—and this always broad enough for the easy operations of the mowing-machine, and for the ample robes (although the Queen of Flowers is graciously pleased to dispense with trains, when ladies attend her receptions) of those bright visitors, the only beings upon earth more beautiful than the Rose itself.

And who can be jealous? Who can grudge them the universal homage which, even in the queenly presence, they always claim and win? More than once, I must confess, has a remonstrance risen to my lips which I have not dared to utter. I remember sitting on a summer's eve contemplating my Roses in the soft light of the setting sun, and in the society of a sentimental friend, more than ever sentimental because a daughter of the gods, divinely fair, had just left us for the house. We sat still and pensive, until at last I broke a long silence with the involuntary exclamation, 'Aren't they lovely?' 'Lovely!' he replied; 'I *hate* 'em. She called that Duc de Rohan a duck, and that Senna Tea Vaisse, or whatever his name is' (he knew it as well as I did), 'a darling. I tell you what, old fellow, if either of these worthies could appear in the flesh, there is nothing in the world I should like so much as a *tête-à-tête* with him in a 24-foot ring. I flatter myself that I could favour him with a facer which he couldn't obtain in France. As for that General Jacqueminot, shouldn't I like to meet him in action'—here he pulled his moustache fiercely—'and to roll him over on Rupert?' (his charger). I bade him light a weed and hope; but he didn't seem to relish hoping. Towards the end of the next summer he came to see me again, with the daughter of the gods in his brougham, and, on the opposite side, in the lap of its nurse, a new 'duck,' far dearer to his bride than any rosebud on earth.

The inner walks should be grass, but there must be an outer promenade of gravel, smooth and dry for the thinnest boots, when the turf is damp with rain or dew.

I would have the approaches to a Rosary made purposely obscure and narrow, that the visitor may come with a sudden gladness and wonder upon the glowing scene, as the traveller by rail emerges from the dark tunnel into the brightness of day and a fair landscape ; or, as some dejected whist-player finds, at the extremity of wretched cards, the ace, king, and queen of trumps! I should like to conduct the visitors to my Rosarium between walls of rock-work, thickly set with those unassuming but exquisite Alpine plants, of which my friend, Mr Robinson, to whose book on Arrangement I just now referred, has given us such a complete and charming history,[1] or through high fern-covered banks ; and, by a sudden turn at the end of our avenue, to dazzle him into an ecstasy. He should feel as Kane the explorer did, when after an Arctic winter he saw the sun shine once more, and 'felt as though he were bathing in perfumed waters.'

Although water offered itself in a fair running stream for introduction into the Rose-garden, I should hesitate timidly as to its admission. Charming as it would be to see the Roses reflected, like Narcissus, in such a mirror—to muse upon beauty, like Plato beneath the planes which grew by the waters of Ilissus—we should simultaneously strengthen the cruel power of our fiercest enemy, frost. Let us content ourselves with cisterns for soft water, with pumps, syringes, and guttapercha tubes.

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[1] 'Alpine Flowers.' London: Murray.

I must not finish my harangue on arrangement until I have answered a question often asked, 'Where the space devoted to Roses is too limited for the diversity of forms in which the Rose may be grown, *what form do you consider the best?*' There can be no debate nor doubt in replying, 'The most attractive, abundant, and abiding system upon which you can grow Roses, is to plant them in beds (remembering all I have said about soil and situation), upon their own roots, or budded upon dwarf stocks (I will tell you which is best by and by), and then to treat them thus:—Plant in November, and, in the following summer, promote all possible growth. In the ensuing spring, the long, strong shoots, only shortened 4 or 5 inches (all weakly produce being excised), must be very gently and gradually bent down to earth, and secured with thick wooden hooks, cut from the trees and hedgerows, two or three to each lateral branch. These branches will not only flower early and late, but, if well treated, will make robust *wood* in the summer and autumn, which (the older branches being removed) will be pegged down in the following spring; and so we shall have annually a continuous renovation. It is difficult to deflect some of sturdy growth, such as the Baroness Rothschild; but he will touch tenderly who loves truly, and his unhappy fractures will be few. In two years these beds will be densely covered with flowers and foliage; and the contrasted beauty of La France and Lefebvre, Marie Finger and Marie Beauman, Merveille de Lyons and Louis Van Houtte, Mrs. Marguerite Dickson and Xavier Olibo, Duke of Wellington and Madame Gabriel Luizet, will dazzle the eye and bewilder the brain of the fondest of all lovers—of him who loves the Rose.

This method of growing Roses might be amplified to any extent by those who had the desire and the means, beds being planted not only with mixed varieties for contrast, but with a dozen or score plants of the same Rose. Were these tastefully arranged and carefully tended, we should have a Rose-garden as attractive to the general visitor as it would be interesting to the student, and convenient to the exhibitor of Roses; but this process is tedious, requiring a constant supervision; and, where there is not time for a watchful and frequent manipulation, it will be wiser to abstain from the system of pegging, and to grow dwarf roses in beds of mixed, or the same, varieties, placing those of most robust habit in the centre, and pruning accordingly.[1]

Let us now consider, collectively and individually, the various families of this our royal flower, that we may invite those members whom we may esteem most worthy to be guests at our feast of Roses.

[1] I have seen dwarf Rose-trees effectively trained on wires stretched over the beds, but it seems disloyal to bind our Queen in chains, and her nobles in links of iron.

CHAPTER VIII

SELECTION

TAKE a hot schoolboy into a fruiterer's shop, where the cheeks of the peach and the Quarrenden pippin are glowing like his own, where the bloom still lingers upon grape and plum, and where the 'Good Christian' pear of Williams (would that all who assure us of their sanctity were as free from sourness, as fruitful and refreshing!) yields to his inquiring thumb. Bid him survey the scene, a pomological Selkirk, and then proceed to fruition. Or take young Philippos, a few years older, to some great mart of horses. Introduce him to the proprietor, with his pleasant smiling face, ruddy (from early rising, doubtless), his cheek and chin close-shaven (few men nowadays shave so closely), hair clipped like his horses', fox galloping over bird's-eye neckerchief, cut-away coat with gilt buttons, and drab adhesive pants. Let him hear how this generous, guileless man has collected, without regard to toil or money, the best horses in all Europe, solely for the pleasure of distributing them at nominal prices among his favourites and friends. Oh, ecstasy! 'the young gentleman' is permitted to know that he is himself a member of that blissful band—a Knight of Arthur's Table. The good dealer has 'just such another young un of his own,' and will forthwith exhibit to his counterpart a splendid series of steeds, on which his lad has won the principal steeplechases, and led the clippingest runs of the season. How their coats shine as the neat clothing glides smoothly from their glossy quarters! How they snort as they leave their stalls! How proudly they elevate (I disdain that puny monosyllable, cock) their trim-cut, well-combed tails; and how genially the good dealer whispers to the young gentleman, with a kindly nudge and wink, 'That's about all you'll let the field see of him, if you buys him, and gets a start!' And suppose at this juncture you also whisper in the other ear, 'Try them, and take your choice.'

Or go with his pretty sister to some jeweller's glittering store. Let him display to eyes far brighter than his diamonds, and with a tender grace of manipulation which tells how costly is his ware, casket after casket of lustrous gems. Then invite her to select her *suite.* Or take her to some gay emporium, repository, lounge, bazaar, or mart—woe to the man who shall cry 'shop' therein, for fifty pairs of angry scissors would find swift way to his heart!—where, behind acres of plate-glass, and upon miles of counter, the rich thick silk stands up in pyramids, and the delicate aristocratic satin gleams like an opal. Ask the shopman (I beg pardon, the *employés*, or the *aides-de-camp*, or whatever may be their modern title[1]) to educe their newest, most *recherché* robes, and beseech of Venus to choose.

Will there not be in these cases a delicious perplexity, an ecstasy of amazement, an embarrassment of riches? Imagine to yourself this happy hesitation, and you will know something of my present sweet uncertainty. How am I to begin my selection of Roses? It seems as though, gazing upon an illuminated city, I was asked to point out the brightest candles; as though, where fireflies gleamed by the million, and humming-birds glowed by the thousand, I was ordered to transfix with the entomological pin the brightest specimens of the one, and to adjust upon the ornithological wires the most exquisite examples of the other.

As to any scientific arrangement, ethnological, genealogical, or physiological classification, I am helplessly, hopelessly incapable. I have as 'poor brains' for these studies as Cassio for strong drinks. The very words make my head ache, and I long to break them up, as one breaks up, in wintry days, some big black coal with a poker. 'I am no botanist,' as the young Oxonian pleaded to the farmer who reproved him for riding over wheat. I confess that I failed miserably in an attempt to understand the rudiments of his science, as set forth in Dr. Lindley's 'School Botany.' I honour him, but I do not envy, because, strange as it may seem, he is very rarely an enthusiastic gardener; because I never remember to have seen a scientific botanist and a successful practical florist under the same hat. Wherefore I am content, when I put on my own, to confess meekly that it covers a skull void and empty of scientific treasures, but the property, I trust, of a true gardener.

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[1] A lady, calling to rectify a mistake at one of our great *magasins les modes*, was asked, 'Was it a tall gentleman with a dark moustache who was with you?' and replied, 'No; it was a stout nobleman, about five feet high, with a squint.'

But how am I to begin with the Roses? I fancy that I hear a hiss or two, a shuffling of impatient shoes, as when too much preliminary fiddling goes on before the play. And here, positively, in the very crisis and nick of time, my doubt is dissolved; the knot is cut ἐπὶ ξυρῳ τυχης, upon the razor-edge of good luck, and by an incident which sounds like a miracle. *The Rose makes answer for itself.* Yes, biting my quill, and beginning to think that the more I bite the nearer I draw to the stupidity of the bird which grew it, I hear an intermittent tapping on the panes of a window near. I am not startled, because this identical tapping has been going on for a good many years, whenever winds are high: but as I look up and see the cause, it seems to bring new sounds to my ears—a spirit raps distinctly on the glass, '*Begin with us, the*

CLIMBING ROSES.'

I obey at once the legate of my Queen. I lose no time in stating that the best Climbing Rose with which I am acquainted is that which has just announced itself, Gloire de Dijon, commonly classed with the Tea-scented China Roses, but more closely resembling the Noisette family in its robust growth and hardy constitution. Planted against a wall having a southern or eastern aspect, it grows, when once fairly established, with a wonderful luxuriance. I have just measured a lateral on one of my trees, and of the last year's growth, and found it to be 19 feet in length, and the bole of another tree at the base to be nearly 10 inches in circumference. The latter grows on the chancel-wall of my church, and has often had three hundred flowers upon it in full and simultaneous bloom; nor will the reader desire to arraign me for superstitious practices before a judicial committee when he hears that to this Rose I make daily obeisance, because in passing into my church I must duck to preserve my eyesight.[1] The two trees alluded to are on their own roots, but the Rose thrives stoutly on the Brier and the Manetti, budded and grafted, wherever Roses grow. Its flowers are the earliest and latest; it has symmetry, size, endurance, colour (five tints are given to it in the Rose catalogues—buff, yellow, orange, fawn, salmon, and it has them all), and perfume. It is what cricketers call an 'all-rounder,' good in every point for wall, arcade, pillar, standard, dwarf, *en masse*, or as a single tree. It is easy to cultivate out of doors and in. It forces admirably, and you may have it, almost in its summer beauty, when Christmas snows are on the ground. With half-a-dozen pots of it carefully treated, and half-a-dozen trees in your garden, you may enjoy it all the year round; and if ever, for some heinous crime, I were miserably sentenced, for the rest of my life, to possess but a single Rose-tree, I should desire to be supplied, on leaving the dock, with a strong plant of Gloire de Dijon.

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[1] This tree passed through a severe ordeal, during the restoration of my church. As it was necessary to rebuild the greater part of the wall on which it grew, I dared not hope its preservation; but the architect, Mr. Christian, was an admirer of Roses, and the clerk of the works, Mr. Dick, was an admirer of Roses, and under their auspices the dear old favourite was carefully removed from the stonework, protected by a temporary wooden case, and finally replaced in safety.

As to treatment, although this Rose, like some thoroughbred horse, will do its work with little grooming and scanty fare, it well repays that generous diet which I have previously prescribed. In pruning, take away all weakly wood, and you may then deal with the strong as you please. If you want to increase the height of your tree, 'cut boldly,' as said the Augur, and low. If you desire short flowering laterals, you may have them, a dozen on a shoot, or from as many 'eyes' as you like to leave on it.

There are two Roses, I am well aware — two sisters of this same 'most divinely tall' family— more beautiful, if you compare the individual flowers, than that which I have preferred before them. When we held our third National Rose Show in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—the first of those exhibitions which have since been so popular in that grand creation of a gardener's genius—I remember that some of us were made almost angry by the excessive share of admiration received by one of these Roses. An anxious eager crowd jumped and jostled to get a view of it, reckless of each other's corns. I heard a remark from one visitor to another, a short man behind him, who seemed, I must say, about to clamber up the speaker's back,—'Pardon me, sir, but may I remind you that we are not playing at leap-frog?' What were they all struggling to see? There were long lines of lovely Roses—why this pressure always at this special spot? It was just as when, in our Royal Academy, and on the first days of exhibition, the visitors all make for one particular corner, because there hangs, so the *Times* has told them, *the* picture of the year; or as when, so eye-witnesses say, the ladies at a Drawing-Room, apprehensive that Her Majesty is about to appoint a Royal Deputy, press towards the Throne Room, with a vigorous zeal, which, while it suggests great physical power and mental purpose in their descendants, is hardly consistent with the graceful dignity, the unselfish courtesy and forbearance which we associate with noble and gentle birth. There is a manifestation of obtrusive vigour, which would quickly evoke in an ordinary crowd the angry protest, '*Now, missus, where be you a-shoving?*' And what was *the* Rose? It was Cloth-of-Gold Noisette—a box of it, sent by Mr. W. Cant, from the neighbourhood of Colchester. Well, the most jealous could not dispute its supreme beauty. It was certainly the belle of the ball. In its integrity, it is, I believe, the most glorious of all Roses. No true Rosarian ever forgets the first perfect bloom he sees of it. 'Even at this distance of time,' writes Mr. Rivers in 1867, 'I have not forgotten the delight

I felt on seeing this Rose in full bloom at Angers in 1843. Its flowers were like large golden bells.' So I saw it in May 1880, growing in all its abundant beauty in the gardens of the Riviera; one plant, for example, which, having climbed to the top of a high chestnut tree, was flowering here, there, and everywhere, amid the branches, in the grounds of the Villa Cessoles, near Nice. Why, then, have I not given it precedence? Simply because, were such a compliment offered, the Rose would scarcely ever be there to receive it. Because in this climate it is so rarely realised, that I do not remember to have seen it, in perfection, more than three or four times in my life. Puny personifications, and dreadful imbecilities arrogating the name, I have met with frequently; but the grand gold goblet, to hold nectar for the gods, is seen but on state occasions —a chalice for the coronation of kings. It is a 'shy bloomer,' 'wants a warm wall,' 'good for the conservatory,' they tell us who know it best. And yet (so capricious is beauty) I once saw noble specimens of this flower upon the walls of a cottage five miles from my home; and the gentleman to whom the cottage belonged was never, I believe, more happy than when he came to dine with me, wearing in his coat a huge bud which he had begged from his tenant, and which resembled in size the egg of a turkey, or rather, in my eyes, of a roc.

Alas! this tree perished years ago. Its fate was the common lot of its race—to be cut down by cruel frosts. And yet I would advise amateurs to do as I do, persevere in growing it. One year's harvest will be recompense enough for the ploughing and sowing of a decade. If other Roses boast of their fecundity, this may answer, as the queen of beasts to the fox, 'My children are few, but they are *lions*.' Try it on a south wall; try it on verandah and arcade (I have seen it flowering freely on the latter); try it budded on the Céline Hybrid Bourbon, which is also most congenial for Climbing Devoniensis; try it on the Banksian and Manetti stocks; try it on its own roots, protecting it during the winter months with some good thick surface-dressing. I do not recommend matting, or other material, which keeps light and air from the plant. A sickly unnatural growth is often caused thereby, which renders the plant more powerless than ever to resist its enemies—insects and vernal frost.

Rose No. 2 is Maréchal Niel. Since the time when, a baby in floriculture, I first began to 'take notice' of Roses, more than thirty years ago, three new stars of special brightness have glittered in our firmament—Gloire de Dijon, Charles Lefebvre, and

Maréchal Niel. The latter is, I think, the greatest acquisition, because we had, previous to its introduction, no hardy Yellow Rose, realising, as this does—in the wonderful beauty of its pendant flowers, which should be seen from below, their size, shape, colour, fragrance, longevity, abundance, in the amplitude of its glossy leaves and the general habit of the plant—our every desire and hope. We possessed some approximation to Gloire de Dijon in our Tea and Noisette Roses. Charles Lefebvre was a development of General Jacqueminot, even as the General had been an improvement on Géant des Batailles; but of a hardy Golden Rose, more precious and more welcome a thousand times than those Golden Roses which popes have sent to favoured kings, we saw no harbinger. The beautiful old Yellow Provence was all but extinct. I have never seen it, except in the gardens of Burleigh—'Burleigh House by Stamford town.' The few splendid petals of the Persian Yellow only increased our *sacra fames auri*—the egg-cup made us long for the tankard of gold. Solfaterre had not depth of colour, and its flowers were faulty in shape; Cloth-of-Gold was not meant to be worn out of doors, and was quickly tarnished by rough weather; and even the Maréchal's own mother, Isabella Gray, had displayed such feeble charms that no one mourned her sterility. Suddenly, unexpectedly she produced a paragon.

Thus I wrote in the former editions of my book, and then gave as my reason for not awarding to the Maréchal precedence over all other Climbing Roses, the fact that he had not as yet passed the ordeal of one of our severest winters. In common with many other Rosarians, I thought that he was perfectly hardy; but I resolved to abide by the invariable rule, which I have ever observed in writing about Roses, to make no statements on hearsay or at hazard, but those only which I had proved to be true. A sorrowful experience has since confirmed the prudence of that resolution. In the spring-tide of the year 1871, I gazed, a sadder and a wiser man, upon the black branches of my best *al fresco* specimens, and Maréchal Niel was as lifeless as Maréchal Ney. And in the summer of 1877 I found, upon some thirty trees, but few perfect specimens, all being more or less injured by the frosts of early spring.

What Rose, do you think, shall I plant in his place? The nearest resemblance to his living self on which I can lay my hands. 'And the grounds,' you ask sarcastically, 'of this love for corpses?' The grounds, stern censor, are these: The trees which were injured had not sufficient protection; and though my hope is gone of pronouncing this glorious Rose to be *perfectly* hardy, I feel sure that if the roots are well covered by manure during the winter, and if the weather be very severe the upper growth be screened by a few branches of fir or fronds of the common bracken, we may preserve it always from fatal injury, and *almost* always from any injury whatever. If it dies after all, even then I should say, ''Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.'

As to the best method of growing this variety, there seemed to be at first some hesitation among our Rose-merchants as to the propriety of a union between such delicate beauty and that rough, wild vagabond, the jolly Dog-Rose; and it was 'sent out' generally budded or grafted upon the Manetti, or recently struck on its own roots, about the size of a toothpick. We have since discovered that, as fair damsels love stalwart knights, this Rose grows and blooms most vigorously when budded or grafted (in either case so low that the Rose itself may ultimately be covered by the soil and root in it) upon the Brier.[1] This is the best stock for it, so far as my experience goes; but there is another with which it mates most happily, and of this I had last season a somewhat curious proof. Be it known, then, and *apropos* of mates, that the lady whom, on an interesting occasion, I endowed with all my worldly goods, does not avail herself of my matrimonial munificence with regard to my show Roses, but contents herself during the exhibition season with the produce of certain trees exclusively appropriated to her. One morning toward the end of May, I listened with amused incredulity to her announcement that she 'had just cut a beautiful bloom of the Maréchal'; and being perfectly sure that there was no tree of that variety in her collection, and no expanded flower on my own, I ventured to ask, with affectionate sarcasm, which of her plants had distinguished itself for life by this grand supernatural victory? The prompt answer was—'Gloire de Dijon: go to my room and look!' I went, expecting to see some abnormal specimen of the flower, and I found in all its loveliness Maréchal Niel! Thence to the branch from which it came, and then the mystery was explained. I had mentioned to my gardener, in the preceding summer, some remarks which I had read from Mr. Rivers, the younger, recommending the Gloire as a stock for the Maréchal. He had tried the recipe, as I now advise my readers to try it, and had first perplexed and then pleased me with the prompt success of his enterprise.

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[1] It is, nevertheless, a melancholy fact that when Maréchal Niel is budded on the standard Brier, and thrives upon it, the Rose will ultimately outgrow the stock, a large excrescence will be formed at the point of juncture, and here a fatal decay will begin.

The Banksian Rose is also a most genial stock for the Maréchal; and if any of my readers are the happy proprietors of the former, *under glass*, I advise them by all means to bud the latter upon it. La Belle Lyonnaise, Madame Berard, Reine Marie Henriette, and Rêve d'Or, daughters of Gloire de Dijon, but with distinctive charms, are attractive Climbing Roses; and Lamarque, the parent of Cloth-of-Gold, well deserves a place on some sunny wall, growing very rapidly, and being one of the earliest Roses to charm us with its refined and graceful flowers. These are large and full, the outer petals of a soft pure white, the inner of a pale straw-colour.

The Roses which I have just described are as capable of climbing as Jack's Bean stalk; indeed, it may be said that *Roses generally may be induced to climb*, if planted in rich soil against a wall, facing south or east. In such a sunny site, the development of the tree, once thoroughly established and settled down to its work, is marvellous. Not so rapid, of course, nor so extensive in longitude or latitude, as with the more nomad and wandering tribes, but such as to astonish those Rosarians who have only seen a less favoured growth, and to satisfy in time almost any requirements as to the space which has to be covered. In half-a-dozen summers many of the Hybrid Bourbon, Hybrid China, and Gallican Roses will reach the eaves of an ordinary dwelling, as I have proved with Charles Lawson and with Coupe d'Hébé; and in a decade the side of a good-sized house might be decorated with such a grower as Blairii 2. The bloom is early, ample, and magnificent; but as it is brief, and there is no aftermath, I would only advise these Roses to be introduced where mural space is superabundant.

Climbing Victor Verdier, introduced by Mr. Paul of Cheshunt, has mounted the wall of my gardener's house to the height of 12 feet, and blooms beautifully.[1] Many others of the Hybrid Perpetuals would also, I am assured, by the experiments which I have made, attain grand proportions if grown upon walls; but the best of all red Climbing Roses is Cheshunt Hybrid, with its large, glossy foliage, and its glowing, well-formed flowers. Souvenir de la Malmaison, Bourbon, also spreads itself high and wide upon a southern wall. In all these cases I should prefer to plant Rose-trees upon their own roots, if I could have them strong and clean: in the last case, Souvenir de la Malmaison, this condition is inseparable from a successful issue.

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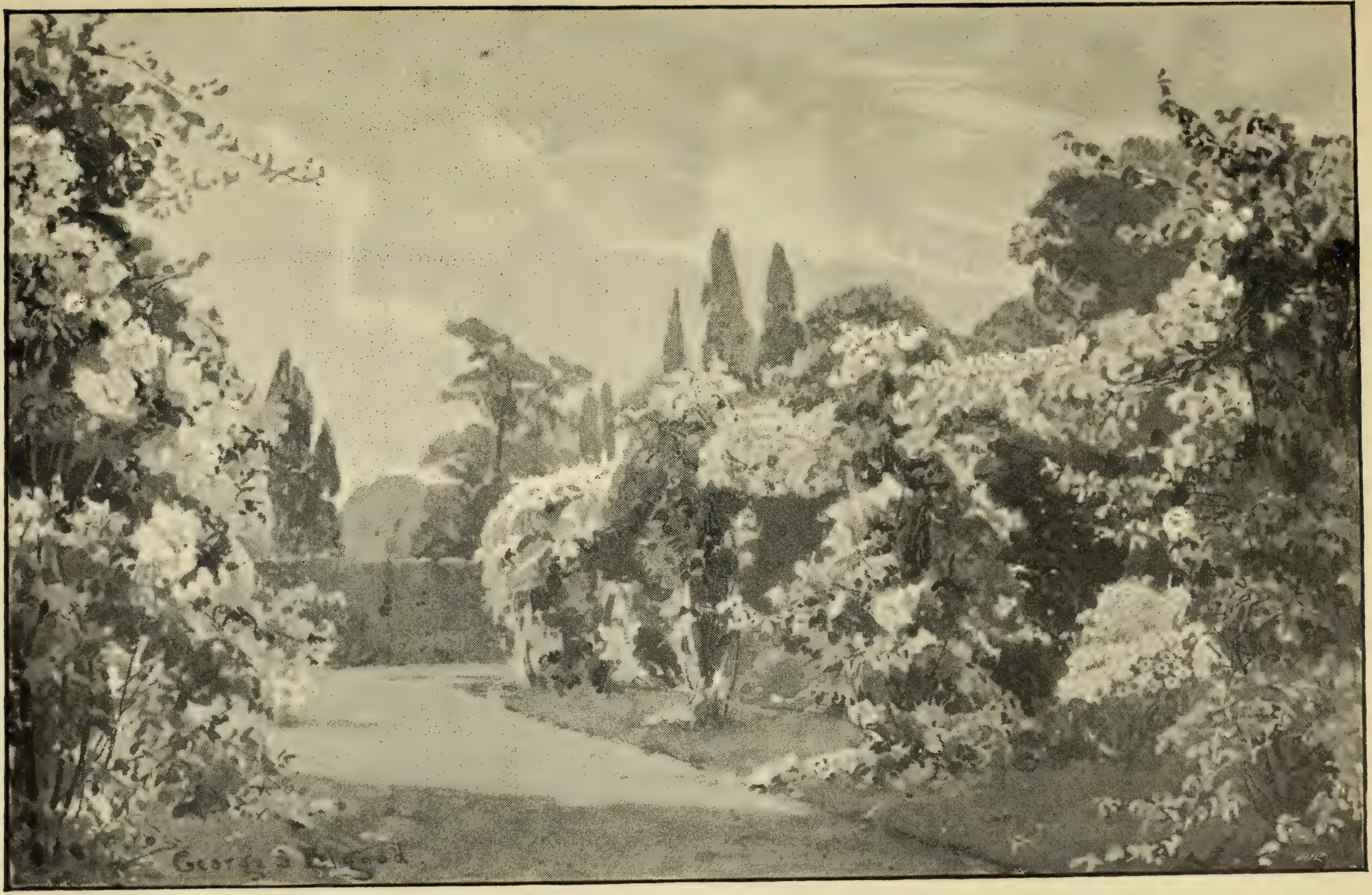
[1] Climbing Captain Christy, Niphetos, and Perle des Jardins are also great acquisitions, but I find that in several instances these 'sports' are inclined, so far as growth is concerned, to 'revert to type.'

Even the varieties of those Tea-scented Roses which have been thought too delicate for outdoor culture, will in many instances follow the example of William Allen Richardson and l'Idéal, and will make robust growth when placed against a warm wall and mulched in winter. I had a plant of Souvenir d'un Ami, 7 feet in height, in which a thrush built her nest and safely reared her young.

It must, however, be borne in mind, that in the majority of cases there is neither the place nor the patience for these specimens. Climbing Roses are required, as a rule, to do their work quickly; and we will therefore proceed to consider those varieties which have been selected by the Rose-merchants, and proposed to us in their catalogues, for this purpose—the Ayrshire, the Evergreen, the Banksian, the Boursault, and others.

The Ayrshire and Evergreen Roses—it should be *Evergreen, if the weather permit*—have many claims upon our grateful admiration. If we have an ugly, red-faced, staring wall, which seems to glory in its ugliness, they will hide its deformities more quickly than any other Rose or any other creeper (unless it be the Amphilopsis, and this is deciduous) with which I have acquaintance. Only give them a good start, as you give an Irishman 'jist a hint' of whisky before you send him on an errand; and, however adverse the position or the aspect, off they go like lamp-lighters. With their shining leaves, and their pretty clusters of white, pink-tinted flowers, they will flourish where no others can grow—in the waste places of the earth, in damp, dismal corners, under trees, and up them, if you wish. Upon the blank wall of two new rooms, having a western aspect, I planted 'Rampant,' *sempervirens.* Owing to the proximity of another wall and of intermediate shrubs, he was only gladdened occasionally with a few kindly smiles from the setting sun; and though I gave him plentifully good soil and good manure, I left him hoping against hope. The first year he did little. I thought he was dying in his dreary dungeon, but he was only planning his escape; and out he bolted the next summer, making shoots like salmon-rods, some more than 20 feet long. 'Rampant' must have had adult baptism, and was well named by his sponsors, always reminding one of a Lancashire anecdote, how a poor client waited upon one Lawyer Cheek of Manchester, with a long bill in his hand, and sighed, as he put down the brass on the table, 'They dunna call thee Cheek for nought.'

Other members of these two families are alike successful in surmounting hardships—*e.g.*, among the Ayrshires, Dundee Rambler, Queen of Belgians,



Ayrshire Roses at Kew.

Ruga (with its faint odour of the ancestral Tea, which intermarried, it is said, with the Roses of Ayr), and Thoresbyana—raised, a few miles from my home, at Thoresby; and among the Evergreens, Adelaide d'Orleans, Félicité Perpetuelle (who would not desire to have a Rose so named upon his house?), Myrianthes, and Longfield Rambler.

These Roses are also most appropriate for covering bowers in the Rosarium, or arched entrances leading to it. They are very effective upon the banks and slopes which I have recommended at page 113, flooding them, as it were, with a white cascade of Roses; and budded upon tall standards of the Brier, they may be soon trained into Weeping Roses—into fountains of leaves and flowers.

Would that Burns had gazed and written upon the lovely little Banksian Rose! He would not have esteemed the wee modest daisy one iota the less—he was too true a florist for that; but he would have painted for us in musical words a charming portrait of this pocket, or rather button-hole, Venus—this *petite mignonne*, which, singly, would make a glorious bouquet for Queen Mab's coachman, or, *en groupe*, a charming wreath for a doll's wedding, such as I remember to have attended once in my childhood, when, *horribile dictu!* the bride upon her way to the altar fell prone from our rocking-horse (a nuptial grey), and broke her bridal nose. The Banksian Rose is, indeed,

> 'A miniature of loveliness, all grace
> Summed up and closed in little ;'

and both the yellow and white varieties—the latter having a sweet perfume, as though it had just returned from a visit to the violet—should be in every collection of mural Roses. The plants should be on their own roots, and those roots should be well protected during the winter months. It cannot be warranted perfectly hardy, but *with careful mulching* there is scarcely one frost in a lifetime which will kill it. It may be injured even to the ground, but it will come up again with wondrous rapidity.

Under favourable circumstances, the growth of this Rose is most luxuriant. A French writer on Roses tells us of a tree at Toulon which covered a wall 75 feet in breadth and 15 to 18 in height, and which had fifty thousand flowers in simultaneous bloom ; and there are specimens in our own gardens and conservatories which repress any unbelief in those who have not seen the lovely luxuriance with which it grows in sunnier climes. There is neither height nor width of masonry which it cannot surmount and cover ; and when you see it, as I have seen it, intermixed with *Bougainvillea spectabilis*, and with the branches of the Judas-tree, and blending its golden glories with their crimson and roseate sheen, you get some idea what the writer means who talks about being 'drunk with beauty.' The trees should be pruned when they have flowered in summer, so that a fresh growth of laterals may be well ripened before winter, and bloom in the ensuing spring.[1]

Rather more than twenty years ago, Mr. Fortune sent over a batch of Climbing Roses from China, and from one of them, named Fortune's Yellow, great expectations rose. It was described by a Rosarian at Seven Oaks as being 'nearly as rampant as the old Ayrshire, quite hardy, covered from the middle of May with large loose flowers of every shade—between a rich reddish-buff and a full coppery pink—and rambling over a low wall, covering it on both sides, about 20 feet wide, and 5 feet high.' Mr. Fortune himself described it as most striking in its own country, with flowers 'yellowish-salmon, and bronze-like;' but it has not as yet received in England the attention which it deserves, as one of the most attractive and abundant of Roses. They who have seen it as it is grown at Blenheim and elsewhere, will not be happy until they have planted it on a southern wall. With this aspect, and with a surface protection from the frost, it is hardy in the

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[1] Upon the Banksian Rose, once established, other Roses, of the Tea and Noisette families, may be successfully budded.

Midland Counties, and has been flourishing for many years on my house at Caunton.

The Boursault Rose is called, from its habitat, *Rosa Alpina*, and, when once established in congenial site and soil, has an agility in climbing which entitles to membership in the Alpine Club. The old crimson Amadis is very beautiful when the evening sun is low, and the soft light rests upon its glowing flowers, and the blush variety is large and lovely (albeit the floral cottager was right who told me that he 'considered them Roses *flothery*'); but Ichabod is soon written on flower and leaf, and the habit of growth is anything but graceful, 'Gracilis' itself forming no exception. They may be trained both to climb and droop. But there are better Roses, and therefore they are disappearing from *the lists* (as fair ladies do when no combatant wears their glove in his helmet); and I sigh to count the happy, happy years which are gone since I laid 'the Garland,' as an Immortelle, upon the tomb of 'Madame D'Arblay.'

Most beautiful of the mural Roses are some of those varieties which are classified as Hybrid Bourbon and Hybrid China, such as Blairii 2, Charles Lawson, Coupe d'Hébé, Paul Perras, and Paul Ricaut, described in the succeeding chapter. Their longitude and latitude, their abundant and lovely blooms, their large and glossy leaves, suppress our regrets that these Roses have not the symmetry or the endurance which is required for exhibition, and that their efflorescence is as brief as it is beautiful.

The more recent and distinct additions to our Climbing Roses, which have been welcomed with our grateful admiration, are William Allen Richardson, classified as a Noisette, of vigorous habit (though it is wise to mulch the ground over its roots in winter), and producing an abundance of lovely Roses, the central petals being in colour a deep orange or apricot yellow, and the outer white ('Oh, mama,' said a child as she saw them, 'look at the poached eggs!'); and the other is a Japanese Rose introduced by Mr. Turner of Slough, named 'Crimson Rambler,' a most vigorous grower, making shoots 15 feet in length; and these producing a profusion of rich crimson flowers in clusters, with glossy foliage, to be ordered by all Rosarians.

L'Idéal is a most attractive Rose, with its novel and distinct hues of yellow and red, but I and others have found this ideal very difficult to realise, and

> 'If she be not fair for me,
> What care I how fair she be?'

CHAPTER IX

SELECTION—(*continued*)

DESCENDING now from roseate heights, and ere we reach the perfumed plains below, we must halt to gaze upon our

PILLAR ROSES,

some rising singly here and there, like the proud standards of victorious troops; some meeting in graceful conjunction, saluting each other like our forefathers and foremothers in the stately minuet —bowing themselves like tall and supple cavaliers, into arches of courtesy, with keystones of cocked hats. In both phases these Pillar Roses are beautiful additions to the Rosarium, enabling us, like the Rose-mounds previously commended, to enliven, with a pleasing diversity, that level which is described as dead. But with reference to the first, I must offer to amateurs a respectful caution—that to grow single specimens in isolated positions, where they will invite, and ought to satisfy, special criticism, knowledge of habit, and experience in pruning, will be indispensable. Melancholy results must inevitably ensue from ignorance or inattention; and I have shuddered to see examples of both in long lanky trees, without any lateral shoots, flowerless and leafless for three-fourths of their height, reminding one of those shorn disgusting poodles, profanely termed by their proprietors 'lions,' as they stand upon their execrable hind legs to beg. But not upon them—not upon the helpless object—but on the barbarous owner, we must expend our noble rage; upon those who have brought innocent loveliness to the whipping-post, or rather the pillory, and compelled her to look the words which St. Simeon Stylites moaned—

> 'Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
> Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow.'

The best plan of growing these Roses, which a long experience has taught me, is this: To prepare and enrich your soil as I have advised in Chapters VI. and VII., and then to fix firmly therein the pillar which is to support the trees. Of what material is this pillar to be?—wood or iron? The former commends itself to the eye (and the pocket) at once; and I well remember the satisfaction with which I surveyed an early experiment with larch poles, the lower part well charred and tarred, and driven deep into the ground, and looking from the first so very rustic and natural. The Rose-trees grew luxuriantly, and for three or four summers I esteemed myself invincible in the game of pyramids. Then one night there came heavy rain, attended by a hurricane, and when I went out next morning, two of my best trees were lying flat upon the ground, with their roots exposed (the poles, having decayed near the surface, had snapped suddenly); and several others were leaning like the tower at Pisa or the spire of Chesterfield Church, some hopelessly displaced, and others deformed and broken. Fallen, and about to fall, they looked as though their liquid manure had been mixed too strong for them, and had made them superlatively drunk. Shortly afterwards I had another disaster, caused by a similar decay—the top of a pole, in which two iron arches met each other, giving way to a boisterous wind, and so causing a divorcement between Brennus and Adelaide d'Orleans, long and lovingly united. I would therefore advise, not dwelling upon other disadvantages resulting from the use of wood—such as the production of fungi, and the open house which it provides for insects—that the supports for Pillar Roses be of iron. Neatly made and painted, tastefully and sparingly posed, they are never unsightly; and, enduring as long as the trees themselves, they will in the end repay that first outlay which makes them, for some time, an expensive luxury.

The height and thickness of these single rods will be determined by the position to be occupied, from 5 to 8 feet above the ground being the most common altitudes, and the circumference varying from 1½ to 3 inches. Below the surface, their tripod prongs must be deeply and securely fixed from 1 foot to 18 inches in the soil, so as to bear any weight of flowers and foliage, and defy all the royal artillery of Æolus. For arches, the rods may be 7 or 8 feet from the ground, and 8 or 9 feet apart.

The ground and supports being prepared, a selection may be made from the list subjoined of varieties, vigorous and beautiful (as the recruiting-sergeant picks out for the Guards the more robust examples of humanity); and these, whether on their own roots or worked upon Brier or Manetti stocks, according to their habit and the character of the soil, should be planted in November, and safely tied to their rods. Tarred twine is the best material for the latter purpose, being cheap, durable, and to be had in different thicknesses, according to the strength required. Prune closely in the following March, removing three-fourths of your wood, so as to insure a grand growth in the summer, which, moderately shortened in the succeeding spring, should furnish your pillar, from soil to summit, with flowering lateral shoots. By the time your tree has attained the dimensions required, your observation will have taught you how, for the future, to prune it so that you may be sure of an annual bloom, cutting away all weakly wood, and regulating the general growth with an eye both to form and florescence. As with a vine, if you only put a strong cane into a rich border, and use the knife courageously, you may be sure of grapes.

As single specimens of Pillar Roses, the following may be tried with confidence:—

Anna Alexieff,[1] free in growth, in foliage, and flowers—the latter of a fresh pure rose-colour, which makes the tree very distinct and charming.

Baronne Prevost, another of the few old favourites still claiming a place in the Rosary. The flowers are very large, fragrant, and of a true rose-colour.

Belle Lyonnaise, a daughter of Gloire de Dijon, smaller, paler, and less bountiful than her mother, but a very pretty Rose —referred to, p. 135.

Blairii 2, a perplexing title (transposed to 'Bleary Eye' by a cottager of my acquaintance), until we receive the explanation that the Rose was one of two seedlings raised by

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[1] All the Roses in this list, except Gloire de Bourdeaux, Gloire de Dijon, and Jaune Desprez, are of the Hybrid Perpetual family.

Mr. Blair of Stamford Hill, near London. No. 1, though once eulogised (see Sweet's 'British Flower-Garden,' vol. iv. p. 405) as 'this splendid Rose,' is worthless; but No. 2, with its large globular flowers, the petals deepening from a most delicate flesh-colour without to a deep rosy blush within, is a gem of purest ray serene. A bloom of it, cut from the tree before it was fully expanded, in the intermediate state between a bud and a Rose, and tastefully placed with a frond of Adiantum (Cuneatum, Sanctæ Catherinæ, Farleyense, or Tenerum) in her back hair—I beg pardon, her back snakes—would make even a Fury good-looking. It belongs to the Hybrid China family, as does

Brennus, far more happy as a Climbing Rose than when, scaling with his Gauls the Tarpeian rock, he woke up the geese who woke up the Romans to repel him headlong, and to save their capital. It is a most free-growing, free-blooming variety, with large deep carmine flowers.

Charles Lawson, a hybrid from the Isle de Bourbon Rose, makes a noble specimen, producing magnificent blooms of a bright glowing pink abundantly in all seasons. This glorious Rose well deserves all those adjectives expressive of beauty which, I begin to fear, my readers will regard as wearisome and vain repetitions. I can only plead that the epithets are true, and cry 'Excuse tautology!' as I once heard a parrot scream for the best part of a summer's day.

Chénédolé, Hybrid China, is a very attractive garden Rose. Not 'an article which will bear the closest inspection' of anatomical eyes, but adding greatly to the general effect of the Rosarium with its vivid crimson flowers.

Coupe d'Hébé, Hybrid Bourbon, is perhaps a size smaller than we should have expected Hebe's cup to be, considering the requirements of such inflammatory personages as Jupiter, Mars, and Bacchus. Probably, when the gods set up a butler, as they did on the dismissal of Hebe, and in the person of Ganymede, they may have enlarged their goblets; but it was a fashion of the ancients, including our own grandfathers, to take their wine from egg-cups and extinguishers of glass. Be this as it may, Coupe d'Hébé is undoubtedly one of our most graceful and refined Roses, exquisite in form and in colour, the latter a silvery blush. Referring to a list of the Roses which I grew in 1851, I find that, of 434 varieties, 410 have been disannulled to make way for their betters! Of the two dozen which are in office still, three-fourths are climbing or decorative Roses, and six only of sufficient merit to pass the ordeal of exhibition—namely, Blairii 2, Cloth-of-Gold, Devoniensis, La Reine, Souvenir de Malmaison, and Coupe d'Hébé.

Cheshunt Hybrid, *Climbing Captain Christy*, *Perle des Jardins*, *Victor Verdier*, and *Madame Berard* must be also included among the Climbing Roses.

Edouard Morren is very effective for the purpose under consideration, being of robust growth, and liberally producing its large, symmetrical, *rose-carminés* flowers.

General Jacqueminot, for so many summers *the Rose* of our gardens, is still a glory and grace, its petals, soft and smooth as velvet, glowing with vivid crimson, and its growth being free and healthful. I well remember the time when we welcomed this conquering hero, in his brilliant uniform, as being invincible; but development in Roses is no theory, as in certain schools of theology, but a sure reality, and the General must now pale his ineffectual fire in the presence of such Roses as Alfred Colomb, Charles Lefebvre, and Marie Beauman. As a Pillar Rose, notwithstanding, he is not surpassed.

Gloire de Dijon, described among the Climbers, but excellent in every phase. Like Phyllis, 'it never fails to please;' unlike Phyllis, it is never 'coy.'

Jaune Desprez, Noisette.—Phœbus, what a name! Little thought poor Monsieur Desprez, when he sent out his seedling in the pride of his heart, that it would associate his name throughout the Rose-loving world with jaundice and bilious fever. Yellow Desprez, moreover, is not yellow, but buff or fawn colour, deliciously fragrant, of beautiful foliage, blooms freely in autumn, and makes, with careful culture, a pretty Pillar Rose.

Juno, H.C., a Rose which, like the goddess, may justly complain of neglect, appearing in few gardens, and well deserving a place in all. I must allow that Juno is sometimes 'inconstant'; nor does the sorrowful fact surprise us, foreknowing the provocations of her husband Jupiter; but she is, generally, all that a good Rose ought to be, and then most divinely fair. We have so few Roses of her pale delicate complexion, that, until we are favoured with more perpetuals of the Caroline de Sansales style, Juno is a most valuable Rose, large and full, and, in her best phase, an effective flower for exhibition.

Mrs. John Laing—not only in vigour, constancy, and abundance, but 'in form and features "Beauty's Queen"'—a Rose which never disappoints.

Jules Margottin bears the honoured name of one who has enriched our Rose-gardens with many a precious treasure —Mons. Margottin of Bourg-la-Reine, near Paris; and no column could declare his praises so suitably, or perpetuate his fame so surely, as a pillar of this lovely Rose. I would rather that a pyramid of its sweet bright flowers bloomed above my grave, than have the fairest monument which art could raise. But 'there's time enough for that,' as the young lady observed to her poetical lover, when he promised her a first-class epitaph.

Madame Clemence Joigneaux.—Were I asked to point out a Rose-tree which I considered a specimen of healthful habit and good constitution, I know of none which I should prefer before M. C. J., with its long, strong, sapful shoots, its broad, clear, shining leaves, and its grand cupped carmine flowers.

Maréchal Vaillant well merits his baton for distinguished conduct in the garden; and, in his bright crimson uniform, is never absent from his post, nor ever fails to distinguish himself when the wars of the Roses are fought in the tented field.

Paul Neron is admirably suited for this method of cultivation, with his ample foliage, his huge yet handsome flowers—in colour bright rose, and as to size supreme.

Paul Perras, H.B., is another valuable Rose in this section, of robust growth, and producing plentifully its well-shaped blooms, of a light rose-colour.

Longworth Rambler—introduced by Liabaud—is effective as a Pillar Rose, of rapid growth, and abundantly productive of its vivid crimson flowers.

Paul Ricaut, H.B., was once the swell of the period, the D'Orsay in our *beau monde* of Roses; and though no longer a leader of fashion, he is still a very attractive member of society. Upon the tree, its large, closely-petalled, rich crimson flowers are most beautiful; but it is not reliable as a show Rose, expanding rapidly, and too often displaying a large 'eye,' on his arrival at the exhibition, as though astonished by the splendour of the scene.

Ulrich Brunner, said to be Paul's son or seedling, of robust habit, like his father, but of a more ruddy complexion, and more compact in form.

Arches and arcades are graceful, because natural, forms, *quas Natura suâ sponte suggerit,* as we read in our Oxford Logic, in which to grow varieties of the Rose having long, lissom, drooping branches. All the Climbing Roses selected in the preceding chapter, except the Banksian, which must have a wall, are admirable for the purpose—the Ayrshire and Sempervirens being the first to fulfil their mission, covering the framework in two or three summers with their white clustering Roses and deep-green glossy leaves; and all the summer Roses which I have selected for pillars, omitting Paul Ricaut, are equally to be commended for arches also, and soon meet each other upon them when generously and judiciously treated.

These arches and arcades might be introduced with a pleasing effect in other places away from the Rosarium—in those plantation walks, for example, which are attached to many of our country residences; and these Climbing Roses might be planted by landlords of generosity and taste, so as to make unsightly buildings ornamental, and to render many a plain cottage more cheerful and homelike. I should like to see them more frequently at our railway stations—and why not upon our railway bridges and embankments? How striking and beautiful thereon would be such a torrent of white Roses as I have seen at Sawbridgeworth, covering the bank between the road and the home of my dear friend Thomas Rivers. Almost everywhere there is a great waste of mural space on which flowers or fruits might be grown.

Coming down from the Climbers to the

TALL STANDARDS,

I take leave to say that, although, where windows and walls are otherwise inaccessible, a long spider-broom in the hands of an efficient housemaid deserves the admiration with which we watched it in our youth, few persons would think of cutting it in twain, and of setting the upper half in a garden of Roses. Yet have I seen objects suggestive of such an operation in some of these remarkably tall standards which are still extant, but which, were I Czar and Autocrat of all the Roses, would soon find themselves, like other wretched Poles, in exile. Their appearance is dismal; there is no congruity between stock and scion, no union between horse and rider—an exposition, on the contrary, of mutual discomfort, as though the monkey were to mount the giraffe. The proprietors, it would seem, have been misled by an impression that the vigour of the Brier would be imparted to the Rose, whereas the superabundance of sap has been fatal. Food, continuous and compulsory, which it could not assimilate or digest, has induced a sickly surfeit; and the wretched Rose is stupefied, and looks so, with a determination of blood to the head. Granting a success, which I have never seen but once (in a glorious tree of the old Hybrid China *Fulgens*), the process of fruition would be laborious. Only from a balloon, a balcony, a bedroom window, could we supervise and fully appreciate such sublimities! Are we then to discard entirely those standard trees described to us in the catalogue as 'extra tall'? Is Briareus the giant to be again buried beneath Mount Etna—*i.e.*, the rubbish heap? Certainly not. He may do us good service, kindly treated, and be made to look most imposing in our gardens holding a fair bouquet of Roses in each of his hundred hands. I mean that the vigorous Briers, from 6 to 8 feet in height, may be converted into

Weeping Rose Trees,

which, properly trained, are very beautiful. Buds of the Ayrshire and Evergreen Roses, of Amadis and Gracilis, Boursaults, or of Blairii 2, Hybrid China, should be inserted, in three or four laterals, at the top of such standards as have been selected for their health as well as their height. Closely pruned the following spring, they may be transplanted from the nursery, or from the private budding-ground, in the autumn, and the removal must be effected with every possible care and attention. I would advise that these tall specimens be moved somewhat earlier than the usual time for transplanting, so that, when firmly secured in their place, and freely watered, they may be induced to make roots, and gain some hold of the ground before the winter begins. A strong iron stake, set side by side with the stem, and surrounding it just below the junction of the buds with a semi-globular framework, the whole apparatus resembling a parasol with a quadruple allowance of stick, will be the best support for the tree (fixed deeply in the ground, of course, as directed for the Pillar Roses), and will enable the amateur to dispose the branches at regular intervals, so that they will finally form a fair dome of Roses—such a floral fountain as may have played in the fancy of our Laureate when he wrote—

'The white Rose weeps, she is late.'

And now we have passed through the Rose-clad walls—through the Rose-wreathed colonnades and courts of the outer palace—into the anteroom of that presence-chamber where we shall see, in brilliant assemblage, the beauty and the chivalry of the Queen of Flowers.

CHAPTER X

GARDEN ROSES

JUST out of Interlachen, the tourist on his way to Lauterbrunnen was invited, when I was there, by his courier or his coachman to leave the main road, and, walking up the higher ground on the right, to survey from the garden of a small residence, used as a *pension* or boarding-house, one of the most lovely views in Switzerland—the two lakes of Thun and Brienz. So would I now invite the amateur to survey and to consider the Roses in two divisions. I would describe those, in the first place, which are desirable additions to the Rosarium, either as enhancing the general effect from the abundance or colour of their flowers, or as having some distinctive merit of their own, and which, not being suitable for exhibition, I designate as Garden Roses; and I would then make a selection of the varieties which produce the most symmetrical and perfect blooms—that is to say, of Roses for exhibition.

And I advise the amateur, beginning to form a collection, to appropriate unto himself a good proportion of those Roses from the first division, which, being of a more robust growth than many of the show varieties, are more likely to satisfy and to enlarge his ambition. I hardly think that I should have been a Rosarian had not the wise nurseryman who supplied the first Roses which I remember, sent strong and free-blooming sorts; and I have known many a young florist to be discouraged by weakly specimens, supplied by inferior or short-sighted purveyors, and doomed to destruction, as the gladiators, who said to the emperor, '*Morituri te salutant.*' Wherefore, writing with the hope that I may promote in others that love of the Rose, from which I have derived so much happiness, I exhort novice and nurseryman alike, as ever they would build a goodly edifice, to lay a deep and sure foundation. Let the one select, and the other send, strong specimens of such roses, *e.g.*, Ulrich Brunner and Mrs. John Laing, as never disappoint us. Such a course will induce further investments; and as increase of appetite doth grow with that it feeds on (I began with 12 and went on to 5000!), the amateur will have to decide for himself as to the future selection of his Roses. Should he prefer the perfection of individual Roses to the general effect of his Rosary—should he find more pleasure in a single bloom, *teres atque rotunda,* than in a tree luxuriantly laden with flowers, whose petals are less symmetrically disposed—if, like young Norval, he has heard of battles and longs to win his spurs—then must these latter lusty, trusty, valiant pioneers make way for the vanguard of his fighting troops. Let him not disband them hastily. If, surveying the Roses of these two divisions, and having grown them all, I were asked whether I should prefer a Rose-garden laid out and planted for its general beauty—for its inclusiveness of all varieties of special interest—or a collection brought together and disposed solely for the production of prize flowers—whether I would live by Brienz or by Thun,—I hardly know what would be my answer. Let the amateur begin with a selection from both, and then let him make his choice. A choice, if he is worthy of that name, he will have to make, as increase of appetite grows with that it feeds on, and demands new ground to be broken up for its sustenance. To have both a beautiful Rose-garden and a garden of beautiful Roses, requires the *κηπια πλουτου*, the

> Magnos Senecæ prædivitis hortos,

the ground and the gold, which few can spare. They who can—who have both the desire and the means, the enthusiasm and the exchequer — should have some such a Rosary as I have suggested in the chapter on Arrangement, together with a large budding-ground annually devoted, fresh Briers or Manetti on fresh soil, to the production of show Roses. As a rule, the amateur who becomes a keen exhibitor will eliminate the varieties which he cannot show; and the amateur who studies *tout ensemble*—the completeness of the scene, diversity, abundance—will rest satisfied with his exhibition at home. He will grow, of course, the more perfect Roses, enumerated hereafter as Roses suitable for exhibition; but not requiring them in quantity, he will have ample room to combine with them those varieties which, though their individual flowers are not sufficiently symmetrical for the show, have their own special grace and beauty—the garden Roses, which I now propose to discuss.

He must not omit the blushing, fresh, fragrant Provence. It was to many of us *the* Rose of our childhood, and its delicious perfume passes through the outer sense into our hearts, gladdening them with bright and happy dreams, saddening them with lone and chill awakings. It brings more to us than the fairness and sweet smell of a Rose. We paused in our play to gaze on it, with the touch of a vanished hand in ours, with a father's blessing on our heads, and a mother's prayer that we might never lose our love of the pure and beautiful. Happy they who retain or regain that love: and thankful am I that, with regard to Roses, the child was father to the man. Yes, I was a Rosarian *æt. meâ IV.*, never to be so happy again in this world as when the fingers, which are writing now, plucked from the brook-side, from the sunny bank, from the meadow and the hedgerow and the wood, the violet, the primrose, the cowslip, the orchis, and *the Rose.* Nay, about my seventh summer I oft presided at a 'flower-show'—for thus we designated a few petals of this Provence Rose, or of some other flower placed behind a piece of broken glass, furtively appropriated when the glazier was at dinner, and cutting, not seldom, our small fingers (retribution swift upon the track of crime), which we backed with newspaper turned over the front as a frame or edging, and fastened from the resources of our natural gums.

And now, can any of my readers appease indignation and satisfy curiosity by informing me who first called the Provence Rose 'Old Cabbage,' and why?[1] For myself, 'I should as soon have thought of calling an earthquake genteel,' as Dr. Maitland remarked, when an old lady near to him during an oratorio declared the Hallelujah Chorus to be 'very pretty.' It must have been a tailor who substituted the name of his beloved esculent for a word so full-fraught with sweetness, so suggestive of the brave and the beautiful, of romance and poesy, sweet minstrelsy and trumpet-tones. The origin of the title Provence is, I am aware, somewhat obscure. Mr. Rivers thinks that it cannot have been given because the Rose was indigenous to Provence in France, or our French brethren would have proudly claimed it, instead of knowing it only by its specific name, *Rose à cent feuilles;* but we may have received it, nevertheless, from Provence, just as Provence, when Provincia, received it—*Rosa centifolia*—from her Roman masters, and may have named it accordingly; or we may have had it direct from Italy, as stated in Hadyn's 'Dictionary of Dates.' Be this as it may, we have all the *rhyme,* and enough of the *reason,* to justify our preference for the more euphonious term, and to vote 'Old Cabbage' to the pigs.

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[1] I am, *sub rosâ*, well aware that (as Miller writes in his Dictionary) the Cabbage Rose is so called 'because its petals are closely folded over each other like cabbages.'

The Rosarian should devote a small bed of rich soil, well manured, to the cultivation of this charming flower, growing it on its own roots, and pruning closely.

The Double Yellow Provence Rose, of a rich, glowing, buttercup yellow as to complexion, and prettily cupped as to form, full of petal, but of medium size, has almost disappeared from our gardens, and I have only seen it in Lord Exeter's gardens at

> 'Burleigh House, by Stamford town.'

It was reported to have been brought there by a French cook. The gardener, Mr. Gilbert, kindly gave me plants and buds; but like the Bride of Burleigh, of whom Tennyson wrote,

> 'Faint they grew and ever fainter,
> And they droop'd and droop'd before me,
> Fading slowly from my side.'

Although common at one time in this country, they seem never to have been happy or acclimatised. 'How am I to burst the yellow Rose?' was a question often sent to the horticultural editor. All sorts of manœuvres, and all sorts of manures, were tried. Mrs. Lawrence writes that a tree of this Rose was planted against an east wall at Broughton Hall in Buckinghamshire, with a dead fox placed at its roots, by her father. She adds, fortunately, that he 'was a great sportsman,' or posterity would certainly have suspected papa of being what posterity calls a vulpicide. 'In many seasons,' writes the Rev. Mr. Hanbury, in his elaborate work upon Gardening, published more than a century ago, 'these Roses do not blow fair. Sometimes they appear as if the sides had been eaten by a worm when in bud;

at other times the petals are all withered before they expand themselves, and form the flower. For this purpose, many have recommended to plant them against north walls, and in the coldest and moistest part of the garden, because, as the contexture of their petals is so delicate, they will be then in less danger of suffering by the heats of the sun, which seem to wither and burn them as often as they expand themselves. But I could not observe without wonder what I never saw before—*i.e.*, in the parching and dry summer of 1762, all my Double Yellow Roses, both in the nursery lines and elsewhere, in the hottest of the most southern exposures and dry banks, everywhere all over my whole plantation, flowered clear and fair.' Here, in my opinion, the latter paragraph contradicts and disproves the former, showing us that, so far from the Yellow Provence Rose being burned and withered by the sun, we have only now and then, in an exceptional season, sunshine sufficient to bring it to perfection. I have given it my best sites and soils, but, with all my anxious supervision, I have never succeeded in persuading this tender emigrant to stay.

More kindly and gracious is the Miniature or Pompon Provence, always bringing us an early but too transient supply of those lovely little flowers which were the 'baby Roses' and the 'pony

Roses' of our childhood. They may be grown on their own roots in clumps among other Roses, or as edgings to beds, De Meaux and Spong being the best varieties. There are many other Lilliputian treasures, the Banksian Rose, commended when we discussed the Climbers; the charming Scotch Roses, red, yellow, and white, growing in great bushes, such as a giantess might bear as a bouquet; and I remember some dear little darlings which forty years ago were classified as Hybrid Perpetuals — Ernestine de Barcule, Clementine Duval, Coquette de Montmorency, and Pauline Buonaparte; but we had no Rose more fascinating than the Polyantha now in our gardens, such as Perle d'Or, Little Dot, Mignonette, and others.

A few varieties from the Hybrid Provence section are valuable in the general collection, having those lighter tints which are still infrequent, being of a healthful habit, and growing well either as dwarfs or standards. Blanchefleur is a very pretty Rose, of the colour commonly termed French white—*i.e.*, English white with a slight suffusion of pink; Comte Plater and Comtesse de Ségur are of a soft buff or cream colour, the latter a well-shaped Rose; Princess Clementine is a *rara avis in terris*, but not a bit like unto a black swan, being one of our best white Roses; and Rose Devigne is large and beautiful and blushing. These Roses, having long and vigorous shoots, should not be severely cut, or they will resent the insult by 'running to wood'—excessive lignification, as I once heard it termed by a magniloquent pedant, and burst out laughing, to the intense disgust of the speaker.

And now I am not entirely exempt from the fear, that with some such similar derision the reader may receive a fact which I propose to submit to him. It is, nevertheless, as true an incident in my history as it may be a strange statement in his ears, that, once upon a time, hard on fifty summers since, I was driven out of London by a Rose! And thus it came to pass: Early in June, that period of the year which tries, I think, more than any other, the patience of the Rosarian, waiting in his garden like some lover for his Maud, and vexing his fond heart with idle fears, I was glad to have a valid excuse for spending a few days in town. To town I went, transacted my business, saw the pictures, heard an opera, wept my annual tear at a tragedy (whereupon a swell in the contiguous stall looked at me as though I were going to drown him), visited the Nurseries, rode in the Park, met old friends, and was beginning to think that life in the country was not so very much 'more sweet than that of painted pomp,' when, engaged to a dinner-party, on the third day of my visit, and to enliven my scenery, I bought a Rose. Only a common Rose, one from a hundred which a ragged girl was hawking in the streets,[1] and which the swell I spoke of would have considered offal—a Moss-Rosebud, with a bit of fern attached. Only a twopenny Rose; but as I carried it in my coat, and gazed on it, and specially when, waking next morning, I saw it in my water-jug—saw it as I lay in my dingy bedroom, and heard the distant roar of Piccadilly instead of the thrush's song—saw it, and thought of my own Roses—it seemed as though they had sent to me a messenger, whom they knew I loved, to bid me 'come home, come home.' Then I thought of our dinner-party overnight, and how my neighbour thereat, a young gentleman who had nearly finished a fine fortune and a strong constitution, had spoken to me of a mutual friend, one of the best and cheeriest fellows alive, as 'an awful duffer,' 'moped to death,' 'buried alive in some dreadful hole' (dreadful hole being a charming place in the country), because he has no taste for robbing or being robbed at races, can't see the wit of swearing, and has an insuperable partiality for his own wife. And I arose, reflecting; and though I had taken my lodgings and arranged my plans for three more days in London, I went home that morning with the Rosebud in my coat, and wandering in my garden at eventide, armed with a cigar in case I met an aphis, I exulted in my liberation from smuts and smells, and in all the restful peace, and the fragrant beauty, which glowed around me, until the time came all too soon,

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[1] 'Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street,
Till—think of that, who find life so sweet—
She hates the smell of Roses!'
—HOOD.

> 'When in the crimson cloud of even
> The lingering light decays,
> And Hesper on the front of heaven,
> His glittering gem displays.'

Ah, my brothers! of the many blessings which our gardens bring, there is none more precious than the contentment with our lot, the deeper love of home, which makes us ever so loath to leave them, so glad to return once more. And I would that some kindly author who knew history and loved gardens too, would collect for us in one book (a large one) the testimony of great and good men to the power of this sweet and peaceful influence—of such witnesses as Bacon and Newton, Evelyn and Cowley, Temple, Pope, Addison, and Scott. Writing two of these names, I am reminded of words particularly pertinent to the incident which led me to quote them, and which will be welcome, I do not doubt, even to those gardeners who know them best.

'If great delights,' writes Cowley, 'be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men not to take them here, where they are so tame and ready at hand, rather than to hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous. We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature, we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy; we work here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty, we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice; our senses here are feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here is harmless and cheap plenty; their guilty and expensive luxury.'

And Sir William Temple, after a long experience of all the gratifications which honour and wealth could bring, writes thus from his fair home and beautiful garden at Moor Park: 'The sweetness of air, the pleasantness of smells, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercises of working or walking, but above all the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind.' And again he speaks of 'the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there ready to receive me.'

Even so to his garden may every true gardener say, as Martial to his wife Marcella—

'Romam tu mihi sola facis,'

'You make me callous to all meaner charms.'

'Let others seek the giddy throng
Of mirth and revelry;
The simpler joys which nature yields
Are dearer far to me.'

And let there be, by all means, among those joys included a bed of the Common Moss-Rose—a 'well-aired' bed of dry subsoil, for damp is fatal—in which, planted on its own roots, well manured, closely pruned, and pegged down, it will yield its flowers in abundance, most lovely, like American girls, in the bud, but long retaining the charms of their *première jeunesse* before they arrive at rosehood. When the soil is heavy, the Moss-Rose will grow upon the Brier; and I have had beautiful standards of Baron de Wassenaër, a pretty cupped Rose, but wanting in substance; of Comtesse de Murinais, a very robust Rose as to wood, but by no means so generous of its white petals; of the charming Cristata or Crested, a most distinct and attractive Rose, first found, it is said, on the walls of a convent near Fribourg or Berne, which all Rosarians should grow, having buds thickly fringed with moss, and these changing in due season to large and well-shaped flowers of a clear pink colour; of Gloire des Mousseuses, the largest member of the family, and one of the most beautiful pale Roses; of Laneii, for which, on its introduction by Mons. Laffay in 1846, I gave half-a-guinea, and which repaid me well with some of the best Moss-Roses I have grown, of a brilliant colour (bright rose), of a symmetrical shape, and of fine foliage, free from blight and mildew, those cruel foes of the Rose in general and the Moss-Rose in particular; of Luxembourg, one of the darker varieties, more remarkable for vigour than virtue; of Marie de Blois, a Rose of luxuriant growth, large in flower, and rich in Moss; of Moussue Presque Partout, a singular variety, curiously mossed upon its leaves and shoots; and of Princess Alice, nearly white, free-flowering, and much like Comtesse de Murinais. But, as a rule, they soon deteriorate on the Standard, and will grow more permanently budded low on the seedling Brier.[1] Celina and White Bath I have not included in the preceding list, never having grown them as standards; but they deserve attention — the first for its exquisite crimson buds, the second as being our only really white Moss-Rose, but of very delicate habit.

Of the Moss-Roses called Perpetual, and deserving the name as autumnal bloomers, Madame Edouard Ory and Salet are the only specimens which I have grown successfully in my own garden, or admired elsewhere. The former is of a carmine, the latter of a light rose, tint. 'Little Gem,' a miniature Moss-Rose, and a 'gem of purest ray serene,' a ruby set with emeralds, having crimson flowers surrounded by Moss, gleams brightly amid the crown jewels of Her Majesty, the Queen of Flowers.

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[1] Mr. Prince of Oxford exhibited some vigorous examples of Baron de Wassenaër and Eugène Guinnoisseau at the Rose-Show of the National Society held in the Crystal Palace, 3rd July 1880.

All the Roses which I have selected in this chapter are desirable in an extensive Rose-garden. To amateurs of less ample range or resources I would commend, as the most interesting, the Common and Miniature Provence, with the Common and the Crested Moss.

CHAPTER XI

GARDEN ROSES—(*continued*)

I COMMENCED my selection of garden Roses—that is, of Roses which are beautiful upon the tree, but not the most suitable for exhibition—with the Provence and the Moss, because these were the Roses which I loved the first. They had but few contemporaries alike precious to our eyes and noses in the garden of my childhood — namely, the York and Lancaster, and some other Damask Roses, the Alba,[1] China, Gallica, and Sweet Brier.

To the York and Lancaster—thus called because it bears in impartial stripes the colours, red and white, of those royal rivals who fought the Wars of the Roses, recalling Shakspere's lines—

> 'And here I prophesy. This brawl to-day,
> Grown to this faction, in the Temple Garden,
> Shall send between the red Rose and the white
> A thousand souls to death and deadly night.'

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[1] 'Albion insula sic dicta ab albis rupibus quas mare alluit, vel *ob rosas albas* quibus abundat.'—*Pliny*, Hist. Nat., iv. 16.

the Rosarian should add Œillet Parfait, so truly named, that a skilful florist, seeing a cut bloom of it for the first time, would only be convinced by a close inspection that it was not a Carnation but a Rose. With a clear and constant variegation of white and crimson stripes, it is marvellously like some beautiful Bizarre; and Perle des Panachées, another gay deceiver, white and rose colour, is almost as effective. There is another striped Rose, of the Gallica family, sometimes misnamed York and Lancaster, but more correctly designated as Rosa Mundi, a flower for poor Rosamund's grave.

> 'Hic jacet in tumbâ
> Rosa mundi, non rosa munda;
> Non redolet, sed olet,
> Quæ redolere solet.'

The Alba and Gallica Roses have almost vanished from our gardens, nor do I plead for their restoration, because, beautiful as they were, we have gained from the development of selection and culture more charming Roses in their place.

Not so with the Sweet-Brier. No true Rosarian can lightly esteem this simple but gracious gift. 'You are a magnificent swell,' said a dingy little brown bird, by name Philomela, to a cock pheasant strutting and crowing in the woods, 'but your music is an awful failure.' So may the Sweet-Brier, with no flowers to speak of, remind many a gaudy neighbour that fine feathers do not constitute a perfect bird, and that men have other senses as well as that of sight to please. Not even among the Roses shall we find a more delicious perfume. The Thurifer wears a sombre cassock, but no sweeter incense rises heavenward.[1]

In one of our midland gardens there is a circular space hedged in, and filled exclusively with sweet-scented leaves and flowers. There grow the Eglantine and the Honeysuckle, the Gilliflower, the Clove and Stock, Sweet-Peas and Musk, Jasmine and Geranium, Verbena and Heliotrope; but the Eglantine to me, when I passed through 'The Sweet Garden,' as it is called, just after a soft, May shower, had the sweetest scent of them all. It is an idea very gracefully imagined and happily realised, but suggested by, and still suggesting, sorrowful sympathies, for the owner of that garden is blind.[2]

The Austrian Brier is a Sweet-Brier also; and though not so fragrant in its foliage as our own old favourite, it brings us, in the variety called Persian Yellow, a satisfactory recompense, namely, flowers of deepest, brightest yellow, prettily shaped, but small.

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[1] Lord Penzance has produced by hybridization some charming varieties of this family. See Appendix, p. 291.

[2] The blind Squire of Osberton has been long dead, but I retain this description of his Sweet Garden, hoping that the idea may be realised elsewhere, for the comfort and refreshment of others similarly affected.

This Rose is almost the earliest to tell us that summer is at hand, first by unfolding its sweet leaves, of a most vivid, refreshing green, and then by its golden blooms. It grows well on the Brier, but is preferable, when size is an object, on its own roots, from which it soon sends vigorous suckers, and so forms a large bush. In pruning, the amateur will do well to remember the warning—

> 'Ah me! what perils do environ
> The man who meddles with cold iron,'

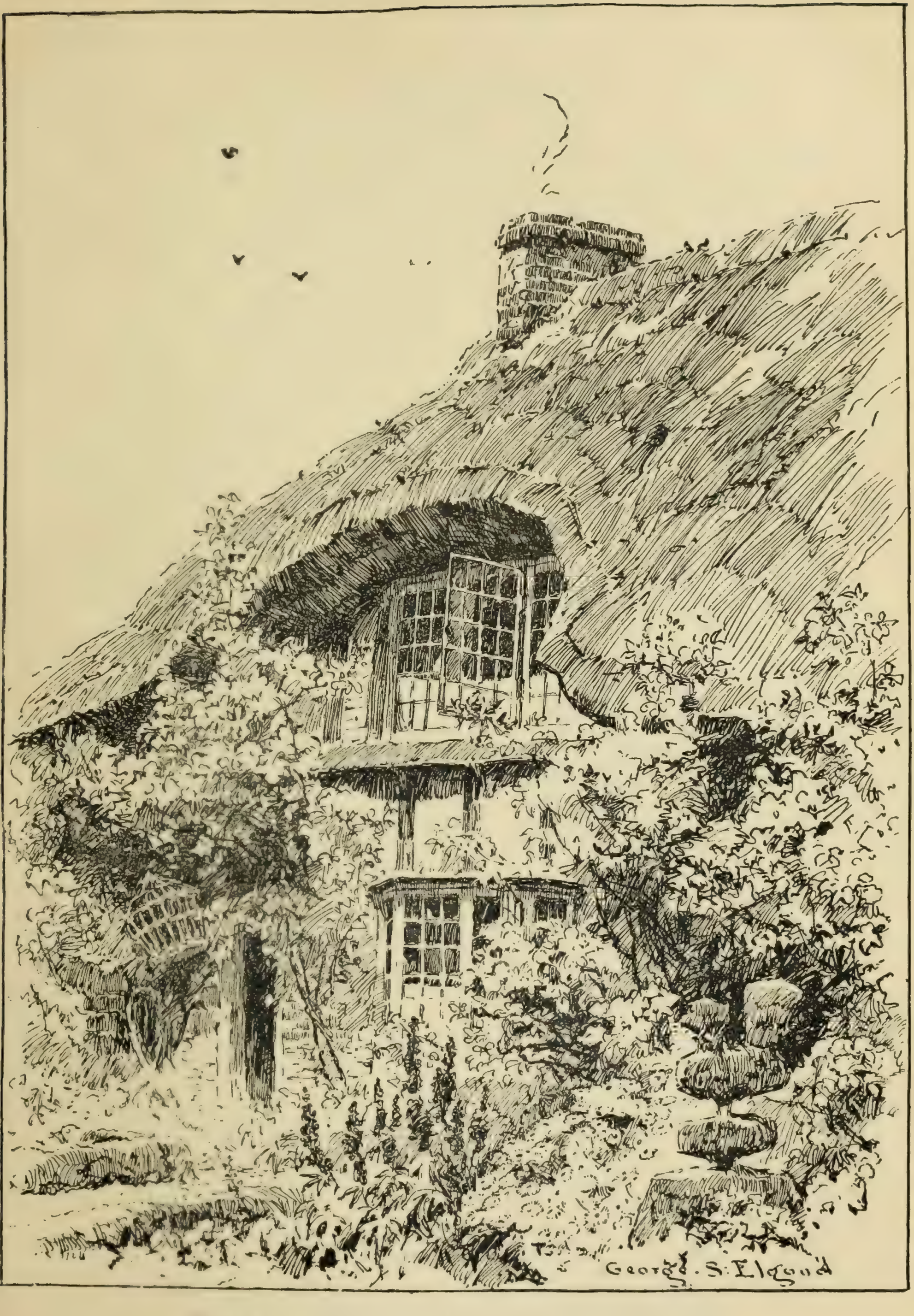
seeing that if he is too vivacious with his knife, he will inevitably destroy all hopes of bloom. Let him remove weakly wood altogether, and then only shorten by a few inches the more vigorous shoots. The red or copper-coloured Austrian is a most striking and beautiful Rose, and should be in every garden.

We will pass now from Garden Roses, which bloom but once, to those which are called Perpetual, which,

> 'Ere one flowery season fades and dies,
> Design the blooming wonders of the next.'

What a change in my garden since, forty years ago, the 'old Monthly' and another member of the same family, but of a deep crimson complexion (Fabvier, most probably), were the only Roses of continuous bloom! and now, among 5000 trees, not more than twenty are 'summer' Roses. All the rest Perpetuals, or, rather, called Perpetuals by courtesy, seeing that many of them score 0 in their second innings, and but few resume their former glory in autumn. They are, nevertheless, as superior for the most part in endurance as in quality to the summer Roses, and they supply an abundance of the most beautiful varieties both for the purpose now under consideration, the general ornamentation of the Rosary, and for public exhibition.

Before we skim their cream as garden Roses, let us remember with admiration the ancestral cow. For who shall despise those old China Roses, which have brightened, more than any other flower, our English homes, smiling through our cold and sunless days like the brother born for adversity, and winning from the foreigner, as much perhaps as any of our graces, this frequent praise, 'Your land is the garden of the world'! The Frenchman, for example, as I can remember him in my boyhood, who had been travelling on the straight, flat, hedgeless, turfless roads of France, in a torpid, torrid, dusty diligence, was in an ecstasy as he sat upon the Dover Mail, and went smoothly and cheerily, ten miles per hour, through the meadows and the orchards, the hop-yards and the gardens of Kent. But nothing pleased him more than the prettiness of the wayside cottage, clothed with the Honeysuckle, the Jasmine, and the China


George S. Elgood

There's a Rose Looking in at the Window.

Rose, and fragrant with Sweet-Brier, Wallflower, Clove, and Stock.

I may not urge the reappearance of this village beauty to the modern Rose-garden, but in the mixed garden and in the shrubbery the constant, brave 'old Monthly,' the last to yield in winter, the first to bloom in spring, is still deserving of a place. He, at all events, is no more a Rosarian who sees no beauty in this Rose than he is a florist who does not love the meanest flower which grows. Nor must he neglect some other old favourites in this family, such as Cramoisie Superieure, honestly named, glowing and brilliant as any of our crimson Roses,[1] and forming a charming bed, or edging of a bed, especially in the autumn; and Mrs. Bosanquet, always fair, and good as beautiful—the same, like a true lady, in an exalted or a low estate, on a standard or on the ground, alone or in group, composed, graceful, not having one of its pale pink, delicate petals out of place. Both of these Roses thrive well in pots, but they are most attractive, I think, on their own roots out of doors, in a bed of rich, light, mellow loam, pruned according to vigour of growth, and pegged down when their shoots are supple, so as to present a uniform surface.

When speaking of the Moss-Rose generally, I anticipated the little which I had to say of the Moss Perpetual (p. 172), and, passing on to the Damask Perpetual, have but two Roses to commend, and these only where space is unlimited and the love of Roses voracious. A tender sadness comes to me thus speaking of them, a melancholy regret, as when one meets in mid-life some goddess of our early youth, and, out upon Time! she has no more figure than a lighthouse, and almost as much crimson in her glowing countenance as there is in its revolving light; and we are as surprised and disappointed as was Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe when he met Mrs. Siddons at Abbotsford, and 'she ate boiled beef, and swilled porter and took snuff, and laughed till she made the whole room shake again.' I do not mean that these Perpetual Damasks are too robust and ruddy, but that they charm us no more, as when Mr. Lee of Hammersmith introduced Rose du Roi to a delighted public, and the Comte, who presided over the gardens in which the Rose was raised at St. Cloud, resigned his office in disgust because the flower was not named after himself, *Lelieur*, a most ungracious act, seeing that it was by the King's (Louis XVIII.) desire that the Rose had its royal title, and that the honour of originating the variety was due (no uncommon case) to Suchet, the foreman, and not to Lelieur, the *chef*. Mogador, which was subsequently raised from Rose du Roi, was a decided improvement, and is still very effective in a bed, from its vivid crimson tints; but very few of those amateurs who may pay me the compliment of furnishing their Rosaries with the varieties which I commend the most, will, I think, have room, when I have completed my catalogue, for the Damask Perpetual Rose.

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[1] With this exception, perhaps, of Bardon Job, sent to us by Nabonnand in 1887.

It can vie no more with that section, the most perfect and extensive of all, which we will next consider, so far as its garden Roses are concerned, viz., the Hybrid Perpetual, a family so numerous and so beautiful withal, that two of our most fastidious Rosarians, ejecting from a select list every flower which has not some special excellence, give us the names of 120 varieties as being *sans reproche*. 'I have inserted in this list,' says Mr. Rivers, 'Roses only, whether new or old, that are distinct, good, and, above all, free and healthy in their growth; the flowers are all of full size, and perfection in colour; in short, any variety selected from it, even at random, will prove good and well worthy of cultivation.' 'Roses suitable for Exhibition,' is the heading of Mr. George Paul's list; and, as an exhibitor, he has proved oft and convincingly a knowledge of what to show, and how to show it. But I am anticipating this part of my subject, and, returning to our garden Roses, recommend, as the most robust in growth and prolific in flower, the

following selection: — Abel Grand, Anna Alexieff, Anna de Diesbach, Annie Wood, Baronne de Bonstetten, Baronne Prevost, Boule de Neige, Caroline de Sansales, Comte de Nanteuil, Duke of Edinburgh, Dupuy Jamain, Edouard Morren, General Jacqueminot, John Hopper, Jules Margottin, Lyonnaise, La France, Madame Boll, Madame Clemence Joigneaux, Maréchal Vaillant, Marquise de Castellane, Miss Hassard, Paul Neron, and Senateur Vaisse.

Of the Bourbons, although two only now attain public honours, there are several which are valuable additions to a general collection of Roses. Acidalie is extremely pretty, nearly white, and blooming bountifully in a genial season, when other Roses are scarce, that is, in the later autumn. Although it grows vigorously both upon stocks and, *per se*, when the soil and the summer are propitious, it is but a fine-weather sailor, and, 'like that love which has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived, and apt to have ague-fits.' I advise the amateur, consequently, to remember Acidalie in the budding season, so that he may always have a duplicate in reserve. Armosa is a charming little Rose, neat in form, and bright pink in complexion. Bouquet de Flore, an old favourite, still claims a place for its carmine flowers; and Catherine Guillot, with Louise Odier, having both the beauty and the family likeness of Lawrence's 'lovely sisters,' are as two winsome maids of honour in waiting upon the Bourbon Queen—dethroned, it is true, by more potent rivals, but still asking our loyal love for its sweet, abundant, fawn-coloured flowers. The Rev. H. D'Ombrain, in the flesh, is a true Rosarian, a trusty, genial writer, an accomplished florist, as all florists know; and in the flower he is one of our best Bourbon Roses. Not so beautiful, of course, as his daughter Marguerite D'Ombrain, H.P. (of whom more anon), but an early, reliable, vigorous, bright carmine Rose. Were the Roses sentient, as I sometimes think they are, this one would have their special regard and honour. Mr. D'Ombrain has not only been, as it were, the consul for French Roses in England, making known the merits of the newcomers, and so insuring for them a kindly welcome, and the faithful friend of French Rosarians also, in soliciting help for those who, residing near Paris, suffered severely during the siege; but more recently at home he has established a fresh claim upon the gratitude of all Rosarians, by suggesting and organising a National Rose Society, and by reviving the National Rose Show.

All the Tea-Roses may with care be grown out of doors in a congenial site and with protection from frost, and may be strictly included as hardy Roses for the general garden; the most vigorous being those of the Gloire de Dijon family, such as L. Belle Lyonnaise, Madame Berard, Rêve d'Or, etc., and Annie Ollivier, Bouquet d'Or, Caroline Kuster, Edith Gifford, Homére, Madame Lambard, Marie Van Houtte, and Souvenir d'un ami; and of the Noisettes, Celine Forestier, Jaune Desprez, Lamarque, Maréchal Niel (wall), Rêve d'Or, Solfaterre, Triomphe de Rennes, and William Allen Richardson.

And now, my reader, as when eating our strawberries in early youth, boys by their mothers', girls by their fathers' sides, we reserved the largest to the last; or as when, in later years, we loved something more dearly even than strawberries—making with the Yorkshire rustic our tender confession, 'I loikes poi, Mary; but O, Mary, I loikes you better nor poi!'—we, meeting in mixed company, reserved for our beloved the final fond farewell—or meeting, not in mixed company, found *that* the sweetest which was, alas! the parting kiss; even so have I reserved for my conclusive chapters the Roses which I love the best—those Roses which are chosen for their more perfect beauty, like the fairest maidens at some public *fête*, to represent the sisterhood before a wondering world.

CHAPTER XII

CONCERNING ROSE-SHOWS

WHEN that delightful young officer of Her Majesty's Guards, having paid a guinea, some years ago in London, to the great spiritualist, medium, or whatever the arch-humbug called himself, of the season, inquired, with a solemn countenance, whether he could receive communications from his mother, and, being assured that this could be arranged, commenced a long conversation with his parent, who preferred, after the manner of spirits, to express her sentiments by tapping — and when, finally, he announced his inability to prolong the interesting discourse because 'the lady in question was waiting for him at that moment (in robust health and in Belgrave Square), that they might refresh themselves with luncheon,'—he completely demolished the baseless fabric of my little dream, how charming it would be to have an hour's table-talk with some of our old Rosarians.

I am with them, nevertheless, and without humbug, in spirit many a time, honouring their memories, and always regarding them with a thankful, filial love. I like to think of them among their Roses, as I wander among my own, mindful how much of my happiness I owe, humanly speaking, to their skill and enterprise; remembering them as we Rosarians of to-day would fain be remembered hereafter, when our children's children shall pluck their snow-white Marie Beauman,[1]

> 'Pure
> As sunshine glancing on a white dove's wings,'

and shall wish we were there to see. I like to think of Lee of Hammersmith complacently surveying those standard Rose-trees which he introduced from France in the year 1818, which were the first ever seen in England, and which he sold readily (it was reported at the time that the Duke of Clarence gave him a right royal order for 1000 trees) at one guinea apiece. I like to imagine the elder Rivers looking on a few years later, half pleased and half perplexed, as Rivers the younger budded his first batch of Briers, and the old foreman who had served three generations boldly protested,—' Master Tom, you'll ruin the place if you keep on planting them rubbishy brambles instead of standard apples!' I fancy the pleasant smile on Master Tom's handsome face, knowing as he did that instead of the Brier would come up the Rose, that his ugly duckling would grow into a noble swan, and that there were other trees besides Golden Pippins which were productive of golden fruit. Then I wonder what those other heroes of the past, Wood of Maresfield, Paul of Cheshunt, and Lane of Berkhampstead, would say to their sons and grandsons, could they see the development of the work which they began—the Roses not only grown by the acre instead of by the hundred, but in shape and in size and in colour, beautiful beyond their hope and dream. I picture to myself Adam Paul's delight at the '72 cut Roses, distinct,' which George, his grandson, has just arranged for 'the National'; and the admiration which would reproduce 'Brown's Superb Blush' on his countenance, after whom that Rose was named, could he behold those matchless specimens in pots, with which Charles Turner, his successor, still maintains against all comers the ancient glories of Slough.

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[1] This prophecy, made more than 30 years ago, if not fulfilled, is very nigh unto fulfilment, in the lovely rose, which bears the title of the Marchioness of Londonderry.

Of the old Rosarians, Mr. Lee of Hammersmith was the first who obtained the medals of the Royal Horticultural Society for Roses exhibited at Chiswick, and at the monthly meetings in Regent Street. These Roses were shown singly upon the bright surface of japanned tin cases, in which bottles filled with water were inserted, the dimensions of the case being 30 inches by 18. In 1834, Mr. Rivers won the two gold medals for Roses shown at Chiswick, introducing a new and a more effective arrangement, by placing the flowers in fresh green moss—a simple, graceful, natural combination, unanimously accepted by the exhibitors of Roses from that day to this. These prize blooms from Sawbridgeworth, the advance-guard of a victorious army, were shown in clusters or bouquets of five, six, and seven Roses, and were the best specimens which skill and care could grow of the varieties which then reigned supreme—Brennus, George IV., Triomphe d'Angers, Triomphe de Guerin, etc. What a royal progress, what a revelation of beauty, has Queen Rosa made since then! In that same year Mr. Rivers published his first, and *the* first, *Descriptive Catalogue of Roses.* It enumerates by name 478 varieties. How many of them, think you, are to be found in our recent lists? Eleven!—eight of them Climbing Roses, two Moss, one China—but none of them available for exhibition. Will it be so with *our* Roses, when fifty more years have passed? I believe, I hope so.[1]

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[1] We ought to have every year a large accession to our list of beautiful Roses. Mr. Bennett has proved by bestowing upon us such admirable

Mr. Wood of Maresfield, who had learnt the art of Rose-growing in sunny France, was the next valiant knight who made his bow to the Queen of Beauty, and won high honour in her lists. Then followed Mr. Adam Paul of Cheshunt, and then Mr. Lane of Berkhampstead. These were the heroes of my youth; and when I joined the service, a raw recruit, in 1846, the four last named—Rivers, Wood, Paul, Lane—were its most distinguished chiefs. But our warfare in those days was mere skirmishing. We were only a contingent of Flora's army—the Rose was but an item of the general flower-show. We were never called to the front; we were placed in no van, save that which took us to the show. And yet, then as now, whatever might be its position, the Rose was the favourite flower; then as now, the visitor, oppressed by the size and by the splendour of gigantic specimen plants, would turn to it and sigh, 'There is nothing, after all, like the Rose.'

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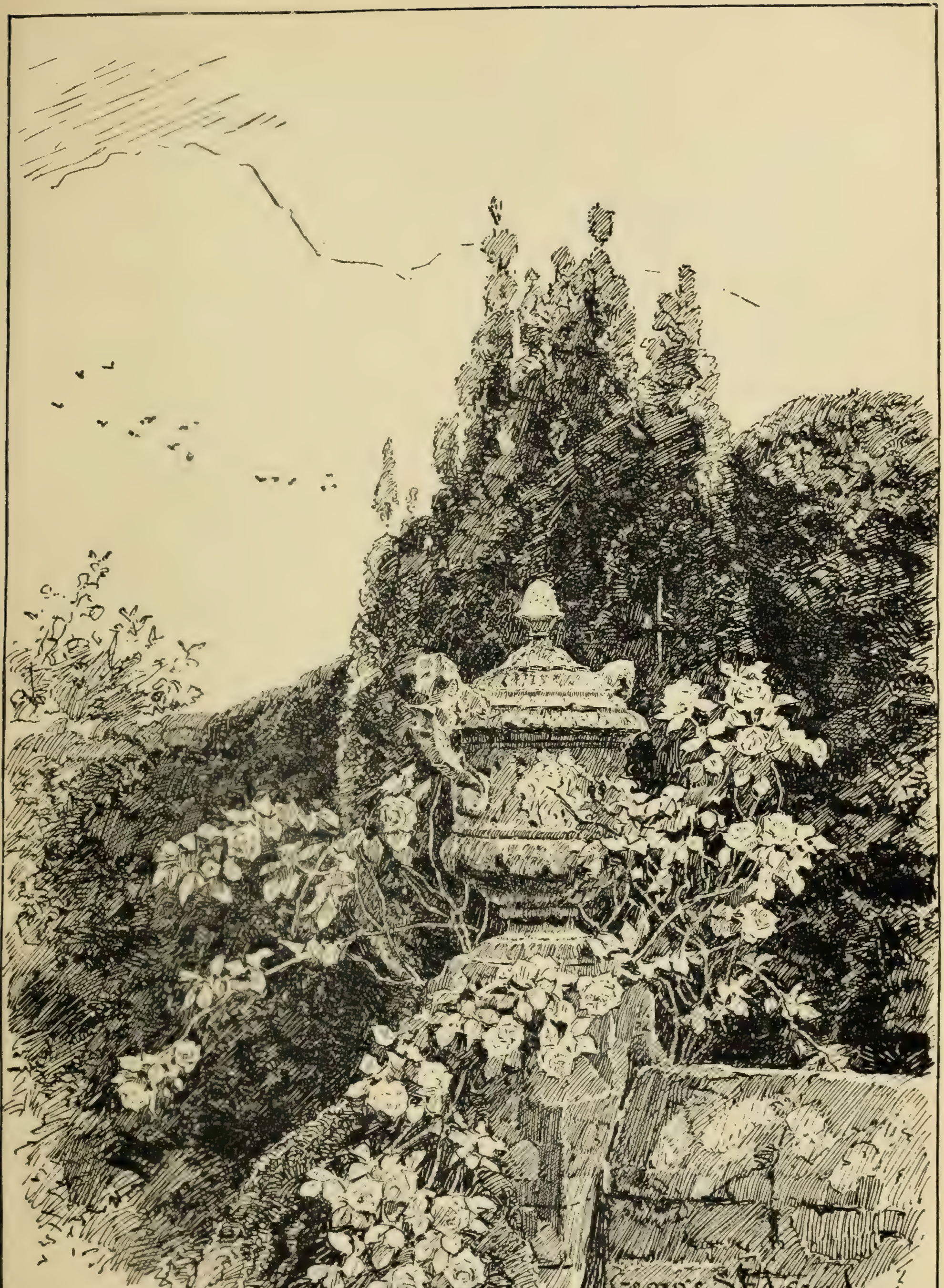
results of his skill in hybridizing, as Her Majesty, Mrs. John Laing, Grace Darling, Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, and Viscountess Folkestone, not to enumerate other raisers, that we are not dependent upon warmer climates for our more perfect Roses. Why should not others follow his example? My friend Mr. Hill Gray of Beaulieu, near Bath, a devoted and accomplished Rosarian, has given a great encouragement to such an enterprise by offering a £5 prize for the best essay on the Art of Hybridizing, and such a fascinating pursuit would soon be its own reward.

Year by year my enthusiasm increased. I was like Andrew Marvel's fawn, when

> 'All its chief delight was still
> On Roses thus itself to fill';

and my roses multiplied from a dozen to a score, from a score to a hundred, from a hundred to a thousand, from one to five thousand trees. They came into my garden a very small band of settlers, and speedily, after the example of other colonists, they civilised all the former inhabitants from off the face of the earth. As it was said of the pious Pilgrim Fathers, they first fell, when they landed, on their own knees and then on the Aborigines. Nor were they content with the absolute occupation of that portion of my grounds in which they were first planted. The Climbing Roses peeped over the wall on one side, and the tall Standards looked over the yew hedge on the other, and strongly urged upon their crowded brethren beneath (as high and prosperous ones had urged before upon their poorer kinsfolk, pressing them too closely) an exodus to other diggings, to 'fields fresh and pastures new.' So there was a congress of the great military chiefs, Brennus (Hybrid China), Scipio (Gallica), Maréchal Bugeaud (Tea), Duke of Cambridge (Damask), Tippoo Saib (Gallica), Generals Allard,


George S. Elgood

A Climbing Rose.

Jacqueminot, Kleber, and Washington (all Hybrid Chinas), Colonel Coombes, Captain Sisolet, etc.; and their counsel, like Moloch's, was for open war. They said it was expedient to readjust their boundaries; and we know pretty well by this time that this means an immediate raid upon the property which adjoins their own. They discovered that they had been for years grossly insulted by their neighbours (Aimée Vibert was almost sure that a young potato had winked his eye at her), and the time for revenge was come. No, not revenge, but for enlightenment and amelioration; seeing that these blessings must inevitably attend their intercourse with any other nation, and that, consequently, an invasion, with a touch of fire and sword, was beyond a doubt the most delightful thing that could happen to the barbarians over the way. Géant des Batailles (Hybrid Perpetual) waved the standard of Marengo (ditto), and they sallied forth at once. They routed the rhubarb, they carried the asparagus with resistless force, they cut down the raspberries to a cane. They annexed that vegetable kingdom, and they retain it still.

Yes, everything was made to subserve the Rose. My good old father, whose delight was in agriculture, calmly watched not only the transformation of his garden, but the robbery of his farm, merely remarking, with a quaint gravity and kindly satire, that, 'not doubting for a moment the lucrative wisdom of applying the best manure in unlimited quantities to the common hedgerow brier, he ventured, nevertheless, to express his hope that I would leave a *little* for the wheat.'

Simultaneously with this love of the Rose, there deepened in my heart an indignant conviction that the flower of flowers did not receive its due share of public honours. I noticed that the lovers of the Carnation had exhibitions of Carnations only, and that the worshippers of the Tulip and the Auricula ignored all other idols. I saw that the Queen of Autumn, the Dahlia, refused the alliance of each foreign potentate, when she led out her fighting troops in crimson and gold, gorgeous. The Chrysanthemum, alone in her glory, made the halls of Stoke Newington gay. Even the vulgar hairy Gooseberry maintained an exhibition of its own; and I knew a cottager whose kitchen was hung round with copper kettles, the prizes which he had won with his Roaring Lions, his Londons, Thumpers, and Crown-Bobs. Was the Queen of Summer, forsooth, to be degraded into a lady-in-waiting? Was the royal supremacy to be lost? No—like

'Lars Porsenna of Clusium,
When by his gods he swore,
That the great house of Tarquin,
Should suffer wrong no more'—

I vowed that her Majesty should have her own again, and in a court of unparalleled and unassisted splendour should declare herself monarch of the floral world.

Carrying out this loyal resolution, I forthwith suggested in the pages of *The Florist* (April 1857), to all Rose-growers, amateur and professional, 'that we should hold near some central station a GRAND NATIONAL ROSE-SHOW—a feast of Roses, at which the whole brotherhood might meet in love and unity, to drink, out of cups of silver, success to the Queen of Flowers.' And I must confess that, when I had made this proposal to the world, I rather purred internally with self-approbation. I felt confident that the world would be pleased. Would the world send me a deputation? Should I be chaired at the London flower-shows. Perhaps I should be made a baronet. For some days after the publication of the magazine I waited anxiously at home. I opened my letters nervously, but the public made no sign. Had it gone wild with joy? or were its emotions too deep for words? Weeks passed and it still was mute. I was disappointed. I had thought better of mankind; but I was disappointed, even as that dog of Thomson's, whose sad story is told in these parts as a warning to the over-sanguine. He heard one morning the sound of familiar footsteps approaching at the hour of food. He said to himself, 'What jolly dogs are we!' He rushed towards the door, jumping and frisking, for he *thought* they were bringing him his breakfast; and . . . *they took him out and hanged him.*

The suspense in both cases was extremely disagreeable; but I had this advantage, that mine was too brief to be fatal. I had power to cut the knot, and I exercised it by writing to our chief Rosarians the simple question, 'Will you help me in establishing a National Rose-Show?' Then were all my doubts and disappointments dispelled, and the winter of my discontent made glorious summer; for the answers which I received, as soon as mails could bring them, might be summed up in one word, 'Heartily.' The three men, the triumviri, whose sympathy and aid I most desired — Mr. Rivers, king of Rosists, Mr. Charles Turner, prince of florists, and Mr. William Paul, who was not only a successful writer upon the Rose, but at that time presided, practically, over the glorious Rose-fields of Cheshunt — promised to *work* with me; and the rest to whom I wrote (not many at first, because too many captains spoil the field-day, and too many huntsmen lose the fox) assented readily to all I asked from them. I was quite happy, quite certain of success, when I had read these letters ; and I remember that in the exuberance of my joy I attempted foolishly a perilous experiment, which quickly ended in bloodshed — I began to whistle in the act of shaving.

Shortly afterwards we met in London as members of her Majesty Queen Rose's Council. The council-chamber (Webb's Hotel, Piccadilly)[1] was hardly so spacious, or so perfectly exempt from noise, as became such an august assembly, but our eyes and our ears were with the Rose. We commenced with a proceeding most deeply interesting to every British heart—we unanimously ordered dinner. Then we went to work. We resolved that there should be a Grand National Rose-Show, and that we would raise the necessary funds by subscribing £5 each as a commencement, and by soliciting subscriptions. That the first show should be held in London about the 1st day of July 1858. That the prizes, silver cups, should be awarded to three classes of exhibitors—namely, to growers for sale, to amateurs regularly employing a gardener, and to amateurs not regularly, etc. We then discussed minor details, and having agreed to reassemble, when our financial prospects were more clearly developed, we parted.

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[1] Removed years ago to make room for the Criterion Theatre.

And I thought, as I went rushing down the Northern Line, what a joyous, genial day it had been. Personally unknown to my coadjutors, we had been from the moment our hands met as the friends of many years. So it is ever with men who love flowers at heart. Assimilated by the same pursuits and interests, hopes and fears, successes and disappointments—above all, by the same thankful, trustful recognition of His majesty and mercy Who placed man in a garden to dress it — these men need no formal introductions, no study of character to make them friends. They have a thousand subjects in common, on which they rejoice to compare their mutual experiences and to conjoin their praise. Were it my deplorable destiny to keep a toll-bar on some bleak, melancholy waste, and were I permitted to choose in alleviation a companion of whom I was to know only that he had one special enthusiasm, I should certainly select a florist. Authors would be too clever for me. Artists would have nothing to paint. Sportsmen I have always loved; but that brook, which they will jump so often at dessert or in the smoke-room, does get such an amazing breadth — that stone wall such a fearful height—that rocketing pheasant so invisible — that salmon (in Norway) such a raging, gigantic beast,—that, being fond of facts, my interest would flag. No; give me a thorough florist, fond of all flowers, in gardens, under glass, by the brook, in the field. We should never be weary of talking about our favourities; and, you may depend upon it, we should grow *something*.

In all sobriety, I often wish that we, who, in these locomotive days, frequently find ourselves in our great cities, especially when our exhibitions are open, might have better opportunities from time to time of gratifying our gregarious inclinations. Why, for example, should not the Horticultural Club in London have a permanent building like other clubs, of course on a scale proportioned to its income, where we might write our letters, read our newspapers, and (dare I mention it?) smoke our cigars, with every probability that we should meet some genial friend? Not only in London, but in Edinburgh, in Dublin, in Paris, I would have a horticultural club, where gardeners (a title which every man is proud of, if he feels that he has a right to claim it) might assemble in a fraternal spirit, as brethren of that Grand Lodge whose first master wore an apron of leaves, and whose best members were never yet ashamed if their own were of purple baize.[1] As time went on we might have a library of horticultural, botanical, geological, and chemical books. We might have pictures, after the manner of our dear old 'Garrick' in King Street, of some famous chiefs who had conferred real benefits upon the gardening world. How glad we should be, for instance, to see a good likeness of 'the Doctor,' and of quaint old Donald Beaton, with replicas from the pictures, in the Council-room of the Royal Horticultural Society at Kensington and elsewhere, of Rivers, Veitch, Marnock, and many more!

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[1] Since this was written, the 'Horticultural Club' has been successfully established, and has pleasant meetings at the Hotel Windsor, in Westminster.

'My dear fellow,' said to me a young person, whom, after going through his admirable gardens and houses, and hearing his *professions* of interest, I had mistaken for a florist, and to whom I had incautiously revealed my club aspirations, 'you surely don't suppose I should meet my gardener!' And he wore an expression of horror, as though I had asked him to join a select party of lepers and ticket-of-leavers. 'Calm yourself,' I made answer; 'there is no fear of collision. You would not be elected, I assure you.' Fancy a fellow pretending to be fond of art, and wincing at the idea of meeting an artist! More than this, he who knows and reverences the gardener's art (and I would admit no other to our club) must be a gentleman. He may not, in some few instances, be aware that to leave out the *h* in horse-radish, or to sound the same in honour, is an offence less pardonable than profane swearing;

there may even be an isolated case of ignorance, that to eat peas with a knife is one of the deadly sins;—but, nevertheless, if he loves his flowers, he must be in heart a gentleman. But we have lost our way to the Rose-show.

We went back to our homes. We appealed for subscriptions to the lovers of the Rose, and they responded, as I knew they would. They responded until our sum total nearly reached £200. We published our schedule of prizes, amounting to £156. We engaged St. James's Hall, an expensive luxury, at 30 guineas for the day, but just then in the first freshness of its beauty, and therefore an attraction in itself. We secured the services of the Coldstream band—a mistake, because their admirable music was too loud for indoor enjoyment. We advertised freely. We placarded the walls of London with gorgeous and gigantic posters. And then the great day came.

The late Mr. John Edwards, who gave us from the first most important help, and who was the best man I ever saw in the practical arrangements of a flower-show, appeared, soon after daybreak, on the scene. He found the Hall crowded with chairs and benches, just as it was left after a concert the night before. Early as it was, he had his staff with him—carpenters and others; and when I arrived with my Roses, after a journey of 120 miles, at 5.30 A.M., the long tables were almost ready for the baize. Then came the covered vans which had travelled through the summer night from the grand gardens of Hertfordshire, and the 'four-wheelers' with green boxes piled upon their roofs, from all the railway stations. And then the usual confusion which attends the operation of 'staging' — exhibitors preferring their 'own selection' to the places duly assigned to them, running against each other, or pressing round Mr Edwards with their boxes, as though they had something to sell—vociferating like the porters at Boulogne, who, having seized your portmanteau, insist on taking your body to their hotel. He, however, was quite master of the situation, and upon his directions, clearly and firmly given, there followed order and peace.

And there followed a scene, beautiful exceedingly. I feel no shame in confessing that when the Hall was cleared, and I looked from the gallery upon the three long tables, and the platform beneath the great organ, glowing with the choicest Roses of the world, the cisterns of my heart overflowed—

> 'The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
> The waters from me, which I would have stopped,
> But I had not so much of man in me,
> And all my mother came into mine eyes,
> And gave me up to tears.'

'Half the nurseries of England,' as Dr. Lindley wrote, 'poured their treasures into St. James's Hall.' There were twenty boxes from Sawbridgeworth alone. There were glorious collections, large and lovely, from Cheshunt and Colchester, Hertfordshire and Hereford, Exeter and Slough. But I had brief time, as secretary and supervisor, that day for 'idle tears' or other private emotions. Had I been editor of *Notes and Queries*, the *Field*, and the *Queen* conjointly, I could not have had more questions put to me. Had I possessed the hundred hands of Briareus, not one would have been unemployed. Then the censors reported their verdicts; the prize-cards were placed by the prize-Roses; and then came

The momentous question, Would the public endorse our experiment? Would the public appreciate our Show? There was a deficiency of £100 in our funds, for the expenses of the exhibition were £300; and as a matter both of feeling and finance I stood by the entrance as the clock struck two, anxiously to watch the issue.

No long solicitude. More than fifty shillings—I humbly apologise—more than fifty intelligent and good-looking individuals were waiting for admission; and these were followed by continuous comers, until the Hall was full. A gentleman, who earnestly asked my pardon for having placed his foot on mine, seemed perplexed to hear how much I liked it, and evidently thought that my friends were culpable in allowing me to be at large. Great, indeed, was my gladness in *seeing* those visitors—more than 2000 in number—but far greater in *hearing* their hearty words of surprise and admiration.

'No words can describe,' again to quote Professor Lindley, writing in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* a few days after the Show, 'the infinite variety of form, colour, and odour which belonged to the field of Roses spread before the visitors. At the sides were crowds of bunches, daintily set off by beds of moss; in the middle rose pyramids, baskets, and bouquets. In one place, solitary blossoms boldly confronted their clustering rivals; in another, glass screens guarded some precious gems; and in another, great groups of unprotected beauties set at defiance the heated atmosphere of the Hall.'

Yes, they defied this adversary; they defied and defeated with their delicious perfume the foul smell which at that time invaded London from the Thames; but there was one opponent, one only, whom they could not subdue. They had to fight that day, not only the wars of the Roses, the civil war for supremacy among themselves, but they had to meet a rival, against whom they concentrated all their powers in vain.

A few months before the Rose-show, I made the acquaintance, afterwards the dearest friendship of my life, of John Leech, the artist; and in the first of two hundred precious letters which I now possess from his pen, he sent me the accompanying sketch[1] of a combat between Flora and Venus, which subsequently appeared, more correctly, but less prettily delineated, in *Punch*, with this explanation, which I wrote on his request:—'In the days of the Great Stench of London, the Naiades ran from the banks of Thamesis, with their pocket-handkerchiefs to their noses, and made a complaint to the goddess Flora, how exceedingly unpleasant the dead dogs were, and that they couldn't abide 'em—indeed they couldn't. And Flora forthwith, out of her sweet charity, engaged apartments at the Hall of St. James, and came up with 10,000 Roses to deodorise the river, and to revive the town. But Venus no sooner heard of her advent than (as if to illustrate the dictum of the satirist, "Women do so hate each other,") she put on her best bonnet, and went forth in all her loveliness to suppress "that conceited flower-girl," who had dared to flirt at Chiswick, the Regent's Park, and the Crystal Palace, with her own favoured admirer, Mars. So, awful in her beauty, she came in a revengeful glow, and Flora's Roses grew pale before the Roses on the cheeks of Aphrodite, and the poor goddess went back to her gardens, and the pocket-handkerchiefs went back also to the noses of the unhappy Naiades.'

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[1] See illustration facing page 1.

Returning to realities—at the close of the exhibition it was my happy privilege to distribute the thirty-six silver cups which had been specially designed for the occasion, and were, as I need hardly say, prettily and profusely engraved with Roses. The winners were—(of nurserymen) Messrs. Paul of Cheshunt, Mr. Cranston of Hereford, Mr. Cant of Colchester, Mr. Francis of Hertford, Mr. Turner of Slough, and Mr. Hollamby of Tunbridge Wells; and (of amateurs) Mr. Giles Puller of Youngsbury, Captain Maunsell and Rev. G. Maunsell, Thorpe Malsor; Mr. R. Fellowes and Rev. R. Fellowes, Shottesham; Mr. Worthington, Cavendish Priory; Rev. H. Helyar, Yeovil; Mr. Mallett, Nottingham; Mr. Sladden, Ash; Mr. Fryer, Chatteris; Mr. Walker, Oxford; Mr. Hewitt, and Mr. Blake of Ware. Two cups were awarded to my own Roses, the process of presentation being 'gratifying, but embarrassing,' as Mrs. Nickleby remarked when her eccentric lover would carve her name on his pew, and suggesting to a suspicious mind the trustee described by Mr. Wilkie Collins, in whose accounts occurred the frequent entry, 'Self-presented testimonial, £10.'

So ended the First National Rose-Show. It was, as one of its best supporters, and one of our best

Rosarians, the Rev. Mr. Radclyffe, wrote of it, 'Successful beyond all anticipation'; and I went to bed that night as tired, as happy, and, I hope, as thankful, as I had so much good cause to be.

The Second National Rose-Show was held in the following year, June 23, 1859, at the Hanover Square Rooms, the former site not being available; and again we had the best Roses of England, a goodly company, and prosperous issues. The general effect, although the introduction of the pot-Roses broke gracefully the monotonous surface of the cut flowers, was inferior to that produced in the more genial summer of 1858, and in the more ample and ornate accommodations of St James's Hall. But it was now more evident than ever that although we had toned down our music by substituting strings and reeds for brass, no room in London was large enough for the *levées* of the Queen of Flowers. Next year, accordingly, after a correspondence and arrangement with the directors,

The Third National Rose-Show was held (July 12, 1860) in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Here was a throne-room meet for Her Majesty, and 16,000 of her lieges came to do her homage.

The Fourth National Rose-Show was held under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society in their gardens at South Kensington, July 10, 1861. I was very grateful to find such a genial soil and excellent supervision for a plant which was growing rather too large for me—that is, to transfer to abler hands a work which, with all its gratifications, interfered at times unduly with my other engagements. Moreover, to tell you all the truth, in the happy springtide of 1861 I had a correspondence which occupied all my time, upon a subject which occupied all my thought—a subject more precious, more lovely even than Roses—I was going to be married in May.

From that date to the year 1877, the National Rose Show was held at Kensington; and though since the establishment of the National Rose Society (at the suggestion, and under the admirable administration, of the Rev. H. H. D'Ombrain), it has held its exhibitions, two and three annually, in various parts of the country, so that all who show Roses might have an opportunity of winning its prizes, and all who love Roses might come and see, it has kept its chief festival for some years in the Palace of Crystal, and never fails to attract a large, appreciative crowd.

Have I created in thy breast, O amateur, a desire to win honour at Queen Rosa's tournaments? Have you an ambition to see upon your sideboard cups of silver encircled by the Rose? Listen, and I will now tell you what Roses to show and how to show them.

CHAPTER XIII

ROSES FOR EXHIBITION

As he who can ride exchanges his pony for a cob, and his cob for a hunter, and, having achieved pads and brushes, where hounds are slow, fences are easy, and rivals few, longs for a gallop at racing-speed over the pastures and the ‘Oxers’ of High Leicestershire, or the stone walls of ‘The Heythrop,’ as every man with a hobby (I never met *a man* without one) is desirous to ride abroad, and witch the world with noble horsemanship, so the Rosarian, enlarging his possessions and improving his skill, has yearnings, which no mother, nor sisters, nor people coming to call, can satisfy, for sympathy, for knowledge, for renown. He is tired of charging at the quintain, which he never fails to hit, in the silent courtyard of his home; he will break a lance for his ladye in the crowded lists. And who loves maiden so fair as his? What mean these braggart knights, his neighbours, by praising their Rosas, so pale, so puny, in comparison? Their voices to his ear are harsh, irritating;

they are as disagreeable as the crowings of contiguous cocks to the game bantam ; and he feels it to be his solemn duty to roll those knights in the dust.

I offer my services as his esquire, and my advice as a veteran how to invert and pulverise his foes. By foes I mean those miserable knights who presume to grow and to show Roses without a careful study of these chapters. Not thinking exactly as we do, they are, of course, heretical and contumacious. They must be unhorsed. Then, perhaps, lying peacefully on their backs in the sawdust, they may see the error of their ways, and come to a better mind. They may rise up, sorer and wiser men, and, meekly seeking the nearest reformatory, may gradually amend and improve, until at last they become diligent readers of this book, and respectable subjects of the Queen of Flowers. Be it mine, meanwhile, to teach the virtuous amateur how to buy a charger, and how to ride him—what Roses to show, and how to show them ; first reminding him that he must have a good stable, good corn, and good equipments in readiness for his steed—must be armed, before he competes, with those weapons which I have named as essential to success, and which I must once more ask leave to commend. He must have an enthusiastic love of the Rose — not the tepid attachment which drawls its faint encomium, ‘She’s a nicish girl, and a fellow might do worse,' but the true devotion, which sighs from its very soul, 'I must, I will win thee, my queen, my queen!' He must have a good position, a home meet for his bride. He must have for his Roses a free circulation of air, a healthful, breezy situation, with a surrounding fence, not too high, not too near, which shall break the force of boisterous winds, temper their bitterness ere they enter the fold, and give *shelter*, but *not shade*, to his Roses. He must have a good garden-soil, well drained, well dug, well dunged. And having these indispensable adjuncts, he may order his Show-Roses.

'Thanks, dear professor!' here exclaims the enraptured pupil (I am mocking now, with a savage satisfaction, those dreadful *scientific dialogues* which vexed our little hearts in childhood); 'your instructions are, indeed, precious—far more so than the richest jam, than ponies, than cricket, than holidays, or tips; but may we interrupt you for a moment to ask, What is your definition of a Show-Rose?'

'Most gladly, my dear young friends,' replies the kind professor (anxiously wishing his dear young friends in bed, that he might work at his new book on beetles), 'will I inform a curiosity so honourable, so rare in youth. I propose, therefore—avoiding all prolixity, repetition, tautology, periphrasis, circumlocution, and superfluous verbosity — to divide the subject into forty-seven sections,' etc. etc. etc.

Leaving him at it, let us be content to know that a Show-Rose should possess—

1. Beauty of form—petals abundant and of good substance, regularly and gracefully disposed within a circular symmetrical outline.

2. Beauty of colour—brilliancy, purity, endurance. And

3. That the Rose, having both these qualities, must be exhibited in the most perfect phase of its beauty, and in the fullest development to which skill and care can bring it.[1]

Of course I do not presume, reverting to the shape of a Show-Rose, to propose stereotyped definitions or uniform models. On the contrary, I am well aware that whether the surface of a Rose be globular, cupped, or expanded, and whether its petals be convex or concave, a perfect gracefulness of form is attainable.[2] My own idea is the globular—the abundant petals regularly overlapping each other; but I should never desire to show all my Roses of this form, however varied by colour, size, or foliage, knowing how much I should lose for lack of contrast and diversity.

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[1] Engraved illustrations of the five principal types of Exhibition Roses—1, flat, like *Souvenir de Malmaison;* 2, globular, high centre, like *Alfred Colomb;* 3, globular, like *François Michelon;* 4, cupped, like *Baroness Rothschild;* 5, imbricated, like *A. K. Williams*, are given in the excellent catalogue published by the Committee of the National Rose Society, and to be obtained (price 6d.) from the Secretaries.

[2] I am glad to see that the National Rose Society, of which I have the honour to be President, has adopted almost *verbatim* my definition of a perfect Rose.

With reference to colour, I would explain that I mean by endurance a colour which will best bear the journey to the exhibition, and the heat of the exhibition hall. I have kept this important consideration in mind in the selection which follows of Show-Roses.

After reading rule 3, the novice may ask, How am I to know the most perfect phase and the fullest development of a Rose? My answer to this is, Go to one of our principal Rose-Shows, or to one of our most extensive Rose-nurseries at the end of June, or early in July, so that you may see the flower in its glory. The sooner that the young Rosarian knows what a Rose may be, and therefore what it ought to be, the better. Many a man's handwriting has been cramped and spoiled by copying bad copies and using bad pens; and many a man, who might have been a successful florist, has failed, because he has not seen flowers in perfection, nor the cultural art in its perfection, until it was too late. I have known several instances in which men, brought up, as it were, among small Roses, have maintained their superiority to large ones—I mean to larger specimens of the same varieties.

The names of the Roses which are more specially adapted for exhibition, from their exquisite proportions and lovely tints, from contour and complexion too, are given in the Appendix, page 283. It has been commended by a Committee of the National Rose Society, and it presents to us the careful and unanimous verdict of the most successful Rosarians of our day.

Happy art thou, my young disciple, to have before thee, for thy worshipful homage and perpetual delectation, all these lovely Roses! But two or three of them were in existence when I first began to cultivate the Royal flower.

> 'Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
> One who dwelleth by his castled Rhine,
> When he called his flowers, all blue and golden,
> Stars, which on earth's firmament do shine.'

But these stars, when I commenced my floral astronomy, were few and far between, and would have paled their ineffectual fire before those which have since been discovered. Monsieur Laffay had sent us from Paris a few Hybrid Perpetuals, the best of which were (of course) Madame Laffay, William Jesse, etc., and these were so charmingly described by my first Rosemaster and dear friend, Thomas Rivers, author of 'The Rose Amateurs' Guide,' that we regarded them as out of the range of rivalry—'What could mortals wish for more?' In addition, we had some beautiful Hybrid China, and Hybrid Bourbon Roses, which, though they are not adapted for the *Stage*, should be found in all large gardens, Blairii No. 2, Coupe d'Hébé, Charles Lawson, and Paul Perras; and with these a large number of Gallica Roses, some of them of gorgeous colouring and luxurious growth, both as to flowers and foliage, *e.g.*, Boula de Nanteuil, D'Aguesseau, Ohl, and Shakspere; but they were apt to display 'an eye' on their journey to the Show, and this was as offensive to the exhibitor opening his box as the glass eye of the French cook gazing on his mistress from the centre of the tureen when she began to distribute the soup!

We had not the colour, the contour, the variety, the contrasts, which are now so abundant. We had no Alfred K. (K. can only mean King), Williams, as splendid in its carmine glory as it is symmetrical in shape; no Charles Lefebvre, a Rose which, as I have seen it, at his best, *is best;* no La France, in her roseate silver sheen, such as rests awhile upon the Alpine snow before the sun goes down; no Madame Gabriel Luizet, no Marie Baumann, no Marchioness of Londonderry, no Mrs. John Laing, no Reynolds Hole (how little did I think that I should live to be described as a 'splendid maroon dashed with crimson, large and globular, generally superb!'), no Ulrich Brunner, and no Xavier Olibo.

We had a few of the lovely Tea-scented Roses, Bougère, Devoniensis, Madame Willermorz, Safrano; but we had no Catherine Mermet, no Comtesse de Nadaillac, no Jean Ducher, no Marie Van Houtte, no Niphetos, no Souvenir d'Elise. And yet our ignorance was very blissful, even as they who won victories with bows and arrows were as pleased as though they had been guns.

In ordering these Rose-trees, I advise the amateur to ask for dwarfs or for low standards. The height which I prefer for the latter is about 2 feet from the ground to the budded Rose, because these lesser trees escape the fury of the wind, requiring no stakes to support them after their first year; because they are more conveniently manipulated than either dwarfs or giants; and because their complete beauty presents itself pleasantly to our eyes, without bringing us down on our knees, or requiring us to stand a-tiptoe: *but on the whole I like dwarfs the best.* They should be planted in November,[1] the soil just covering the junction of the rose with the stalk, and the surface round them should be dressed with a stratum of manure, both to protect and enrich the roots. Should they be sent from the nurseries with any shoots of great length, or with taproots, shorten the former, or secure them to a stake, and remove the latter altogether. Affix your permanent tallies (I use smooth slips of deal, smeared with white paint, written upon with a blacklead pencil, and secured with thin wire to the trees), because the labels of the nurseryman, even when on parchment, become illegible from rain and snow.

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[1] *Hints of Planting Roses*, by a Committee of the National Rose Society, may be obtained by remitting seven penny stamps to either of the Secretaries, the Rev. H. H. D'Ombrain, Westwell Vicarage, Ashford, Kent, or E. Mawley, Esq., Rosebank, Berkhampstead, Herts.

'And next summer,' exclaims the ardent disciple, 'we shall have Roses as large as finger-glasses; we shall win the Cup; we shall make the Marquis's gardener, that bumptious Mr. Peacock at the Castle, for ever to fold his tail.' It troubles me to repress this charming enthusiasm, to demolish a superstructure as gay, but, alas! as baseless, as those card-houses which the child builds, with the kings, queens, and knaves of the pack, upon the polished mahogany of his sire. No, my dear amateur, not next summer, nor in any summer, with those Roses only which will grow upon the trees just commended to you, are you to whip creation, and make the family plate-chest groan. If you tend them carefully, you may achieve small victories, as encouragements to higher emulations; but if you would win cups and prizes 'open to all England' (*Angliâ in certamen provocatâ*), you must regard the selection which I have made for you only as the foundation on which you are to rear your Temple of Fame. You must be as anxious as Norval's father to increase your stock—or rather stocks—on which you may *bud* next summer, and thus multiply your Rose-trees on the most economical, and at the same time, most successful system. Therefore I would advise you, if you have the ambition to distinguish yourself publicly as a Rosarian, to plant in November, simultaneously with your Rose-trees, not less than 500 stocks. But now comes a most interesting and important consideration —which stocks shall we prefer for the Rose?

Æsop told the gardener of his master, Xanthus, that 'the earth was a stepmother to those plants which were incorporated into her soil, but a mother to those which are her own free production; and wherever the Dog-Rose flourishes in our hedgerows—now delighting our eyes with its flowers, and now scratching them out with its thorns, should we follow the partridge or the fox too wildly—*there the Brier is the stock for the Rose.* I know that, despite the dictum of Æsop, our soil has been no *injusta noverca* to that foreign Rose, which took the name of Manetti from him who raised it from seed, and which was sent to Mr. Rivers, more than fifty years since, by Signor Crivelli, from Como. I know that the Italian refugee is acclimatised, and that in hundreds of our gardens he is a welcome and honoured guest. I know that the Manetti will grow luxuriantly where the Brier will not grow at all; that in a toward season it will produce *some* varieties of the Rose in their most perfect form, those especially which have the smoother wood; that in many cases the Rose-trees budded upon it have a more abundant growth than those which are budded on the Brier; and that Rose-trees upon the Manetti are more enduring, and therefore more economical, than Standards,—because the Brier, divested of its laterals, and exposed to all weathers, is in a less natural position, and because the Rose, if budded as it ought to be on the Manetti, that is, below the soil, will establish itself on roots of its own. I know, in fine, that the importation of this stock has been a very gracious boon to those who love the Rose; I know that Mr. Cranston of Hereford on several occasions surpassed all competitors with Roses grown on this stock; but I am nevertheless, convinced that by far the greater number of *the most perfect Roses may be, are, and will be, grown and shown from our indigenous British Brier, taken from the hedgerows, struck from cuttings, or raised from seed.*

Give your order—and any labourer will soon learn to bring you what you want—towards the end of October. I have myself a peculiar but unfailing intimation when it is time to get in my Briers—*my Brier-man comes to church.* He comes to a morning service on the Sunday. If I make no sign during the week, he appears next Sunday at the evening also. If I remain mute, he comes on week-days. I know then that the case is urgent, and that we must come to terms. Were I to fancy the Manetti instead of the Brier, my impression is that he would go over to Rome, or enlist in the Salvation Army.

Having made timely arrangements to secure your supply of stocks before the severities of winter are likely to prevent you from planting (should sharp frost surprise you during the process of removal, you must 'lay in' your Briers securely, digging a hole for them, placing them in a bundle therein, covering the roots well with earth, and throwing an old mat over all), you must be most vigilant in your selection of the stocks themselves. Some gardeners display in this matter a lamentable indifference. Their motto seems to be *Stemmata quid faciunt?*—why should not one Brier be as good as another? Their budding-ground might be an asylum for the deformed, the weak, the aged, instead of the school for healthful youth and the training-ground for heroes. Let the amateur, avoiding this fatal error, and remembering as his rule, *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*, select young, straight, sapful, well-rooted stocks, that the scion may be vigorous as the sire. Let these be planted as soon as he receives them—his collector bringing them in daily, and not keeping them at home, as the manner of some is, until he gets a quantity—in rows, the briers 1 foot, the rows 3 feet apart.

The situation and the soil for your briers must be just as carefully studied as though the Roses were already upon them. These stocks are not to be set in bare and barren places, exposed to ridicule and to contempt, as though they were the stocks of the parish; nor are they to be thrust into corners, as I have seen them many a time. They should occupy such a position as one sees in the snug 'quarters' of a nursery—spaces enclosed by evergreen fences, which, somewhat higher than the trees within, protect them from stormy winds.

Watching their growth in spring, the amateur should remove the more feeble lateral shoots, leaving two or three of the upper and stronger. Suckers from below must also be removed. The latter operation is most easily and effectually performed when rain has just softened the soil around; and weeds, which evince in times of drought such a rooted antipathy to eviction, may then be readily extracted without leaving fibre or fang.

The stocks may be budded in July, and I advise the amateur who wishes to bud them to learn the art, by no means difficult, not from books, but from some neighbour Budhist, who will quickly teach him as much of transmigration as he desires to know. If he learns to make one slit only, so much the better, the transverse cut being quite unnecessary, and liable to cause breakage if too deeply made.

Select strong buds from your Rose-trees. It requires some little resolution to cut away the cleanest, most healthful wood, but the recompense is sure and ample. Do not expose your cuttings to the sun—a watering-can, with a little damp moss in it, is a good conveyance—and get them comfortably settled in their new homes as soon as it can be done. In a month or so you may remove the cotton—if you use bast, a natural decay will remove it for you; in November you may shorten the budded shoot to 5 or 6 inches from the bud; and early in April you may cut it close to the bud itself. You must now keep a constant supervision over your budded stock, removing all superfluous growth, and having your stakes in position, so that you may secure the growing bud against those sudden gusts which will force it, if not safely fastened, 'clean out' of the stock. These stakes must be firmly fixed close by the Briers, and should rise some 2 feet above them. To this upper portion the young shoot of the Rose, which grows in genial seasons with marvellous rapidity, must be secured with bast. Look out now for the Rose-caterpillar, that murderous 'worm i' the bud.' I generally employ a little maid from my village-school, whose fingers are more nimble and whose eyes are nearer to their work than mine, who prefers entomology in the fresh air to all other 'ologies' in a hot school, and who takes home to mother her diurnal ninepence with a supreme and righteous pride.

Towards the end of May apply a surface-dressing, one of those recommended in Chapter VI.—or if the ground is dry, a liberal outpour of liquid manure; and at the same time take off freely the lesser and numerous Rosebuds which surround the centre calyx. A painful process this slaughter of the innocents, this drowning of the puppies of the poor Dog-Rose, but justified in their eyes who desire to see the royal flower in its glory, and who prefer one magnificent Ribston Pippin to a waggon-load of Crabs.

The same enrichment and excision must of course be applied to the parental trees from which the buds were taken in July. In a genial season, after a frostless May, the budded Brier (in some places the budded Manetti),

> 'A simple maiden in her flower,'

will show us the most perfect of all its Roses; but this vernal prosperity so seldom comes, the budded

Rose-shoots are so generally injured and retarded, that you must rely principally upon your older trees—commonly, but not pleasingly, termed 'cut-backs.'

Moreover, you should have in your Rose-garden the advantage of a wall on which to grow the more tender Roses, those grand Maréchal Niels, Devonienses, Souvenirs d'un Ami, and other *Teas*, so distinct from the Hybrid Perpetual varieties, and such exquisite contrasts among them. Plant these between your mural fruit-trees, or wherever you can find a vacant space. Let them be grown upon their own roots, or 'worked' so low upon the Brier that the junction may be under the soil, and protect them with a thick covering of farmyard manure laid on the surface during the winter months.

The Brier, grown from seed or from cutting, is by far the best stock for Tea-Roses; and he who has been taught to regard these exquisite flowers as too delicate for outdoor cultivation, will be surprised and charmed if he can devote a border, backed by a wall, and aspecting southward, to Rosa indica odorata budded or grafted low upon the Brier. It must be thoroughly protected by dense farmyard manure, laid around in November, from frost—just peeping out of it, as a Russian from the eyelets of his furs; and then such Roses as Adam, Anna Ollivier, Catherine Mermet, Comtesse de Nadaillac, Jean Ducher, Mesdames Bravy, Falcot, Lambard, Margottin, de Watteville, and Willermorz, Marie Van Houtte, Niphetos, Perle des Jardins, Rubens, and Les Souvenirs d'un Ami, d'Elise, de Paul Neron, and S. A. Prince will astonish their admiring lover.

Let us now suppose that in all these departments your loving and patient care has brought you the prospect and proximity of such a splendid harvest that you have entered your name as an exhibitor at one of our great Rose-shows. Ah, what a crisis of excitement, to be remembered always in the glad Rosarian's life! It is as when the boy, who has distinguished himself in the playing-fields, goes forth from the pavilion at Lord's in the Eton and Harrow match. It is as when the undergraduate, who has been working manfully, enters his name on the list of candidates for honours. What sweet solicitudes! what hopeful fears! Look—Mr. Mitchell is whispering to that Eton boy, just going to the wicket with his bat, wise words anent the Harrow bowling. Listen ; that tutor, with the clever, kindly countenance, is speaking cheerfully to his pupil, white as the kerchief round his throat, as he enters those awful schools. So would I aid and abet my amateur—so would I bring a stirrup-cup to my young brave Dunois. *Partant pour la Syrie* — that is, for the

National Rose-Show — he wants information as to boxes and tubes and moss, as to the time of cutting, the method of arrangement; and he shall receive, in the succeeding chapter, the best which I have to give.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW TO SHOW THE ROSE

WHEN I first exhibited Roses, the boxes selected for the Queen of Flowers were not what royal boxes ought to be. They were ordinary and heterogeneous; they were high and low, wide and narrow, painted and plain. Disorder prevailed, as at the Floralia of old; and Bacchus again appeared upon the scene in the cases which had contained his wines, and which, reduced in altitude, and filled with dingy moss, now held the glowing Roses. These were kept alive, *auspice Æsculapio*, in old physic-bottles filled with water, and plunged to the neck in the moss aforesaid; but sometimes the succulent potato was used to preserve vitality; and I remember well a large hamper, with its lid gracefully recumbent, in which six small Roses uprose from huge specimens of 'Farmer's Profit'—the *pommes de terre* being inserted, but not concealed, in a stratum of ancient hay. Sometimes the flowers were crowded together, sometimes they were lonely, neighbourless, like the snipes, now in 'wisps,' now solitary; sometimes they appeared without foliage (at one of our provincial shows it was strictly prohibited, and I asked the committee what they meant by coming on the ground with whiskers); and sometimes they peeped out of leafy bowers—'plenty of covert, but very little game,' as a witty Lincolnshire lord remarked to the clergyman, who asked him, one Christmas morning, what he thought of the decorations of a church in which the evergreens were many and the worshippers were few.

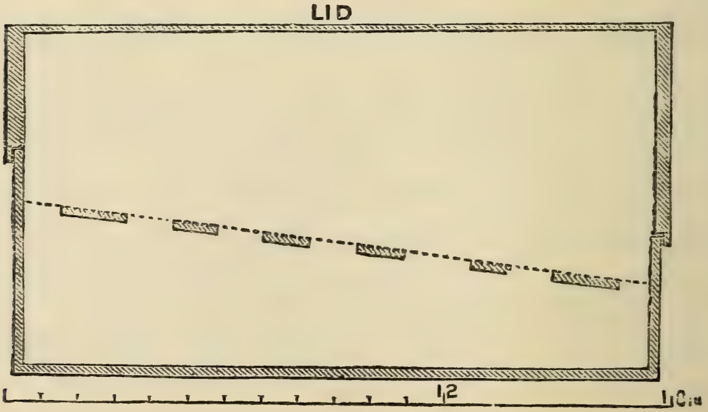
At our first National Rose-Show we commenced a reform of these incongruities, and soon afterwards disannulled them by an act of uniformity as to size and shape. The amateur must therefore order his boxes, which any carpenter can make for him from three-quarter-inch deal, to be of the following dimensions:—

Four inches high in front, and eighteen inches wide.

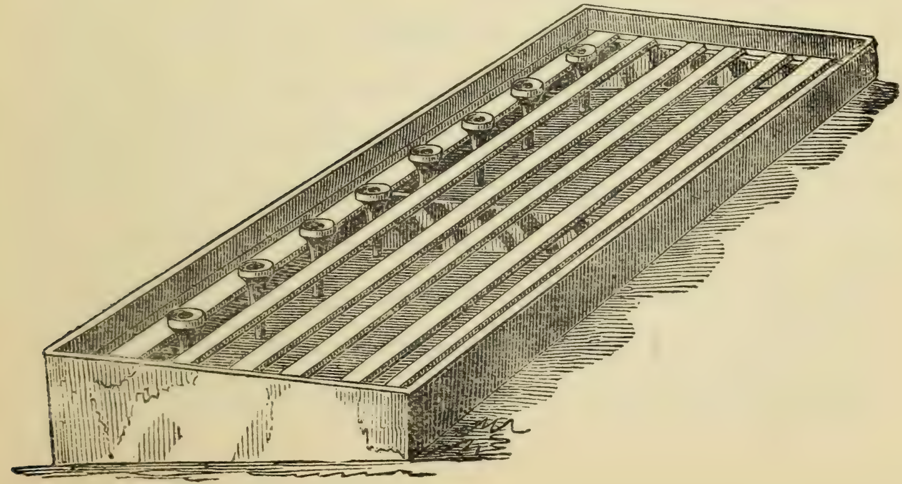
In length for 24 Roses, not less than 3 ft., nor more than 3 ft. 6 in.

For 12 Roses, not less than 1 ft. 6 in., nor more than 2 ft.

For 6 Roses, not less than 1 ft., nor more than 1 ft. 6 in.



The lids must be secured for travelling by stout leather straps. Within the boxes some exhibitors have holes pierced at equal distances on a uniform surface of wood; but as Roses differ in size, it is more convenient to have the facility of placing them where we please, and for this purpose it is desirable to have strong laths (3-4ths of an inch in depth, and 1 inch 7-8ths in width) extending the length of the box. These laths should be six in number, and should be nailed on two strong pieces of wood, crossing the box one at each end, 2 inches below the surface. The upper and lower laths should be fixed 1-8th of an inch within the box, and the four remaining so arranged that there will be six interstices 1¼ inch in width—three for the Roses, and three merely to reduce the weight. There will be a space of 1¼ inch between the laths and the upper edge of the box, to be filled as follows: Cover the laths with

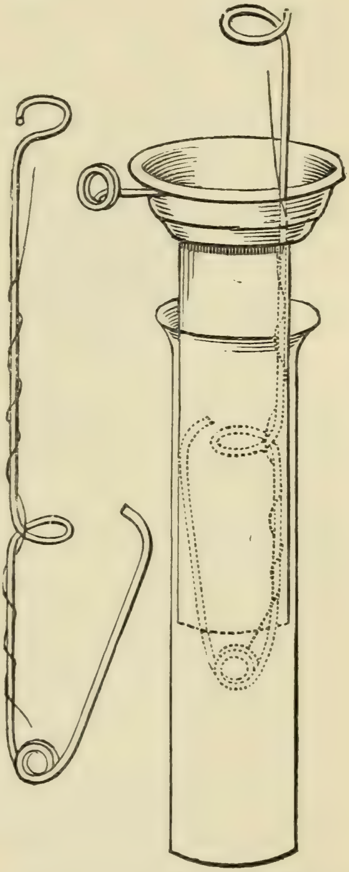


sheets of brown paper, two deep, and cut to fit the box, and upon these place the best moss you can obtain. I get mine from trunks of trees in a neighbouring wood ; have it carefully picked over and well watered a day or two before a show ; and then, using the coarser portion for a substratum, make my upper surface as clean and green and level as I can.

It would, I think, repay the Rosarian to grow moss specially for this purpose, such as would thrive—Selaginella denticulata, for example—in rough boxes and waste places under stages or in vineries. Some years ago I placed a lining of zinc, 3 inches deep, at the top of one of my Rose-boxes, filled it with earth, and soon obtained from it a charming surface of S. apoda. The effect of twelve beautiful Roses resting upon this bright-green moss was lovely ; but oh, the weight when we bore them to the show ! no mother in all the world would care to carry such a bulky babe.

A wee story about moss, and we leave it. I remember an exhibitor, of whom it was said that he was never known to pay a compliment, or to praise anything which did not belong to himself, except upon one occasion. Having won the first prize for Roses, he went in the joy of his heart to his chief rival, and surveying his collection, deliberately and frankly said, 'Well, John, I must acknowledge you certainly beat us—in moss.' As well might some victorious jockey compliment the rider of a distanced horse upon the plaiting of that horse's mane. It was a panegyric as glorious as that which Artemus Ward paid to his regiment, composed exclusively of commanders-in-chief: 'What we particly excel in is resting muskits—we can rest muskits with anybody.'

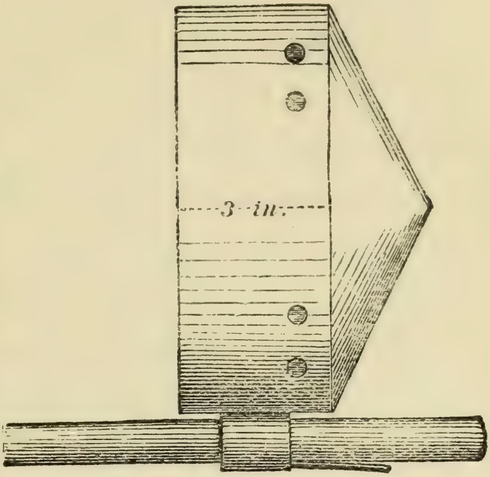
The Rose, when cut, is attached by a thin wire to a strong but pliable support of zinc, part of which is so curved as to enable the exhibitor to raise or depress the flower. On the upper part of the tube, before inserting it, write the name upon a card in the ring, affixed, in the lower part, filled with pure rain water, fresh from the cistern. These important auxiliaries are delineated herewith in accurate similarity, and these tubes not only facilitate the arrangement of the flower, but they retain the water when rough railway porters forget their gradients. They may be had from the inventor, Mr. Foster of Ashford, Kent.



The carelessness of porters reminds me to add, that exhibitors who cannot accompany their Roses—a terrible separation to the true lover, and one which I have never known—will do well to have painted in white letters upon the dark-green lids of their boxes, 'Flowers in water—keep level.'

The amateur must now have the cards in readiness, on which he has written with his best pen (unless he has purchased them prepared by the printer) the names of his show-Roses. These are cut from ordinary cardboard, and must be of the regulation size—3 inches in length by 1 in width. They should be kept in a box, divided into compartments and lettered, so that they may be quickly found when wanted. They are placed sometimes on the moss in front of the Rose, but they have a more neat and uniform appearance if inserted on sticks about 5 inches long, painted green, and cleft at the top to receive them, and pointed at the bottom to penetrate the moss more easily; or still better on brass wires, having two parallel rings twisted at the upper end, so that the card may be inserted between them.

The young knight will not be armed *cap-à-pie* until he has supplied himself with a couple of helmets. If the weather is showery, or the sun scorches, just before a show, many Roses may be advantageously shaded by having a zinc cap placed over them 8 inches in diameter, 5 inches in depth, ventilated, and having a socket attached, which may be moved up and down a stake fixed by the Rose-tree, until the cap is secured in its position by a wooden wedge inserted between the socket and the stake. Roses of a more delicate complexion than others, and some whose vivid colouring is quickly tarnished by fiery suns, may be thus preserved for exhibition. Fresh cabbage-leaves, renewed from time to time, may be advantageously placed on the caps, which, I may add, have a more pleasing appearance in the Rosarium when painted a dark-green colour. Cones made from Willesden water-proof paper are also commended by those who have used them as protections for the Rose.



These caps should be in readiness, fixed upon their stakes, in the Rose-beds or near them, so that they may be quickly placed in position when there is peril from fire or water—when fierce suns come suddenly forth, or when those first large drops, which have been poetically termed 'tears of the tempest weeping for the havoc to follow,' give warning of the storm. Many a grand Rose have I saved by promptly acting upon this admonition, and have come indoors with my heart rejoicing under its moist merino waistcoat.

Helmet No. 2 resembles No. 1, except that the top is made of glass and is flat. This is used to accelerate the opening of Roses, and sometimes with success; but generally I have found that nature will not be hurried, and the Rose has been more refractory than the heat.

In using these caps—and their use, be it remembered, is exceptional—the amateur must be on his guard against placing them too near the Rose, lest, when moved by the wind, the petals should be injured by trituration. And not only in this instance, but in all, he must so watch his trees as to prevent all risk of that contact and chafing which quickly ruins the Rose. Watching the flower as it sways to and fro in the summer breeze, he must remove all leaves and shoots which touching it would mar its beauty.

Watchful ever, our young knight must keep his stricter vigil upon the battle's eve. He must know that all is in readiness, the extent of his resources, and how he is to apply them. The day before a show, I have not only the names of my best Roses noted in my pocket-book, but, ruling upon a sheet of paper 48, 36, 24, 12, or 6 spaces, I place each Rose in the position which it will probably occupy on the morrow, and set my forces in battle array. Here is an example, copied *literatim:*—

12 ROSES.

Lefebvre.	M. Niel.	Duke of Edinburgh.	La France.
F. Michelon.	Beauman.	Niphetos.	E. Levet.
L. Van Houtte.	Marie Finger.	Xav. Olibo.	C. Mermet.

Take any Rose in this collection, and you will find it in close proximity to others which, from their diversity of colour, will give and gain beauty by contrast. Thus *Lefebvre* has the pink *Michelon* below and the golden *Niel* at its side; the yellow *Niel* has crimson Roses on either side and beneath; the scarlet *Duke of Edinburgh* has a yellow Rose on his left, a blush Rose on his right, and a snow-white Rose below him; and so throughout.

Your beautiful thoroughbreds may not all come to the post; they may not run in the order in which you have placed them—that is, some of your Roses may be too much expanded when you come to cut them, or may not be in size or in colour exactly suitable for the position assigned to them; but you will find, notwithstanding, very great assistance from such a plan as that proposed to you: and when you have gained by observation a knowledge of the development and duration of your Roses, you will meet with few disappointments in its realisation.

On the eve of the show you must have all your boxes surfaced with moss and sprinkled, set out upon trestles three feet from the ground, ‘here in cool grot,’ or in some sheltered corner or garden-shed; your zinc-tubes, in rows upon their miniature bottle-rack, cheaply made, and having a strong resemblance to the stands on which ‘Boots’ deposits our fat portmanteau, heaving a thankful sigh; and upon a small table your box, containing plans of arrangement, Foster’s wire supports, cards with names of Roses written upon them, sticks to hold them, a pair of sharp pruning-scissors with which to cut your flowers, a pair of small, finely-pointed ditto, with which you may sometimes remove the decayed edge from a petal, and a piece of narrow ivory rounded at the end, such as ladies use for a knitting-mesh, and which, very carefully and delicately handled, may help you now and then to assist the opening Rose, or to reduce irregularities of growth to a more natural, and therefore graceful, combination; add a small hamper of additional moss, and the dressing-room is ready for the royal toilet.

When should we cut our Roses? The nurseryman who exhibits 144 Roses in one collection—that is, 3 specimens of 48 varieties—and sometimes simultaneously a collection of 72 distinct blooms, conveying them great distances, is obliged to cut on the day preceding the shows, and having acres of young trees to select from, can generally find Roses of such calibre as will ensure to him a continuance of perfect beauty for the next four-and-twenty hours; but I strongly advise the amateur, who has no such wealth of material, and must make the most of his limited means, to cut his Roses, whenever he has the option—that is, the time—upon the morning of the show. If the weather is broken, and the clouds without and the barometer within warn you of impending rain, then gather ye Roses while ye may, in the afternoon and the evening before the show; but if it is

> 'In the prime of summer time,
> An evening calm and cool,'

let your Roses rest after the heat of the day, and cut them on the morrow, when they awake with the sun, refreshed with gracious dews. Nevertheless, if these dews are exceptionally heavy, you must not cut while—

> 'The plentiful moisture encumbers the flower,
> And weighs down its beautiful head,'

but you must bide a wee till the sunshine dries its tears.

Wherefore, early to your bed, my amateur, your bed of Roses and of Thorns; for as surely as the schoolboy who, having received a cake from home, takes with him a last slice to his cubicle, awakes in feverish repletion, turning painfully upon the crusty crumbs, so shall this night of yours be fraught with pleasure and with pain. Now shall you taste daintily the candied peels, and now toss fretfully on piercing grits. Now you shall sleep, and all shall be serene, blissful. You are dreaming, so sweetly dreaming, the happy hours away. The great day has come.

> 'A happier smile illumes each brow,
> With quicker spread each heart uncloses;
> And all is happiness, for now
> The valley holds its feast of Roses.'

Your own are magnificent, larger than those which bloom in Manchester chintz above your slumbering brow—nine inches in diameter. You reach the show; you win every prize, laurels enough to make triumphal arches along all your homeward way. Suddenly a change, a horrible change, comes o'er the spirit of your dream. How the van, in which you are travelling with your Roses, jumps and jolts! how dark the night, and how the thunder rolls! Ah, *tout est perdu!* Crash fall the horses, or rather, the nightmares, down a steep incline, and you find yourself standing, aghast and hopeless, knee-deep in *pot-pourri*, in a country lane five miles from the show!

Awaking, for the sixteenth time, with a terrible impression that you have overslept yourself, and that the time for cutting Roses is past, you are comforted in hearing the clock strike two. Another restless hour, and you are up in the grey dawn. At 3.30 you should be among the Roses, never so lovely as now, lifting their heads for the first kisses of the sun, and, alas! for decapitation! See, your gardener is there, keen as yourself! He fills a score of the tubes with pure, sweet, rain-water; he places them in one of your spare boxes, and is ready to follow, when, having glanced at your programmes, and armed yourself with the trenchant blades, you lead the way to glory and the Roses.

Cut, first of all, your grandest blooms, because no Mede nor Persian ever made law more unalterable than this. *The largest Roses must be placed at the back, the smallest in the front, and the intermediate in the middle of your boxes.* They become by this arrangement so gradually, beautifully less, that the disparity of size is imperceptible. Transgress this rule, and the result will be disastrous, ludicrous, as when some huge London carriage-horse is put in harness with the paternal cob, or as when some small but ambitious dancer runs round and round the tallest girl at the ball in the gyrations of the mazy waltz. So Perle des Jardins in your front row is a beautiful yellow Rose. Placed in juxtaposition to Maréchal Niel, its name becomes a cruel joke; your little gem is lost beside the Koh-i-noor, and your bright star pales before the rising sun its ineffectual fire.

You will have another advantage in commencing with your finest flowers, because of these you will have (or ought to have) the larger stock, and will thus be able to lay at the same time and in the same order the foundation of your different collections, using the same corner-stone in each (begin always with some glorious Rose, which must attract the judicial eye, and make an impression upon the judicial heart), and assimilating the arrangement, as long as you possess the material. Much labour, head-work, and leg-work is saved by this plan of simultaneous structure.

The amateur must not exhibit these larger Roses when they have lost their freshness of colour, or when the petals, opening at the centre, reveal the yellow 'eye.' He must not place a Rose in his box because it *has been* superlatively beautiful. In the eyes of her husband, the wife a matron should be lovely as the wife a bride; but the world never saw her in her Honiton veil, and respectfully votes her a trifle *passée*. At the same time, let not the exhibitor be over-timid, nor discard a Rose which has reached the summit of perfection, and may descend, he knows not when, but let him bravely and hopefully set it among its peers. If it suffers from the journey, it must be replaced, of course, from *the box of spare blooms which the exhibitor must always take with him;*[1] but if it holds its own, if it is really a Rose of superior merit, nothing can now happen which will prevent a righteous Rosarian, such as every judge ought to be, from recognising its claims. I once saw, and the recollection makes me shudder still, a senseless censor thrust the end of a huge finger into the heart of a magnificent Duc de Rohan, in his anxiety to assure us, his coadjutors, that the Rose was too fully blown. Oh, how I wished that the Duc, to whom we voted by a majority the highest marks, had been armed for the moment with a ferret's teeth!

The arrangement of Roses with regard to their colour has not been studied as it deserves to be. With some few exceptions, the nurserymen are not successful in this matter; but it is very difficult for them to find the time, granting the taste to be there, for a minute assortment of the large collections which they are called upon to show; and knowing that the awards will be made upon the merits and demerits of the individual flowers, they are not solicitous about minor details. The amateur, with more leisure than the man of business for the study of the beautiful, and for the most effective display of his fewer flowers, ought to excel, but, as a rule, does not. His Roses are very rarely made the most of in this respect, but are frequently marred and spoiled, the colours clashing and contending with each other, instead of combining against their common adversary. It is told of a highly sensitive dame, whose silly pride was in dress, that she went into hysterics before a large party when her great rival in millinery came and sat upon the ottoman beside her in a grand garment of the same colour as her own, but of a much more brilliant and effective dye; and I have seen many a Rose which would weep, if it could, aromatic rose-water, subdued by a like despair. Whereas every flower should be so placed as to enhance its neighbour's charms—the fair blonde with her golden locks smiling upon the brunette with her raven hair, each made by the contrast lovelier. Once upon a time six pretty sisters lived at home together always. In looks, in figure, in voice, gait, and apparel, they exactly resembled each other. Young gentlemen seeing them apart, fell madly in love, as young gentlemen ought to do; but on going to the house, and being introduced to the family, they were bewildered by the exact similitude; didn't know which they had come to see, couldn't think of proposing at random, made blunders, apologies, retreats. It seemed as though all these charming flowers would be left to 'wither on the virgin thorn,' when one of them was permitted to leave her home upon a visit to a distant friend. She returned in six weeks *bien fiancée*, and six months after was a bride. The rest followed her example. So it is that six scarlet Roses or six pink Roses in close proximity perplex the spectator, and depreciate each other by their monotonous identity; isolated or contrasted, we admire them heartily.

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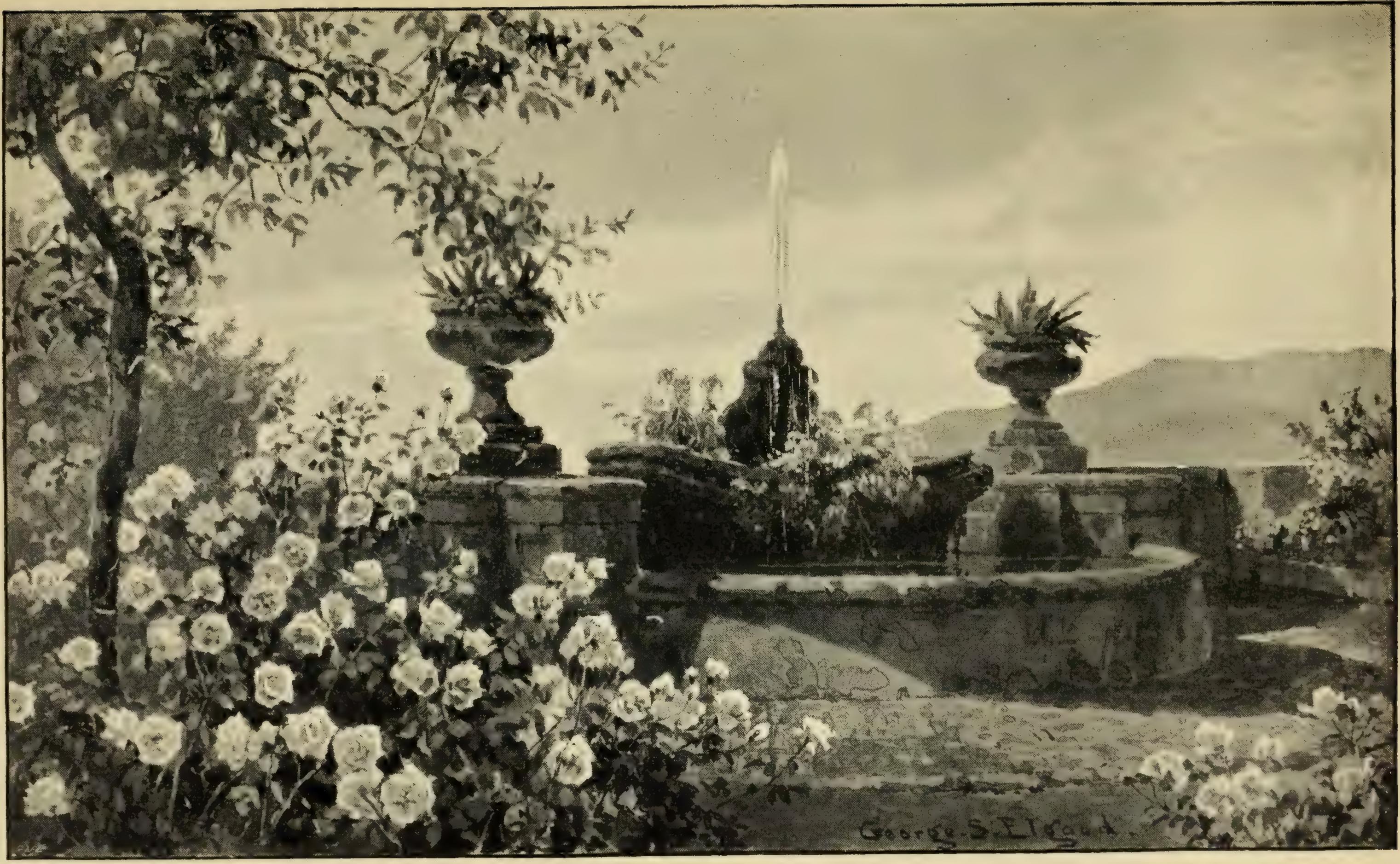
[1] The Roses taken to replace others should be in a less advanced stage when cut. In many cases they will develope during the journey, and so prove most acceptable substitutes for those which, on opening our boxes, we may find to be *hors de combat*.

The Rosarian will learn much as to the effective arrangement of Roses for exhibition by keeping one of his boxes, surfaced with moss and filled with tubes, in his hall or in some cool place near his Rose-garden, and by making experiments therein, with a view to discovering the most pleasing combinations as to colour, and the most graceful graduations as to size.

Nor let the exhibitor, amateur or professional, suppose that these matters are of no importance. It is true that priority is won by the superior merits of the Roses, carefully examined and compared; but in cases where these merits are equal, then the best arrangement as to form and colour will certainly influence, and probably determine, the verdict. I can recall several instances in which, *cœteris paribus*, tasteful arrangement has given the victory. The material for operation has been equally good; the *modus operandi* has been the point of excellence—the artistic effort of the more accomplished horseman has saved him from a dead heat.

Time was when the exhibitor had good excuse for the introduction of flowers faulty in shape and too much alike in colour. Time was (and I recall it happily, for we vexed not ourselves about that which might be, but delighted our hearts in that which we had) when our dark Roses, such as Boula de Nanteuil, D'Aguesseau, Ohl, and Shakespeare—our pink Roses, such as Comtesse Molé and Las Casas—our white Roses, such as Madame Hardy,—were painfully wide awake when they reached the show, and our collection had 'eyes' like Argus. We are dismayed now if a Cyclops shows himself, even in our '48.' A marvellous development and progress has been made both in the form and complexion of the Rose, and every season brings us new treasures. See what we have gained in these latter years—to the darker varieties we have added such Roses as Alfred Colomb, Alfred Williams, Charles Lefebvre, Comte Raimbaud, Duchesse de Caylus, Duc de Rohan, Duke of Edinburgh, Exposition de Brie, Horace Vernet, Jean Liabaud, Louis Van Houtte, Marie Baumann, Reynolds Hole, Sultan of Zanzibar, and Xavier Olibo; and to the lighter Baroness Rothschild, Captain Christy, Duchesse de Vallombrosa, Emilie Hausburg, François Michelon, Her Majesty, La France, Marguerite de St Amand, Marie Finger, Mrs. John Laing, Marchioness of Londonderry, Margaret Dickson, Merveille de Lyon, and many others. Time was when the only yellow Roses exhibited (Cloth-of-Gold was in existence, but lived in strict seclusion) were Solfaterre, with very little yellow and still less shape; Persian Yellow, in hue golden, glorious, but in size a big buttercup; and sometimes a bud of Smith's Yellow, which no power on earth could induce to open, a pretty buttonhole flower. Now we have Amazone, Bouquet d'Or, Celine Forestier, Etoile de Lyon, Jean Pernet, La Boule d'Or, Perle des Jardins, Perle de Lyons, Reine de Portugal, and magnificent Maréchal Niel! Fancy Smith's Yellow in a modern collection—Tom Thumb on parade with the Guards!

The names which I have just written again remind me how much the Tea and Noisette Roses diversify and beautify our show collections. That the former are delicate and difficult to produce when we most require them, is evident from their sparse appearance in public; but it is just one of those superable difficulties which separate the sincere from the spurious Rose-grower, and which only the former overcomes. The conservatory and the orchard-house (there ought to be, wherever there is taste and opulence, a Rose-house) are undoubtedly the best homes for the Tea Rose; but in this more genial temperature it blooms long before the showman's opening day; and I have seen houses containing many hundred plants which have not contributed to the exhibitor a single flower. I have tried with these Roses many experiments, in pots and out, *al fresco*, under glass, under canvas (movable), on their own roots, on the Manetti, and on the Brier. Wherever you have a vacant mural space, or a warm border, I again recommend that Tea Roses be planted on the Brier from seed or cutting, as being their best ally and friend. Timid brethren forewarned me, when I first planted them *al fresco*, that the winter would kill them, and timid brethren tittered merrily when a frost of abnormal vigour destroyed nearly half of my first adventurers, which had not been sufficiently mulched. Moreover, my revered master and teacher, Mr. Rivers, had written in 'The Florist' that Tea-scented Roses could not be cultivated with success out of doors, unless in the extreme south or west of England, and that although in mild seasons they might be protected, a real English winter would kill them root and branch. I persevered, notwithstanding. If one half withstood an unusual severity, I might rely in ordinary seasons, and with wiser precautions, upon complete success. Defeat, moreover, and the derision of my friends, evoked a noble rage, a more determined energy. In


George S. Elgood

Tea Roses at Frascati.

my youth I heard a professor remark at Oxford (he styled himself professor and teacher of the noble art of self-defence, but the condition of his nose was more suggestive to me of one who was *taking* lessons) that 'he never could fight until he'd napped a clinker.' Then

> 'His grief was but his grandeur in disguise,
> And discontent his immortality.'

So felt I, and so fought and conquered ; and I advise the amateur with a good courage to plant those Tea Roses which are mentioned on the list for exhibition. Budded close to the ground on the Brier, and protected with a thick blanket of farmyard manure through the winter, they are always safe. They should not be pruned before April, and then sparingly.

Set up your Roses boldly, with the tubes well above the moss, and keep a uniform height. Most of the show varieties will hold themselves erect and upright, but some are of drooping habit, and their spinal weakness requires the support of wire or of wood, or of moss pressed firmly round them after they have been placed in the tube. Turn your Rose slowly round before you finally fix it, so that you may present it in its most attractive phase to the censor. I have seen Roses looking anywhere but at the judge, as though they had no hopes of mercy.

Do not be induced to admit a Rose only because it is new, or because it has some one point of excellence, being defective in others—*e.g.* a Rose ill formed because it is brilliant in colour, or a dull coarse bloom on account of its size. The judge will be down upon that invalid swiftly and surely, as a fox upon a sick partridge.

Nor place two Roses together which are both deficient in foliage. Give to each of them the rather a neighbour whose abundant and flowing curls may partially conceal their baldness. But add no leaves, though the temptation be great, because that same judge is quick as a barber to distinguish between natural and artificial hair, and there may be 'wigs on the green'—*i.e.* you may find your surreptitious foliage lying upon the moss, and a card, with 'Disqualified' written upon it, staring you in the face.

Step back from time to time, as the artist from his easel, to criticise your picture, and try to improve it. And when you have finished it, invite others to give their opinions freely. Try to ascertain which Roses they like the least, rather than to feast your ears with their exclamations of praise. You will obtain help sometimes where you least expected, and your attention will be called to defects which you had overlooked in a kind of parental fondness. Spectators, unprejudiced and not akin, can readily point out infirmities in the families of other folks. They do not pronounce, as you do, the red hair of your dear little Augustus a soft chestnut, or a rich auburn; they have been known, on the contrary, to murmur 'Carrots.' They do not declare a squint, as Charles Mathews in the play, to be 'a pleasing obliquity of the left eye.'

Have the sticks holding the cards which tell the names of your Roses in their places before you put on the lids. If you are showing in the larger classes, it is wise to make this arrangement when you insert the flowers; otherwise, forgetting names, you may run a risk of including duplicates. Moreover, you will find the process of naming your Roses after your arrival at the show a tedious occupation of time, which might be much more advantageously employed.

Have your lids on before the sun is high, and be on the show-ground as early as you can. You will thus have the advantage of selecting a good place for your boxes, not exposed to draught or to glare; of replacing from your spare blooms those Roses which have suffered from the voyage; of setting each flower and each card in its position; of filling up the tubes with fresh water; and of making the best of your Roses generally, leisurely, and at your ease.

This done, you may put back your lids, just raising them at the front a couple of inches with wooden props; and then you may survey (as I propose to do in my final chapter) the exhibitors, the judges, and the Rose-show itself.

CHAPTER XV

AT A ROSE-SHOW

As the young knight in the olden time, having reached 'y^e place ordayned and appointed to trye y^e bittermoste by stroke of battle,' became naturally curious concerning his adversaries, and, after caring for his horse, and looking to his armour, went forth to inspect the Flower of Chivalry, and the lists, in which that flower would shortly form a bed of 'Love-lies-bleeding' — so the exhibitor, having finally arranged his Roses, strolls through the glowing aisles of the show. Soon experience will teach him to survey calmly, and to gauge accurately, the forces of his foe; at first he but glances nervously, furtively, at the scene around him, like a new boy at some public school. The sight brings him hopes and fears. Now a hurried sidelong look shows him flowers inferior to his own, and he is elate, happy. Now an objectionably large Marie Baumann obtrudes itself upon his vision, and his heart fails him. He steps, as it were, from the warm stove, gay with orchids, into the ice-house of chill despair. He is much too anxious and excited to form any just conclusions ; and therefore, to engage his thoughts more pleasantly, I will introduce him to his co-exhibitors.

Viewed abstractedly, these co-exhibitors are genial generous, intelligent — men of refined taste and reverent feelings, with the freshness of a garden and the freedom of the country about their looks and ways. Viewed early in the morning, as the novice sees them now, they are a little dingy, without the freshness of the garden upon them, but with something very like its soil. Some have not been in bed since yesternight ; not one has slept his usual sleep. Many have come from afar :—

> 'They have travelled to our Rose-show
> From north, south, east, and west,
> By rail, by roads, with precious loads
> Of the flower they love the best ;
>
> From dusk to dawn, through night to morn
> They've dozed 'mid clank and din,
> And woke with cramp in both their legs
> And bristles on their chin.'

'*Pulvis et umbra sumus !*' they sigh—we are all over dust and shady. They are like Melrose Abbey—sunlight does not suit them. 'The gay beams of lightsome day' are not becoming to countenances long estranged from pillow, razor, and tub. They have come to meet the Queen of Flowers, as Mephibosheth to meet King David, not having dressed his feet, or trimmed his beard, or washed his clothes from the day the king departed. And this reminds me that we, the clerical contingent, appear upon these occasions especially dishevelled and dim. Sydney Smith would undoubtedly say that we 'seemed to have a good deal of glebe upon our own hands.' In the thick dust upon our black coats you might write or draw distinctly — (I once saw traced upon the back of a thirsty florist, of course a layman—*To be kept dry: this side up*); and our white ties—

> 'Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo'—

are dismally limp and crumpled. The bearded brethren remind one of St. Angus, of whom we read that, perspiring and unwashed, he worked in his barn until the scattered grain took root and grew on him.

By-and-by, when the exhibition is open to the public, we shall be as spruce as our neighbours, and as bright as soap and water—he is no true gardener who loves not both—can make us. Meanwhile let me assure the new comer among us that there are strong brains and gentle hearts within those swart and grimy exteriors, and that he will find in the brotherhood hereafter—so I prophesy from my own experience — many dear and steadfast friends. For me floriculture has done so much — quickening good desires and rebuking evil—that I have ever faith in those with whom its power prevails. But let us never forget, while we congratulate and commend each other as florists, that humility on the score of our multitudinous weeds is more becoming than pride in our little dish of sour wizened fruit; that 'we are the sons of women, Master Page;' and that the serpent hides still among our flowers. And now, to confirm such wholesome memories, I will present to the young Rosarian one or two specimens of our weaker brethren, that he may learn to check betimes in himself those infirmities which are common to us all, and which, when they gain the mastery, make men objects of contempt and ridicule. I must add that although I paint from the life, my pictures are never portraits of the individual, but always studies from the group — a group brought together by memory from diverse parts and periods, but displaying in its members such a strong family resemblance that I must guard myself against a natural suspicion.

The *Irascible Exhibitor* loses no time in verifying his presence to our eyes and ears. Talking so rapidly that 'a man ought to be all ear to follow,' as Schiller said of Madame de Staël, and so loudly that he may be heard in all parts of the show, he is declaiming to a policeman, a carpenter, and two under-gardeners, who are nudging each other in the ribs, against the iniquitous villany of 'three thundering muffs' who recently awarded him a fourth prize for the finest lot of Roses he ever cut. He communicates to the policeman, who evidently regards him as being singularly advanced in liquor, considering the time of day, his firm belief that the censors in question were brought up from a coal-mine on the morning of the exhibition, and had never seen a Rose before. He does hope that, on the present occasion, somebody will be in office who knows the difference between that flower and a pumpkin. Here he is informed that Mr. Trueman, a most reliable Rosarian, is to be one of the judges. He is delighted to hear it. Mr. Trueman is a practical, honourable man; and, having arranged his Roses with a running accompaniment of grunts and snorts, he goes in quest of that individual, expresses entire confidence in his unerring judgment, and the happiness which he feels in submitting his Roses to a man who can appreciate them, instead of to such a set of old women as were recently judging at——, when they ought to have been in bed.

Alas for our poor feeble humanity!—two hours later Mr. Irascible, finding no prize-card on his boxes, denounces Mr. T. as an ignorant humbug, or knows for a fact that he is in vile collusion with the principal winners of the day—reminding me, in his swift transition from praise to condemnation, from love to hate, of a ludicrous Oxford scene.

Tom Perrin kept livery-stables, and in those stables the stoutest of wheelers and the liveliest of leaders for our tandems and fours-in-hand. Unhappily for Tom, all driving *in extenso* was strictly forbidden, and he came, in consequence, to frequent collisions with our potent, grave, and reverend Dons. Upon the occasion to which I refer, he had been summoned to appear before the Vice-Chancellor, Doctor MacBride, then Principal of Magdalen Hall, now known as Hertford College; and as the offence was flagrant, and his previous convictions were numerous, he was specially anxious to obtain an acquittal. He presented himself in deep mourning, and wore the expression of a simple modest citizen, who really didn't know what a tandem was. He placed a pile of ancient tomes by his side (Greek lexicons for the most part, and Latin dictionaries lent to him by the undergraduates), and with his brow knit as in anxious thought, and his finger upon the page (generally upside down), he consulted them from time to time during his trial upon difficult points of law. He bowed to the court at intervals with a most profound respect, and he adressed the doctor as 'My Lord Judge,' 'Your Grace,' and 'Venerable Sir.' But when the verdict was given, and the defendant heavily fined, I never saw anything in dissolving views so marvellous as Tom Perrin. He set his hat jauntily on the side of his head; he shut his lexicons with a bang, and confronting his judge with a look of scorn and disgust, he said—'MacBride, if this be law, hequity, or justice' I'm——,' well, let us say, something which happens to a brook when its waters are arrested by a temporary barrier constructed across the stream.

So does our Irascible Exhibitor now glare around him with 'the dragon eyes of angered Eleanor.' He would like a revival of those days when 'a judge was not sacred from violence. Any one might interrupt him, might accuse him of iniquity and corruption in the most reproachful terms, and, throwing down his guantlet, might challenge him to defend his integrity in the field; nor could he without infamy refuse to accept his defiance, or decline to enter the lists against such an adversary.[1] That is to say, he would like to interrupt, to accuse, to reproach, and perhaps to challenge, but certainly not to fight, for these passionate folk are invariably cowards. They dare not attack with anything but words; unless they possess an overwhelming power, like that suburban, pot-house, betting Eleven, who once upon a time persuaded Jimmy Dean to act as umpire at one of their boosy matches, and ran him home six miles across country with furious execrations and threats to London, because he gave a decision adverse to their interest at a critical period of the game.

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[1] Robertson's *History of Charles V.*, vol. i.

At one time you will see the Irascible Exhibitor standing by his Roses, and revealing his wrongs to any who will hear—occasionally making a deep impression upon elderly ladies, and almost persuading very young reporters to chronicle his woes in print; but oftener failing to evoke sympathy, you will find him with a countenance, like Displeasure in the *Fairy Queen*, 'lompish and full sullein,' aloof, solitary—like some morose old pike swimming slowly about in a back-water, while all the other fishes are leaping in the sunlit stream. Finally, he discovers some malcontent like himself—*un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire*—and they go off together to the darkest corner of the most dismal room of their inn, to enjoy their woes, and to defy their fellow-creatures, over a succession of 'two brandies and cold.'

I know only of one other species of exhibitor discreditable to the genus, *The Covetous Exhibitor*, whose avarice has slain his honour. His motto is *Money*.

> 'Si possis recte, si non quocunque modo, Money.'

He cares nothing for the Rose itself, sees no beauty, and smells no perfume, only for the prizes it may win. *Truie aime plus bran que Rose*, and will go through any amount of dirtiness to get his nose to the swill. On the eve of a show he will beg or will buy the Roses of his neighbours. He will show several flowers of the same Rose, attaching different names. Charles Lefebvre appears as Marguerite Braisac and Paul Jamain, Maurice Bernardin as Exposition de Brie and Ferdinand de Lesseps, Baron Bonstetter as Monsieur Boncenne, Adam as President, Madame Bravy as Alba Rosea, as well as in their own names. He knows how to conceal an eye, and to fix a petal in its place by gum. He will add foliage, wherever he dare. He, too, likes a few words with the judges before they make their awards. He never saw them in such wonderful health ; in fact, their youthful appearance is almost comic. They will find the Roses rough and coarse (which means that his own are too small) ; or there is a sad want of size in the blooms this morning (which means that his are overblown).

In accordance with the old and true proverb, his dishonesty does not thrive. He steals several paces in front of his brother archers, but for one arrow hitting the gold, he misses, breaks, or loses fifty. I remember some years ago, just as we had commenced our survey as judges at one of the provincial shows, an exhibitor reappeared, hot and out of breath, and 'begged pardon, but he had left a knife among his Roses.' He had a magnificent Rose in his coat, and, 'from information which I had received,' I thought it my duty to watch his movements without appearing to do so. He left the tent with a much smaller flower in his buttonhole, and I went immediately to his box. There was the illustrious stranger, resplendent, but with a fatal beauty. The cunning one had hoist himself with his own petard, for he had forgotten another bloom of the same Rose, already in his 24, and I at once wrote 'Disqualified for duplicates' upon his exhibition-card. Keen must have been the shaft which he had himself feathered from that borrowed plume, but keener far to feel (for it was a fact patent to all) that if he had not made the addition, he must have won the premier prize.

Another failure of empirical knavery, another slip between the cup of silver and the lip of stratagem, occurs to my recollection. It was my good fortune to win a prize goblet, annually given for Roses at one of our midland shows, so frequently, that my success became monotonously irksome to the competitors generally, but specially to one of these covetous exhibitors who grow Roses only for gain. He induced, as it afterwards transpired, two other growers of the Rose to combine with him in an attempt 'to beat the parson'; and so sure was this clique of success, that they brought a couple of bottles of wine to the show, to be quaffed from the cup, which I won easily. In the afternoon I happened to come upon the conspirators drinking their port in a quiet corner of the grounds, and one of them not only invited me to partake, but, as from a sudden impulse, and as though the truth must come out with the wine, *in vino veritas*, to my intense amusement, and to the still more intense amazement of his friends, revealed all the history of their little game. He declared that he was thoroughly ashamed of 'the job,' and was heartily glad they were beat. Truly it was a strange confession, but I believe the penitence was sincere.

The Despondent Exhibitor is also an exceptional, but by no means discreditable, variety. He is physically incapable of festive emotions—'a sad, gloom-pampered man,' but a good Rosarian, and a righteous. If a cloud crosses the sun, he shuts up like a Gazania or a Crocus; if a few drops of rain fall, he hangs his head like Virgil's Poppies,—

'Lassove papavera collo,
Demisere caput, pluviâ quum forte gravantur.'

He never has the slightest expectation of a prize. He has had more caterpillars, aphides, blights, beetles, and mildews in his garden than ever were seen by man. So he tells you with a slow and solemn tone, looking the while as though, like Mozart composing his own requiem, he listened to some plaintive music. I used to regard him with a tender pity, as being unhappy. I used to sigh—

> ‘Alas for him who never sees
> The stars shine through his cypress-trees!’

but our further acquaintance has convinced me that he has a relish for melancholy. I watched him once, when I knew, but he did not, that he had won a first prize, to see what effect success would have upon him. He came slowly to his Roses, and read the announcement with an expression of profound despair, just as though it had been a telegram informing him that the bank, in which he had placed his all, proposed a dividend of fourpence in the pound.

Warned by these rare examples against anger, avarice, and despond, assured that the horses which rear, bite, kick, and sulk, are seldom winners of the race, let the young exhibitor now acquaint himself with his colleagues generally, and let him learn from them, as from men who have not lived in vain amid the beauties and the bounties of a garden, contentment, generosity, perseverance, hope. They will tell him that the lessons of defeat will most certainly teach him to conquer, if he will only learn them patiently, noting his failures, and making every effort to overcome them. Fighting for the prize, he resembles in one point, and one only, I trust, the prize-fighter—when judgment, temper, self-mastery are lost, the battle is lost also. They will tell him not only how to win his laurels, but how to wear them gracefully; in prosperity, as well as in adversity, to preserve the equal mind.

But which will be his lot to-day? The crisis approaches, and the stern mandate of the peremptory police is already sounding in his ears, 'This tent must be cleared for *the Judges*.'

It used to be said at our flower-shows, 'Oh, anyone can judge the Roses'; and when, few in quantity and feeble in quality, they formed but a small item of the exhibition, they had, of course, no special claims; but this indifference, unhappily, prevailed long after the Rose had become a chief attraction in our summer shows, and even where it was the only flower exhibited. At our great Rose-shows we have almost succeeded in eliminating from the halls of justice incompetent judges; but elsewhere the Rosarian takes with his Roses a very anxious heart. In the summer of 1868, one of our most successful competitors, a Leicestershire clergyman, who had just won two first prizes at the Crystal Palace, took some Roses equally good to a small provincial show. *Facile* *princeps*, he was not even commended; and on remonstrating, was informed by one of the judges that his Roses, to which precedence had been given at a national contest, '*were not the right sorts for exhibition.*' The fact is, that three varieties of censors are still appointed at some of our country shows. There is the man who loves Roses, knows and grows them well — his judgments will be right. There is the man who is a clever florist and grows Roses partially — his judgments will be generally right; but if the collections are large or numerous, or nearly equal in merit, he will be perplexed to incapacity. Thirdly, there is the man appointed to be judge of the Roses because he once won a prize for cucumbers, or because the mayor knows his uncle. The latter is either, in his wise silence, quite useless, or, in his fool's loquacity, a dreadful bore—dangerous wherever he has power. To the second I would say—

> 'Cassio, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine,'

until you know more about Roses. To the first I take off my hat, as to a 'chief-justice among chief-justices,'[1] and wish that he may ever preside in court when I have a cause to plead.

The arbiter at a Rose-show should be a man who not only lives among Roses, but among Roses in their most perfect phase. He should know the capabilities of each separate variety, as to symmetry, colour, and size, that he may estimate and compare accurately the merits of the flowers before him. He should know thoroughly their habit of growth, their peculiarities of leaf and wood, that he may correct misnomers, and detect additions or duplicates. He should regard his office as a sacred duty, not only because justice and honour are sacred things, but because there seems to be a special sanctity in such beautiful handiwork of God: and to be untruthful and dishonest in such a presence and purity should be profane in his sight, as though he lied to an angel. But his duty will be his delight also, and thus, having his inclination at unity with his conscience, and his love instructed by his reason, he cannot fail to fulfil it. Knowing the law thoroughly, and sifting the evidence minutely, he must give the sentence of a righteous judge. Never tiring, when the competition is close, in his keen and patient scrutiny, estimating every Rose by a fixed standard, setting down in his note-book, counting, comparing their respective marks of merits and defect, bringing the boxes, if distant, into close proximity, anxiously attentive to the comments of his colleagues, bestowing the same care upon the 'cottager's 6' as upon the 'nurseryman's 72,' he is never satisfied until all doubts are dispelled, and the award of his lips is the sure conviction of his heart.

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[1] So Fuller designates our great Nottinghamshire judge, Markham.

As the judge enters, the exhibitor leaves the show, first turning to gaze once again upon the exquisite beauty of the scene, the long avenues of Roses, the fairest examples which the world can bring of its most lovely flower. The flat surface of the boxes is pleasingly diversified (or should be) by the stately palm, the Japanese maple, the graceful fern, the elegant Humea, by Croton, Caladium, Dracæna, Coleus, and the like, which not only prevent the uniformity from becoming monotonous, and the repetition wearisome, but soften agreeably that blaze of colour which would be, without such contrast and interruption, too bright for mortal ken. These are placed at regular intervals in the centre of the tables, singly, or in groups. Pretty specimens of the silver-leafed maple (*Acer Negundo variegatum*), about 4 feet in height, were thus freely introduced, and with admirable effect, at one of the Birmingham Rose-shows.

And now there comes for the young lover who has just made, as it were, his proposals to the Rose, a tedious interval, a long suspense, a nervous restless agitation. The lady has always smiled on him, but what will papa say—*i.e.* the judge? When next the suitor sees his sweetheart, will she bring with her the written approbation of his suit, even as Miss Wilson returned from the one Professor, her father, to the other professor, Aytoun, her lover, having a slip of paper pinned upon her dress, and upon that paper the happy words, 'With the author's compliments'? When next the exhibitor sees his Roses, will there be a prize-card on his box?

He wonders fretfully. He retires to his hotel. He refreshes the outer and the inner man. What can be the matter with the coffee-room clock? how slowly it ticks! how the long hand lags and limps! every minute marked upon the dial might be a pebble upon the grass-plat of the future, blunting the scythe of Time. Will that man with the hay fever never leave off sneezing? Will that selfish snob in the corner never put down the newspaper? He will, he does; the exhibitor seizes it eagerly, and reads it, or rather gazes vacantly upon it for nearly a minute and a half. What are money-markets or murders to him? Sixteen closely printed pages, and not one word about Roses! He throws down the *Times* and looks out of the window. Ah, there is a shop opposite with pictures and photographs; strolls across; has seen them all before; is getting rather sick of photographs; strolls back again; must have been away ten minutes, but coffee-room clock says three. Selfish snob in corner writing letters with a coolness and equanimity quite disgusting; he looks up and is recognised as rival amateur, proprietor of Marie Baumann; something about him, exhibitor thinks, not altogether pleasing; not a nice expression; shouldn't say he was *quite* a gentleman.

At last the malignant timepiece, having tardily announced the meridian, with a minim-rest between the notes, as though it were a passing bell tolled in Lilliput, and having disputed every inch of the succeeding hour, is compelled to give up its match against time, and the exhibitor hears the thrilling sound which proclaims the Rose-show open. He gives his best hat a final brush; he adjusts for the last time the pretty Rose in his coat (be still, throbbing heart beneath!); and back he goes to his fate. He presents at the door his exhibitor's pass; and then 'affecting to be unaffected,' but nervous as a girl at her first ball, he wends his anxious way to his Roses.

What shall we find there—defeat or victory? Shall the music of the band express to his ears the gladness of his spirit, the triumph of his hope, or shall

> 'Sharp violins proclaim
> Their jealous pangs and desperation'

in unison with his own? Let him be prepared for either issue. Let him anticipate defeat, as being but a recruit and pupil; but let him remember, when defeated, that more than one great statesman has been plucked for '*Smalls*'—more than one great general has lost his first battle—more than one Royal Academician has had his first picture declined by the hanging-committee. Some faint-hearted candidates for fame never overcome a first discouragement. Entering an exhibition of flowers and fruit at Lincoln some years ago, I met a clerical friend, who informed me confidentially that if I desired to know what a melon ought to be he would forthwith gratify the wish. Beaming with complacent smiles, he led me to the place of melons; but when we reached it, his countenance fell. The weather was intensely hot, and the thirsty judges had obeyed implicitly the directions of the schedule, that the merits of the fruit were to be decided by flavour. Half of my friend's melon had gone the way of all flesh (fruit), and a card resting upon the remainder, thus announced the verdict of the censors—

FOURTH PRIZE,

IS.

In vain I essayed to mitigate his woe by cheerful, I may say humorous, remarks as to the melon-cholic retribution which would surely overtake those unrighteous men. It was the sort of thing, he informed me, with which pleasantness had no connection whatever, belonging, as it did, to that sphere of incidents which he described as being 'a long way above a joke.' Then, with a stern but sorrowful expression, which signified, I thought, that he was going to punish the universe severely, in the discharge of a very painful duty, he turned to me and said—'*I shall not exhibit melons again.*'

Let not the young Rosarian be thus daunted. On the other hand, if victory comes, let him remember always that she only *stays* with the meek. Where success brings pride, then, as Lamb writes in a Latin letter to Cary, *Commutandum est he! he! he! cum heu! heu! heu!* and all men shall laugh at the braggart's fall.

Again I say, in prosperity or adversity, let him keep the equal mind—

> 'Who misses or who wins the prize,
>   Go, lose or conquer as you can ;
> But if you fail, or if you rise,
>   Be each, pray God, a gentleman

CHAPTER XVI

MEMORANDA FOR THE MONTHS

October.

I BEGIN with this month, because both he who desires to form, and he who desires to maintain, or extend a Rose-garden, must now make his arrangements for planting in November. Each must decide what Rose-trees and what stocks he will require, and must give his instructions accordingly. The sooner his nurseryman receives the order, the more satisfactorily will it be fulfilled ; a timely communication with his collector of Briers, if he prefers Standards, will enable that Thessalian hero, who

> 'Jumps into the quickset hedge,
> To scratch out both his eyes,'

to take a survey of the surrounding fences, and to place him first upon his list ; or if, more wisely, he desiderates the seedling Brier, or the Brier grown from cuttings, and does not grow his own, let him apply at once where his wants may be satisfied. The ground intended for Rose-trees or stocks must be thoroughly drained and trenched to receive them.

Commence towards the end of this month the first pruning of your Rose-trees, shortening by one-fourth the longest shoots, and thus preventing the noxious influence of those stormy winds, which would otherwise loosen the hold which the tree has upon the soil, and which sometimes decapitate the tree itself. These cuttings will strike, many of them (just as cuttings from the Brier will strike), if put in, about 6 inches in length and closely in some sheltered place—by a wall, for example—looking north or west, and protected by a hand-glass; or they will strike, some of them, without protection overhead, if planted in a like situation, but deeper in the ground, 7 or 8 inches, with two or three 'eyes' above the soil.

November

is the best month for transplanting. Ah, how it cheers the Rosarian's heart amid those dreary days, to welcome that package from the nurseries, long and heavy, so cleanly swathed in the new Russian mat, so closely sewn with the thick white cord! His eyes glisten, like the schoolboy's when the hamper comes from home, and hardly, though he has read the story of *Waste not, Want not,* can he keep his knife from the string. Let him plant his Rose-trees as soon as may be after their arrival; but if they reach him, unhappily, during frost or heavy rains, let him 'lay them in,' as it is termed, covering their roots well with soil and their heads with matting, and so wait the good time coming. When planted they must not be set too deeply in the soil—about 4 or 5 inches will suffice—but must be secured (I am presuming that the trees are chiefly low standards, according to advice given) to stakes firmly fixed in the ground beside them. Some gardeners plant deeply, to save, I suppose, the trouble of staking; and indolence has its usual result—debility. Let the Briers also be planted as soon as received. Weakly trees may now be carefully taken up, and, planted in fresh soil, will often make a complete recovery.

The established Rose-trees should, if the ground be dry and the weather fine, have a good dressing of farmyard manure. And in

December

you should take advantage of the first hard frost to wheel in a similar supply for the new-comers, the freshly planted Rose-trees and stocks. In both cases the manure must remain upon the ground to protect and to strengthen too, and need not be dug in until March. At the beginning of this month, it will be wise to give a munificent mulching to Roses of a delicate constitution, planted out of doors—the little Banksian, for example, the Noisettes and Tea-scented Chinas, against our walls. Thus defended, we shall feel less anxiety for them, when

January

shall bring storm and cruel frost. Though we see our fair fleet scudding with bare poles in the tempest, we shall know that below deck there is life and safety. We must make up our minds to some losses among the old and young, of the worn-out plants in our Rose-gardens, and of the weakly bud, perhaps the best we could obtain of some new variety, or of some delicate Tea, among our Briers; but, with our ground well drained, and our Rose-trees well secured and mulched, we need not fear for the hale and strong. Seldom come such pitiless winters as those of 1860-61, 1878-79, 1890-91, 1894-95; and though to a few feeble invalids the white snow may be a winding-sheet, for the rest it is His shield and covering, who giveth His snow like wool. Wherefore sweet memories and happy hopes come to us musing at the fireside upon our Roses. Nor need those hours be all hours of idleness. We may prepare 'tallies' for our trees and cards for our cut flowers. We may repair and re-paint our boxes, sharpen our stakes for the budded Briers in spring, and sharpen our wits, too, by studying the chronicles of past Rose-shows, the manuals and the catalogues of our chief Rosarians. In

February

the cry is 'All in to begin,' as it used to be the showman's when we went to the fair, for no more Rose-trees can be planted when this month has passed. The grafting of Rose-cuttings on the Brier or Manetti stocks, grown in pots for the purpose, is now a very interesting process, where there is a propagating-house, or other means, as in the tan-bed of a stove, of supplying a regular bottom-heat to the roots. The art may be learned in a lesson, and I know of few things more pleasing in the pleasant life of a Rosarian than to watch the conjunction of stock and scion, which commences almost immediately, the re-potting, and the gradual growth of the Rose-tree. Darwin, in a free translation of Virgil, has happily described this development :—

> 'On each lopped shoot a foster scion bind,—
> Pith pressed to pith, and rind applied to rind—
> So shall the trunk with loftier crest ascend,
> Nurse the new bud, admire the leaves unknown,
> And blushing, glow with beauty not its own'

March

is the month for our final pruning of all save Noisettes and Teas. I say final, because all the longer shoots will have been previously shortened in October. Different varieties will, of course, require different treatment; and the intentions of the operator, as well as the habit of the tree, will direct the manipulation of the knife. Some Roses of very vigorous growth, such as Blairii 2 and Charles Lawson, Triomphe de Bayeux and Persian Yellow, will not flower at all if they are closely pruned. They will need little more excision than that which they have already received — only the removal of any weak or injured wood. Ten or twelve eyes may be left upon the healthy shoots. With the Rose-trees generally the question is, Does the owner wish for number or size, quantity or quality? If the former, let him leave five, if the latter, three eyes, on the strong laterals, of course cutting out the infirm. Rose-trees grown on the Manetti stock should not be so closely pruned as those grown upon the Brier.

Look over the budded Briers. Rub off incipient laterals from stems of Standards, and pull up suckers. Breaks on the budded shoot should be all removed, save one farthest from the bud, which should be left a while to make the running—*i.e.* draw up the sap.

See to your stakes when the stormy winds do blow, and towards the end of the month dig in the manure left about the newly-planted Rose-trees and Briers.

April.

Prune Tea-scented, Noisette, and Bourbon Roses, observing the previous rule—that is, cutting very abstemiously when the growth is vigorous, as with Maréchal Niel, Belle Lyonnaise, Gloire de Dijon, Climbing Devoniensis, and Souvenir d'un Ami.

Cut in the budded laterals on the Briers close to the bud, and take away all suckers and fresh growth upon the Brier itself. Have your stakes firmly driven into the ground by the side of each stock, and rising about two feet above it. Watch the growth of the bud, securing the young, tender shoot with bast to the stake, so that it may be safe against sudden gusts, and look out at the same time for the grub. For now

> 'Read, ye who run, the awful truth,
> With which I charge my page,—
> A worm is in the bud'

of the Roses, and towards the end of this month the Rose-grub (what an amalgamation of the lovely and the loathsome!) must be sought for constantly and closely. The search must be continued during the early part of

May,

and the pest will be found hidden in the curled leaf, from which he would presently attack the Rose, as a burglar conceals himself in the shrubbery before he breaks into the drawing-room. Of all the months, this to the Rosarian brings most anxiety. Nothing so adverse to his Roses as late vernal frosts, cold, starving nights in May. The sap is checked, the circulation of Rose-blood is impeded, and weakness and disease follow inevitably. The trees, which were growing luxuriantly, suddenly cease to make further progress. They look well to the eye; the inexperienced apprehends no injury; but the disease is there, and the symptoms will soon show themselves. Wisely did our forefathers fix their Rogation Days at this most perilous time. Wisely did priest and people go together round the boundary fields, with earnest prayer that they might in due time enjoy the kindly fruits of the earth. Even the heathen kept his days of Rogation, and besought his gods '*ut omnia bene efflorescerent;*' and shall the Christian call it superstition to invoke the blessings of Heaven upon corn-field and pasture, orchard and garden, fruit and flower?

Examine the new growth of your established Rose-trees, and when you think that it is too abundant, rub off here and there those breaking buds which might weaken the plant, and prevent a wholesome circulation of air through the crowded 'head' of the Rose-tree.

A surface application of manure, as previously recommended, should now be laid on the surface of the soil, and this liberality may be extended to the Briers also.

Order your selection of new Roses in pots from the nursery, re-potting those of which you have the best hope, and keep them under glass for a time, so that in

June

you may bud them on some of your most forward stocks; and then, by turning them out of their pots into the open ground, and by encouraging them in every way to make a fresh growth, you may obtain a second supply of buds in the autumn, when you will know more as to their merits.

If May has been genial, June will be glorious. If not, we shall have *the aphis*, *honey-dew*, *mildew*, *rust*, *larva of saw-fly*, swarming like voracious ravens to peck at the wounded stag, until the poor Rosarian is nearly driven out of his wits, as Mons. Vibert was driven from his nursery near Paris to St. Denis, by the *ver blanc* (grub of the cockchafer), which destroyed all before it. Reaumur made a calculation that, in five generations, an aphis might be the progenitor of 5,904,900,000 descendants ; and a writer in the *Entomological Magazine* (No. iii. p. 217) communicates the result of much careful observation as follows : — 'Insects in general come from an egg ; then turn to a caterpillar, which does nothing but eat ; then to a chrysalis, which does nothing but sleep ; then to a perfect butterfly, which does nothing but increase its kind. But the aphis proceeds altogether on another system. The young ones are born exactly like the old ones, but less. They stick their beak through the rind, and begin drawing up sap when only a day old, and go on quietly sucking away for seven or eight days ; and then, without love, courtship, or matrimony, each individual begins bringing forth young ones, and continues to do so for months, at the rate of from twelve to eighteen daily.

What is the cure? There is none. You may brush, you may powder, you may syringe, you may dip, you may mix your tobacco-water — your decoction of quasia ; but where the aphis has once taken possession, you shall not see the Rose in its integrity. The injury was done before the aphis came.

But there is something better than cure—there is *prevention.* The aphis finds no food when the Rose-tree is in perfect health; it will not taste the sap which is pure and untainted; it is a leech which sucks bad blood only. If situation, soil, and supervision be such as I have suggested, nothing but weather of unusual severity will bring aphis or harm to the Rose. Once upon a time a Rosarian asked me 'what I did with the green-fly?' I told him truthfully that they never troubled me; and I suppose I spoke too conceitedly; for soon afterwards they attacked me in force for the first time since I understood the art of Rose-growing. But in that year (1873) the bitterness of May was extraordinary, as the farmer, the fruitist, and the florist know to their cost; and it was evident, in the dull look of the leaf, that the trees were frost-bitten, and that the usual consequences must come.

Early in June, the Roses intended for exhibition should be disbudded; that is, all buds should be removed except one or two of the largest and most central. I believe that the late Mr. Keynes, of Salisbury, was the first, at the suggestion of Mr. Gill, his foreman, to try this experiment, and the superior size of his Roses, soon made the practice general.

Towards the end of the month, and at the beginning of

July,

we have the Rose-shows, of which I have said my say; and after these we must bud our Briers with those varieties which a keen and constant observation at home and elsewhere, in our gardens and at the shows, has taught us to admire the most. Ample instructions, with cleverly drawn illustrations, are given by writers upon the Rose as to the art of budding; but an experienced gardener, with a sharp knife and a hank of thick cotton, somewhat resembling that used for lamps, of bast, China, or Raffia grass, will teach the amateur far more quickly and effectively than he can possibly be taught by books.

Should mildew make its appearance, remove the leaves most affected, and cover the rest with flower of sulphur when the tree is wet from shower or syringe, giving them another good washing next day. Mr. River recommends soot as a remedy, and kindly sent me in a letter, some years ago, the result of a successful experiment. 'Have you mildew?' he asks —'*try soot.* Some time towards the end of July a batch of Hybrid Perpetuals, fine plants in pots, were white with mildew. Perry' (his foreman) 'tried sulphur without end, and at last in desperation smothered them with soot, in the dew of the morning. This rested on them for four or five days, and was then washed off. The effect was marvellous: the mildew disappeared, the leaves turned to a dark green, the buds opened freely, and the flowers were brilliant.'

That yellow-bellied abomination, the grub which produces the saw-fly, in this month attacks the Rose, sucking the sap from underneath the leaf, and changing the colour of the part on which he has fed from bright green to dirty brown. The process of 'scrunching' is disagreeable, but it *must* be done.

During the continuous droughts which frequently occur in July, it is desirable, of course, to water every evening, where water and waterers can be had *in abundance.* Everywhere I would advise that the surface of the beds be loosened from time to time with the hoe. It will thus retain for a much longer period the moisture of nocturnal dews. But there is nothing like a mulching of farmyard manure.

Fading Roses should be removed from the tree, and preserved for the *pot pourri* jar. The other flowers of the garden perish, but—

'Sweet Roses do not so:—
Of their sweet deaths are sweeter odours made.'

August

is also a propitious month for budding; but if the weather is hot and the ground parched, it will be desirable to give the beds a good drenching with water 'when the evening sun is low.'

The cotton may be removed from the Briers budded in July; it should remain about a month or six weeks upon the stock.

Cuttings may be taken at the beginning of the month from the ripened shoots. These must be removed at the point from which they grow from the old wood, and a slip of this wood must be cut off with them, forming 'a heel' in gardener's phraseology. The cuttings about 3 inches long, should be inserted to the depth of 1 inch, round the edge of a pot filled with a light rich soil of leaf-mould and loam, with an abundance of silver sand; and being well pressed round the roots, and well watered through the rose, should be put in a frame under a north wall until they have 'callused.' They should then be placed in bottom-heat under glass, and when rooted should be dignified with pots of their own, restored for a little while to heat, and then gradually inured to the air, grown on, and repotted.

September

brings us little to do, except to remove suckers and weeds, and to enjoy our second harvest of Roses. It is but the gleaning of the grapes, the echo of the chorus, the after-glow of the sun ; but our happiness among the autumnal Roses is, I think, more intense than ever. We can appreciate them more calmly than when our eyes were dazzled by their overpowering splendour, our attention distracted by their infinite number, and our nervous system excited by the shows. And we cling to them more fondly — so soon to leave us !

To leave our gardens, but not our hearts. When, at the end of this month, the chill evenings come, and curtains are drawn and bright fires glow, who is so happy as the Rose-grower, with the new catalogues before him ? The likeness so faithfully painted from the life presents to him the original in all her grace and beauty ; and over his glass of Larose, if he has one by him, he utters the loyal desire of his heart

'FLOREAT REGINA FLORUM !'

War Department.
LIBRARY.

APPENDIX

A List of Exhibition and Garden Roses

Compiled by a Select Committee of the National Rose Society in the year 1893. *With Additions (printed in italics) from that date to the present, by* Mr. Benjamin Cant, *of the Rose Nurseries, Colchester.*

EXHIBITION ROSES.

HYBRID PERPETUALS.

Where varieties are described as 'Good in autumn,' they flower freely a second time.

Abel Carrière. Crimson-maroon with purplish shading. Best of its colour.

A. K. Williams. Bright carmine-red. Good in autumn; exquisitely 'finished.'

Alfred Colomb. Bright carmine-red. Late, fragrant, and always good.

Alfred Dumesnil. Rosy crimson. Distinct in colour; fragrant.

Alphonse Soupert. Bright rose. A free-flowering, showy, early Rose.

Annie Wood. Bright red. Good in autumn; very fragrant; best on 'cutbacks.'

Auguste Rigotard. Light carmine. Good in autumn; fine foliage.

Baroness Rothschild. Light pink. One of the best light Roses, late flowering; good in autumn; scentless.

Beauty of Waltham. Rosy crimson. Hardy, free-flowering, and fragrant.

Camille Bernardin. Light crimson, paler on the edges. A very certain Rose; fragrant.

Captain Hayward. Bright carmine-crimson. Very bright Rose; excellent under glass.

Charles Darwin. Brownish-crimson. Good in autumn; distinct in colour.

Charles Gater. Brownish-crimson. Best on 'cutbacks.'

Charles Lefebvre.
Marguerite Brassac. } Purplish-crimson. One of the best Roses grown; very fragrant.
Paul Jamain.

Clio. Pinkish flesh. Free-flowering and distinct.

Comte de Paris. Crimson, tinted with red. A good useful Rose.

Comte Raimbaud. Clear crimson. A good and reliable Rose.

Comtesse de Choiseul. Brilliant red. A fine hot-season Rose; best on 'cutbacks.'

Comtesse de Ludre. Carmine-red. A good and reliable Rose.

Comtesse d'Oxford. Carmine, with violet shade. Fine foliage; a reliable Rose.

Countess of Rosebery. Cherry carmine-rose. Handsome foliage.

Crown Prince. Deep purplish-crimson. Very free-flowering.

Devienne Lamy. Dark reddish-crimson. Fine in autumn; of good form; requires brier stock.

Dr. Andry. Bright crimson. One of the best and most reliable Roses.

Dr. Sewell. Violet-crimson. Best on maiden plants; early and distinct in colour.

Duchess of Bedford. Light scarlet-crimson. A beautiful vivid Rose.

Duchesse de Morny. Silvery-rose. Distinct in colour, free-flowering, and good in autumn.

Duchesse de Vallombrosa. Flesh, changing to white. Good and free-flowering; impatient of wet.

Duke of Connaught. Bright velvety crimson. A free autumnal bloomer; rather small; very hardy.

Duke of Edinburgh. Scarlet-crimson. One of the most brilliant; good in autumn.

Duke of Fife. Rich crimson-scarlet. Very good in dull weather.

Duke of Teck. Light crimson-scarlet. Very bright in colour.

Duke of Wellington.
Rosieriste Jacobs. } Bright shaded crimson. Medium in size.

Dupuy Jamain. Bright cerise. Very reliable, free-flowering and hardy; good in autumn.

Earl of Dufferin. Dark crimson, shaded maroon. Late flowering; fragrant; drooping habit.

Earl of Pembroke. Brownish-crimson. Distinct in colour and very good in autumn.

Éclair. Vivid scarlet-crimson. Best on 'cutbacks'; finest in autumn.

Ella Gordon. Cherry-crimson. A bright form of *Mme. V. Verdier*; good in autumn.

Etienne Levet. Carmine-rose. The finest of the shell-petaled Roses.

Eugénie Verdier.
Marie Finger. } Light salmon-rose, deeper centre. Distinct in colour; good in autumn.

Exposition de Brie. Shaded crimson. A good reliable Rose; fragrant.

E. Y. Teas. Bright red. Free-flowering and reliable, but rather small; fragrant.

Ferdinand de Lesseps. Shaded crimson. A good reliable Rose; fragrant.

Fisher Holmes. Shaded crimson-scarlet. Very free-flowering, but rather thin.

François Michelon. Deep rose, reverse of petals silvery. Fine, but almost a summer Rose; long, slender growth.

Général Jacqueminot. Bright scarlet-crimson. A fine free-flowering Rose; thin; fragrant.

Grand Mogul. Maroon-crimson, shaded. Very rich in colour.

Gustave Piganeau. Shaded carmine. Best on 'maidens'; thoroughly perpetual.

Harrison Weir. Velvety scarlet-crimson. A distinct bright Rose; fragrant.

Heinrich Schultheis. Pinkish rose. Charming in colour when first open; fragrant.

Helen Keller. Rosy cerise. Distinct and very good.

Her Majesty. Pale rose. Flowers exceptionally large and of great substance; requires brier. Gold Medal N.R.S.

Horace Vernet. Scarlet-crimson, dark shaded. Best on 'maidens.'

Jean Soupert. Grand Mogul. Maroon-crimson, shaded. Very rich in colour.

Jeannie Dickson. Soft silvery-rose. Distinct in colour and free-flowering.

John Stuart Mill. Bright rosy-crimson. A good late Rose.

Lady Helen Stewart. Very bright scarlet-crimson. Very free-flowering; rather small.

Lady Sheffield. Silvery cerise. Distinct in colour; rather late.

La Rosière. Crimson-maroon. The freest-flowering of all the dark Roses.

Le Havre. Vermilion-red. A good lasting flower of medium size.

Louis Van Houtte. Deep crimson, shaded maroon. A grand dark Rose.

Mme. Eugène Verdier. Silvery-rose. A fine large-petaled Rose.

Mme. Gabriel Luizet. Light silvery-pink. Most distinct in colour; not thoroughly perpetual; fragrant.

Mme. Henri Pereire. Crimson, shaded scarlet. Very free-flowering.

Mme. Lacharme. Nearly white. Good only in dry seasons.

Mme. Victor Verdier. Clear light crimson. One of the freest flowering and best crimson Roses; good in autumn.

Magna Charta. Bright pink, suffused with carmine. Large and showy; almost a summer Rose.

Marchioness of Downshire. Pink, shaded with rose. A good show Rose.

Marchioness of Dufferin. Pink. Gold medal N.R.S.

Marchioness of Londonderry. Ivory white. A fine addition to white show Roses.

Margaret Dickson. Ivory white. Gold medal N.R.S.

Marguerite Brassac. Purplish-crimson. One of the best Roses grown; very fragrant.

Marguerite de St. Amand. Clear rosy-flesh. A good reliable Rose.

Marie Baumann. Soft carmine-red. A grand exhibition Rose; fragrant.

Marie Cointet. Flesh pink. Best on 'maidens.'

Marie Finger. Light salmon-rose, deeper centre. Distinct in colour; good in autumn.

Marie Rady.
Comtesse de Choiseul. Brilliant red. A fine hot-season Rose; best on 'cutbacks.'

Marie Verdier. Pure rose. Large and fine-petaled.

Marquise de Castellane. Clear cherry-rose. Stout, bold, and free-flowering.

Maurice Bernardin.
Exposition de Brie.
Ferdinand de Lesseps.
Sir Garnet Wolseley. Shaded crimson. A good reliable Rose; fragrant.

Merveille de Lyon. White. One of the best white Roses.

Monsieur Noman. Pale rosy-pink. Best from maiden plants; a fine-weather Rose; early.

Mrs. Baker. Bright cherry-rose. A bright rose of the *Victor Verdier* race; early.

Mrs. Harkness. Pinkish blush. Good in cool weather.

Mrs. John Laing. Rosy-pink. A continuous bloomer; few Roses have so many good qualities. Gold medal N.R.S.

Mrs. R. G. Sharman Crawford. Rosy-pink. A good addition to show Roses.

Paul Jamain. Purplish-crimson. One of the best Roses grown; very fragrant.

Pierre Notting. Deep crimson, shaded violet. Requires fine weather; very fragrant; uncertain.

Pride of Reigate. Carmine, with violet shade, striped with white. A striped *Comtesse d'Oxford.*

Pride of Waltham. Light salmon-pink, shaded violet. Similar in growth and foliage to *Comtesse d'Oxford.*

Prince Arthur. Bright crimson. A free-flowering and bright form of *Général Jacqueminot.*

Prince Camille de Rohan.
La Rosière. Crimson-maroon. The freest-flowering of all the dark Roses.

Reynolds Hole. Deep maroon, flushed with scarlet. A good dark Rose; requires the brier; late.

Rosieriste Jacobs. Bright shaded crimson. Medium in size.

Salamander. Bright crimson. Gold medal N.R.S.

Sénateur Vaisse. Bright crimson. The best of the old crimson Roses; good in autumn.

Sir Garnet Wolseley. Shaded crimson. A good reliable Rose; fragrant.

Sir Rowland Hill. Deep velvety plum. A sport from *Charles Lefebvre.* Gold medal N.R.S.

Star of Waltham. Carmine, shaded violet. Splendid foliage; a fine-weather Rose.

Sultan of Zanzibar. Maroon, edged with scarlet. A bright dark Rose; requires brier.

Suzanne Marie Rodocanachi. Glowing rose. Retains its colour well when cut.

Thomas Mills. Bright scarlet carmine. Rather thin for the south, but fine in the northern counties.

Ulrich Brunner. Cherry-red. A fine-petaled Rose.

Victor Hugo. Dazzling crimson, shaded. A striking colour.

Victor Verdier. Clear cherry-rose. One of the best of its colour.
Violette Bouyer. Tinted white. A fine light Rose; early.
Xavier Olibo. Dark velvety crimson. Best on 'maidens.'

HYBRID TEAS.

Augustine Guinoisseau. White, tinted blush. A blush sport from *La France*; very free-flowering.
Captain Christy. Delicate flesh, deeper shade in centre. Requires a fine season and brier stock; flowers well in autumn.
  Climbing Captain Christy. Delicate flesh, deeper shade in centre. A climbing variety of the above.
Caroline Testout. Light salmon-pink. Very distinct and free-flowering.
Charlotte Gillemot. Ivory-white. Distinct and very pretty.
Clara Watson. White, tinted rosy-peach. Very free-flowering and distinct.
Danmark. Rosy-pink. More upright in habit than *La France.*
Duchess of Albany. Dark pink. A deeper-coloured *La France.*
Grace Darling. Cream, shaded pink. Very distinct, and free-flowering.
Kaiserin Augusta Victoria. Cream, shaded lemon. A distinct, light Rose.
Lady Mary Fitzwilliam. Rosy-flesh. Abundant bloomer and very early.
La Fraicheur. Carmine-rose. Good flower, but bad doer.
La France. Silvery-rose, with pale lilac shading. One of the most abundant bloomers; highly fragrant.
  Climbing La France. Silvery-rose. Climbing variety of the old *La France.*
Marquise Litta. Rosy-carmine. A good addition to this class.
Mrs. W. J. Grant. Bright pink. A fine show Rose.
Viscountess Folkestone. Creamy-white, shaded flesh. Most distinct; a cool season variety; very good in autumn; fragrant and very free-flowering.
White Lady. Creamy-white. A fine Rose in cool weather.

TEAS AND NOISETTES.

Most of the Teas and Noisettes have smooth wood, and are good in autumn.

Alba Rosea. White, centre flushed with pink. Free-flowering.
Amazone. Golden-yellow. Best in bud.
Anna Ollivier. Pale buff, flushed. One of the best and most distinct; variable in colour.
Bridesmaid. Clear bright pink. A very dark-coloured *Catherine Mermet.*
Caroline Kuster. Lemon-yellow. Hardy and free-flowering.

Catherine Mermet. Light rosy-flesh. At all stages a fine flower; fragrant.

Cleopatra. Creamy-flesh, shaded rose. Fine long petals.

Climbing Devoniensis. Creamy-white, blush centre. Of English origin; highly fragrant; tender.

Comtesse de Nadaillac. Peach, shaded apricot, base of petals coppery. Very distinct and beautiful.

Comtesse de Panisse. Flesh, tinted coppery-rose. Requires a warm, dry season.

Devoniensis. Creamy-white, blush centre. Of English origin; highly fragrant.

Climbing Devoniensis. Creamy-white, blush centre. A climbing variety of the above; tender.

Corinna. Flesh-colour, shaded rose. Very free-flowering.

Élise Fugier. Pale lemon. A new and bold flower.

Ernest Metz. Salmon, tinted rose. A very fine Tea.

Ethel Brownlow. Rosy-flesh, shaded yellow at base. Lasts well when cut.

Étoile de Lyon. Deep lemon. Best in a hot season.

Francisca Krüger. Coppery-yellow, shaded peach. One of the hardiest Teas.

Golden Gate. Creamy-white. Distinct and very good.

Hon. Edith Gifford. White, centre flesh. Very free-flowering and hardy.

Innocente Pirola. Creamy-white. Very constant and good.

Jean Ducher. Salmon-yellow, shaded peach. Very free-flowering, hardy, and distinct in colour.

Josephine Malton. White, centre flushed with pink. Free-flowering.

Jules Finger. Bronzy-rose. Beautiful in autumn.

La Boule d'Or. Golden-yellow, outer petals paler. Free-flowering, but difficult to open.

Mme. Bravy.
Alba Rosea.
Josephine Malton.
Mme. de Sertot.
White, centre flushed with pink. Free-flowering.

Mme. Cusin. Violet-rose, yellow base. Free-flowering and distinct; tender; fragrant.

Mme. de Sertot. White, centre flushed with pink. Free-flowering.

Mme. de Watteville. Cream, bordered rose. Very distinct; tender; fragrant.

Mme. Hippolyte Jamain. White, with coppery-yellow centre. Late flowering.

Mme. Hoste. Pale lemon-yellow. Distinct and free-flowering.

Mme. Lambard. Salmon, shaded rose. One of the hardiest of the Teas; very variable in colour.

Mme. Margottin. Citron-yellow, centre rosy-peach. Difficult to open; very fragrant.

Maman Cochet. Pink shaded, with salmon-yellow. A fine show Rose.

Maréchal Niel (N.). Deep bright golden-yellow. The finest yellow Rose; highly fragrant.

Marie Van Houtte. Lemon-yellow, petals edged with rose. One of the most distinct and best of the Teas.

Medea. Lemon colour. Good in dry weather.

Monsieur Furtado. Sulphur-yellow. Rather small; requires generous treatment.

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan. Bright cerise. A very high-coloured *Mme. Cusin.*

Niphetos. White. The whitest of all Tea Roses; tender.

Climbing Niphetos. White. A climbing variety of the above.

Perle des Jardins. Bright straw-colour. Good in autumn; uncertain in form.

Climbing Perle des Jardins. Bright straw-colour. A climbing variety of the above.

Princess of Wales. Rosy-yellow. Very variable in colour.

Rubens. White, shaded with creamy-rose. One of the finest of the light-coloured Teas; fragrant; early.

Souvenir d'Élise Vardon. Cream, with rosy tint. An exquisite Rose.

Souvenir de Paul Neyron. Creamy-white, with rosy tint. Very free-flowering.

Souvenir de S. A. Prince. } Pure white. A white sport from *Souvenir d'un Ami.*
The Queen. }

Souvenir de Thérèse Levet. Brownish-crimson. The darkest Tea.

Souvenir d'un Ami. Pale rose. A useful, hardy, rose-coloured Tea.

The Bride. White, tinged lemon. A sport from *Catherine Mermet*; fragrant.

The Queen. Pure white. A white sport from *Souvenir d'un Ami.*

BOURBON.

Mme. Isaac Periere. Light carmine. Good in autumn.

Mrs Paul. Blush-white, shaded peach. Best on 'cutbacks' and standards. Gold Medal N.R.S.

Souvenir de la Malmaison. Blush-white, shaded flesh. Best in autumn; very free-flowering.

Climbing Souvenir de la Malmaison. Blush white, shaded flesh. A climbing variety of the above.

GARDEN ROSES.

SUMMER FLOWERING, except those marked *

PROVENCE ROSES (ROSA CENTIFOLIA).

Cabbage or Common. Rosy-pink. Very fragrant; best on own roots; requires close pruning.

Crested or Cristata. Rosy-pink, paler edges. Very fragrant; best on own roots; requires close pruning.

White or Unique. Paper-white. Very fragrant; best on own roots; requires close pruning.

MINIATURE PROVENCE OR POMPON ROSES.

Burgundy. Pale purplish-pink. Very small.
De Meaux or Pompon. Rosy-lilac. A sport from *Spong*.
Spong. Rosy-lilac. A somewhat larger flower than *De Meaux*.
White Burgundy. White, slightly tinted.

MOSS ROSES (ROSA CENTIFOLIA MUSCOSA).

Baron de Wassenaër. Light crimson. Flowers in clusters.
Blanche Moreau. Pure white. The best white moss.
Celina. Crimson, shaded purple. Very free-flowering; a good dark moss.
Common or Old. Pale rose. Very fragrant.
Comtesse de Murinais. White. Very free.
Crested. Rosy-pink. Well mossed.
Gloire des Mousseuses. Rosy-blush. One of the largest.
Laneii. Rosy-crimson.
Little Gem. Crimson. Small flowers; very pretty.
***Madame Édouard Ory.** Rosy-carmine. A perpetual bloomer.
Muscosa Japonica. Crimson. Leaves, calyx, and stem mossed.
***Perpetual White, or Quatre Saisons Blanche.** Pure white. Blooming in clusters.
***Salêt.** Pale pink. A perpetual bloomer.
White Bath. White. Of English origin, and, like all the Mosses, only valuable in bud.

MINIATURE MOSS ROSES.

De Meaux. Rosy-pink. Rather delicate constitution.
Little Gem. Crimson. Beautifully mossed.

FRENCH AND DAMASK ROSES (ROSA GALLICA AND ROSA DAMASCENA).

Commandant Beaurepaire. Bright rose, striped purple, violet and white.
Œillet Parfait. Blush, striped white and pink.
Red Damask. Red. Self-red form of *Rosa Mundi.*
Rosa Mundi. Red, striped white. *Rosa Gallica Versicolor.*
Village Maid. White, with slaty-red coloured stripes.
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ALBA ROSES (ROSA ALBA).

Celestial. Light blush. Bluish foliage.
Félicité. Pale blush.
Maiden's Blush. Flesh, darker centre. In Kew collection in 1797.

HYBRID CHINA, HYBRID BOURBON, AND HYBRID NOISETTE ROSES (ROSA INDICA HYBRIDA).

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Charles Lawson. Vivid rose. A grand Bush Rose.
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Coupe d'Hébé. Deep pink. A good Pillar Rose.
Fulgens. Bright crimson. A good Pillar Rose.
Madame Plantier. Pure white. Very free-flowering.

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Austrian Copper. Coppery-red.
Austrian Yellow. Yellow.
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Queen. Purple.
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Lutea or Yellow. Yellow. Half-hardy and sub-evergreen.

AUTUMN FLOWERING.

HYBRID PERPETUAL or HYBRIDE REMONTANTE ROSES (Rosa Damascena Hybrida).

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Marquess of Salisbury. Bright crimson. A semi-double bedding Rose.
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Souvenir de Wootton. Light crimson. Very free-flowering.
Waltham Climber, No. 3. Crimson. Useful dark Climbing Variety.

The following HYBRID PERPETUALS AND HYBRID TEAS, included and described in the Catalogue of Exhibition Roses, are also good Garden Roses.

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The following BOURBONS included and described in the Catalogue of Exhibition Roses are also good Garden Roses.

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Fabvier. Dazzling crimson with white stripe. The brightest colour in this class, and like the two preceding, a good bedding Rose.

James Sprunt. Velvety-crimson. A climbing form of *Cramoisie Supérieure.*

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White Pet. Creamy-white. Fine for bedding.

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Alister Stella Gray. Pale yellow. A good free-flowering miniature Rose; climber.

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Beauté Inconstante. Coppery-red. Very pretty buttonhole variety.

Céline Forestier (N.). Pale yellow, deeper centre. A good useful Rose; distinct in foliage and habit.

Bouquet d'Or. Dark yellow. An improved *Gloire de Dijon.*

Comtesse Riza du Parc. Bronzy-rose. Distinct in colour.

Dr. Grill. Rose, with coppery shading. Distinct and free-flowering.

Emilie Dupuy. Lemon yellow. Very hardy.

Fortune's Yellow. Carmine-yellow. A good climber in a warm situation.

Gloire de Dijon. Buff, or salmon yellow. The parent of a distinct, hardy, and strong-growing race of Teas; fragrant.

Goubault. Rosy-buff. Remarkably fragrant.

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Sáfrano. Apricot-yellow. Very free-flowering.
Sunset. Apricot, shaded yellow. Good in autumn ; bronzy foliage.
William Allen Richardson (N.). Deep orange-yellow, white edge. Most novel in colour and beautiful in bud.

The following TEAS AND NOISETTES, included and described in the Catalogue of Exhibition Roses, are also good Garden Roses.

Anna Ollivier, Caroline Kuster, Climbing Devoniensis, Climbing Niphetos, Climbing Perle des Jardins, Francisca Krüger, Mme. Hoste, Mme. Lambard, Marie Van Houtte, Perle des Jardins, Rubens, Souvenir de S. A. Prince, Souvenir de Thérèse Levet, Souvenir d'un Ami.

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Mme. Alfred Carrière (H. N.). White, yellowish base. Large, deliciously fragrant, and very perpetual.
Mme. d'Arblay. Flesh, changing to white. Blooming in clusters.
The Garland. Blush, changing to white. Especially free-flowering.
Reine Olga de Wurtenberg (H. N.). Bright light crimson. A fine climber, with magnificent foliage.

POLYANTHA ROSES (Rosa Multiflora).

Cécile Brunner. Blush, shaded pale pink.
Clothilde Soupert. White, shaded pink.
Gloire des Polyantha. Deep rose, white base.
Mme. Anna Maria de Montravel. White.
Ma Paquerette. White.
Mignonette. Rosy-pink.
Perle d'Or. Nankeen-yellow.

Free-flowering miniature Roses.

CLIMBING POLYANTHA.

Claire Jacquier. Nankeen-yellow. Small flowers; very pretty; a handsome climber.
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JAPANESE ROSES (Rosa Ferox or Rugosa).

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Mme. Georges Bruant. White. Very free-flowering; a probable hybrid.
Rubra. Deep rose, shaded violet. A red variety of *Alba.*
Hebe's Lip (*Hyb. Sweet-Brier*). White with Picotee edge of purple. A most distinct and beautiful summer Rose.
Paul's Carmine Pillar. Bright rosy-carmine. A good pillar Rose.
Paul's Single White. White. A very free-flowering autumnal hybrid of Noisette.
Rosa Alpina. Bright rose. Leaves changing colour in autumn.
Rosa Brunonis Moschata. Pure white. Flowers in large trusses; fine golden centre.
Rosa Indica (*Lowe's variety*). Soft red. Ever blooming.
Rosa Lucida. Bright red. Beautiful reddish foliage.
Rosa Bracteata. White. Requires a south wall.
Rosa Macrantha. Flesh. A form of *Rosa Gallica*; large flowers with golden stamens.
Rosa Moschata Nivea. White, tinted pink. Vigorous climber.
Rosa Multiflora. Pure white. Known as *Polyantha Simplex.*
Rosa Multiflora Grandiflora. Pure white. Known as *Polyantha Grandiflora.*
Rosa Pomifera. Blush. Large scarlet tips.
Rosa Rubrifolia. Soft rose. Stems and foliage of a beautiful red shade.
Rosa Setigera (*Prairie Rose*). Pink. The 'Bramble-leaved Rose.'

HYBRIDS OF SPECIES.

Marie Leonida. White. Glossy, waxy foliage; requires a warm position.
Rosa Lucida Plena. Rose. A double variety of *Rosa Lucida.*

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